Transcontinental Sketches

Eliza B. Chase

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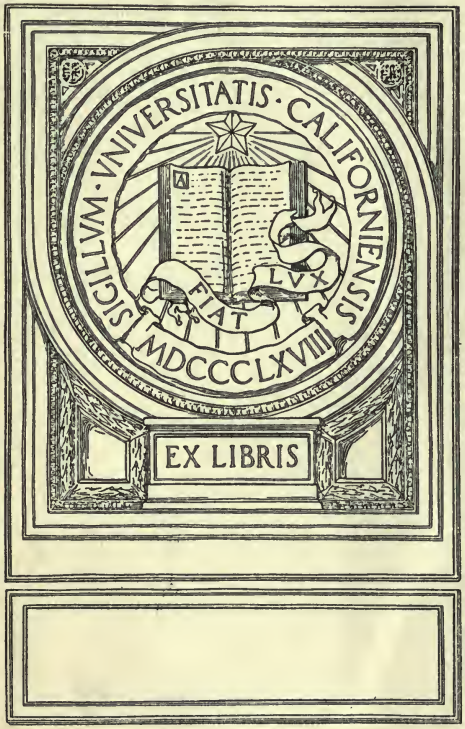
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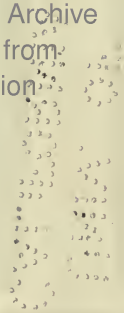

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"O isles of calm!—O dark still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest and deeper solitude!

"O shapes and hues, dim beckoning through
Yon mountain gaps my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue

"To stiller skies and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland
And skies,—the hollow of God's hand."
—J. G. WHITTIER.

LES TROIS AMIS ISLETS, OFF BON AMI POINT, N. B.

Transcontinental Sketches

Legends, Lyrics and Romances Gleaned on Vacation Tours in Northeastern and Middle Canada and the Pacific States

——BY——

ELIZA B. CHASE

AUTHOR OF "OVER THE BORDER," "IN QUEST OF THE QUAINT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

FROM PENCIL AND WATER-COLOR DRAWINGS BY THE WRITER

"With an eye to see
Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take
Its chances all as Godsends."—*J. G. Whittier*

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

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TRANSCONTINENTAL SKETCHES

HERON ISLAND

THE morning train on the I. C. R. W., in meditative and desultory manner, was meandering along,— not more than one hour behind time, as yet,— and at long intervals, seemingly aroused from abstraction, it moderated its lagging pace at a scattered hamlet in the wilderness. Only long stretches of wildest, dreariest lands were visible, and from these desolate tracts the forests had been stripped, leaving scenes of such loneliness as made one feel melancholy to contemplate. Swamps appeared now and then, and, scattered about, like sentinels amid the desolation, were gaunt and crooked trees, whitened by frost and blackened by fire; a ghastly and ghostly company.[1] This railway, which might have been cut through more directly from Maine, made a detour of over six hundred miles in order that the line should be all upon Canadian soil,

[1] Although New Brunswick has vast tracts of arable land, lumbering and ship-building were the main interests, until comparatively recently, when farming is becoming successful; creameries and cheese factories have been established, and these products are exported to England.

in case of trouble with the United States. The fact that this line is supported by the Canadian government, and never paid a dividend, caused no surprise to two of the passengers; while most of the others, apparently having fallen into the same mood as the train,— time being no object to either,— were whiling away the hours in sleep.

Dr. Laurier, of Quebec, familiar with this long-drawn-out selvage of New Brunswick, appeared to be buried in his book; but when the train, with great clanking of chains, shrieking of wheels, and a jar that set the spinal marrow quivering, shuddered into silence, a sweet-toned voice caught his ear. His book was dropped as his eye was attracted by vast piles of lumber, evidently to be added to the freightage of the train.

"It seems to me that a verse of the 64th Psalm would be applicable to this region: 'A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees;'" said the gentle feminine tones; to which another voice replied: "Yes, and you naturally are reminded of something serious, while I, giddy thing, was just thinking, as we passed those little hamlets, of a squib in *Fliegende Blätter*, where a resident of a most prosaic settlement questions a visitor: 'Well, how do you like our town?' to which the stranger replies, 'Very nice place. Just consider that there are twenty-two trains on which you can leave it, daily.'"

"Two without the twenty here, I should think,"

said the first speaker, "even if the inhabitants could muster up energy enough to think of getting away."

Dr. Laurier, aroused by these voices, and finding the agreeable personalities thereunto belonging in rather close proximity, began, from force of habit, to diagnose this case, as he studied the two women occupying the opposite seat.

"Black, glossy hair, olive complexion, brilliant black eyes; black costume; evidently a widow, and the elder but livelier of the two. The other, fresh bright complexion, brown hair, soft ditto eyes, sedate manner; an interesting pair; refined in appearance; — Americans, without doubt, on a summer tour," he soliloquized.

Just at this point the conductor strolled through the train, and sat down on the arm of Dr. Laurier's seat, saying, "Doctor, you was going to stop over at the new 'otel on the Bay, wasn't you?" The gentleman replied in the affirmative, whereupon he of the uniform and air of owning as well as running the train, continued: "Well, there's a gorgeous state of things there; regular shindy, don't ye know! It's busted up, clean gone to smash, servants cut in a body. Oh, there's bean a pretty mess there. You'll find yerself rother in a box d'ye know? Wot'll ye do about it — A?" His discourse was curiously made up of Yankee slang and provincial pronunciation, interlarded with the interjection "Eh!" invariably pronounced like the first letter of the alphabet.

"So? You then speak of Chateau Carton?" said

Dr. Laurier, whose face had grown rather long at this information. Consternation was depicted also on the countenance of his fair neighbors, who looked at each other in dismay as they listened to the conductor's statements. That official noticed this, and suddenly addressed them: "Oh, you're billed for D'loosey too, and I was just atellin' Dr. Lorry wot a high old time there is there, and now, me grashus, wot'll *you* do?" enjoying the consternation of his auditors. Just then the train shook itself into action, moved on again, and the conductor sauntered off to the door of the car; while the travelers thus unceremoniously introduced naturally dropped into conversation. Deciding that they would stop at Dalhousie, despite the unfavorable report from that pretty village, the gentleman, with the gallantry of his race, seemed quite as a matter of course to assume the attitude of cavalier and protector to the two ladies who had found themselves plunged into such a dilemma.

In the course of conversation on various topics, his politely-hinted surprise at their choice of locality for a summering elicited from Mrs. Allston the answer: "It must have been owing to our stay at Marblehead Neck last summer, and our studies of the old town of noted fishermen, whose favorite ground — if one might so speak of water — is the Bay Chaleur. Their old skippers' yarns were full of alluring bits and scraps of legend, in which the phantom ship and other ghostly spectacles figure largely."

"But yes," said Doctor Laurier, "and have not I read a poem by your Huit-i-eh, of la Baie des Chaleurs, and a cruel Capitaine who 'sailed away from a sinking ship?'"

"Oh, you mean Skipper Ireson," said Mrs. Allston, who had not at once recognized the Quaker poet in French; "I can tell you a bit about that historical incident, as it was told to me by one who was born in the quaint town. The facts of the case, my informant said, were, that Ireson's cruise had been most unfortunate, so they would not have a one-fourth 'fare,' and a succession of unusually severe storms had almost disheartened them. The Skipper was utterly worn out from hard and long-continued watches when the vessel in distress was sighted, yet gave orders to his men to change their course and steer for the other schooner, hoping to be of assistance by daybreak. The men took advantage of the shipmaster at the change of the watch, and disregarded his injunctions. After the heavy sleep of exhaustion, when Ireson came on deck, at dawn, he was amazed to discover that they were still on the homeward track, and the disabled vessel out of sight.

"Arriving at the old town, it was discovered that fishermen reaching there in advance had reported the base desertion. To exculpate themselves, Ireson's men — who were 'a bad lot' — threw the blame upon their master, and the people of the town, hot-headed and impulsive, wreaked summary vengeance. This their descendants bitterly regret, and would do any-

thing in their power to wipe the stain from the memory of the poor man who was so sorely wronged. My informant could remember seeing Ireson, not so very many years ago, prematurely aged, and bent as with a heavy burden, shrinking from his fellow-men as if branded with an ineffaceable stigma. His manner was gentle and quiet, his eyes always cast upon the ground, while his voice was low, with a melancholy cadence. In after years the truth of the story was revealed by the statements of Ireson's cabin boy, who had kept silence in fear of the vengeance of the skipper's men. They at last had wandered off to other ports; but the crushed man never attempted to right himself, and no doubt his life was shortened by the effects of the terrible treatment which he had received."

The gentle voice of Kate Newton took up the thread of the subject, saying: "No doubt our beloved poet, whose pen was ever fire-tipped in the cause of justice, had not heard this side of the story. He saw its dramatic aspect, and probably supposed that the hardy and hasty fisher-folk were only standing up fairly to right a wrong to their clan, in the punishment of the skipper. The people of Marblehead were always noted for their impulsiveness, and were just as ready to respond with almost extravagant acts of generosity when want or suffering appealed to them. It was fishermen from that quaint port who rowed the boat in which Washington crossed the Delaware in the Revolutionary War, and the first

company of volunteers recruited in the Rebellion were from that old City of the Sea."

In the mellow light of sunset Chateau Carton, the great unfinished barrack, put on an air of state, and one might say even wore an aspect of comfort and repose; — such was the glamor of that softened light when the weary travelers set foot within the bare walls of that hostelry on the uppermost rim of New Brunswick, nearly three hundred miles north of St. John, their immediate decision being that nothing short of desperation and starvation should drive them from so beautiful a spot.

A dreamland picture was presented to the view, so utterly restful and soothing one would naturally recall it ever after in the tender light and lengthened shadows of the later hours of day. Apparently but a stone's throw from the shore lay the three rocky and tree-crested islets,— Les Trois Amis,— every stone and branch upon them reflected in the mirror-like water, on which their symmetrical masses seemed to rest like that wonder of one's childhood, the floating islands of the East. Far away to the right stretched the great curve of the Bay, bounded by the low shores of New Brunswick; in the distance Heron Island appeared like a cape reaching out as if to grasp in fraternal greeting Megouacha Point, on the shore of the Province of Quebec, at the mouth of the Restigouche River. Then that grand mountain-guarded river! — to say that it met the expectations of the travelers is saying a great deal, for in imagina-

tion they had been drawing marvelous pictures of that famous salmon stream of Canada.

Fortunately the unromantic guests of the hotel were engaged in discussing the evening repast, and therefore invisible to the eyes of the new arrivals, and only the quiet tones of Kate Newton could be heard without any sense of jarring upon the exquisite picture.

"I shall christen it Le Pays d'Apres-Midi. The musically suggestive French names suit my fancy in this realm of romance."

This poetically-inclined person was summarily dropped from her airy flights of fancy upon the hard facts of prose and stern realities when the ladies inspected their room, which contained considerably less than absolute necessities; and Mrs. Allston, with a brave attempt at Mark Tapley-ish cheerfulness, enumerated on the fingers of one hand the pieces of furniture. Although even her bright face grew rather lugubrious on beholding the one blanket provided for each bed, traveling shawls were merrily brought into use, and the fair dames bravely resolved to make the best of everything.

Deliciously dreamy days slipped by, each more beautiful than its predecessor, and the sisters endured with fortitude the hardships inflicted by an amazingly curt bill of fare, and even of days in which one meal was skipped entirely, owing to a whim of the tyrant of the kitchen, who was a Tartar; but their equanimity could be explained by frequent

foraging expeditions to the village on the part of the gallant Doctor Laurier, who enveloped them in an atmosphere of delicate attention. Fathers of families, taking the hint from the Frenchman's success, also betook themselves to the village for articles of which there was sad dearth and dire need among their swarming urchins; the Quebec physician finally coming out in a blaze of glory after triumphantly securing blankets from what he called the "magazines" of that pretty hamlet. Forays were made into unoccupied rooms, and articles of furniture appropriated therefrom, and a spirit of Bohemianism pervaded the establishment, the guests of which seemed determined to look upon the whole experience in the light of a huge joke. The railway company had taken the house in hand, but though they offered free transport to any who wished to leave, found the guests singularly obtuse and inappreciative of such advantages; so it seemed that even unpoetic souls were witched by the charming spot.

At five oclock one morning the sisters were suddenly aroused by the sound of angry voices beneath their windows. They listened without compunction to the tempest, expecting nothing less than a collapse of the whole concern in consequence of this hurricane, in which Gallic and Hibernian epithets were recklessly hurled back and forth. On cautiously approaching the windows, to their startled eyes appeared the Queen of the Culinary, with arms a-kimbo, flushed face, unkempt hair and ponderous body fairly

quivering with wrath; while from the door, literally fired out like a bomb from a catapult, flew the peppery little manager of the hostelry, who, although combining in his person the hot blood of Gaul and Spain, was unable to cope with this one Celt, who routed him ignominiously.

"Git out o' this in liss'n a shake o' a cow's tail, ye miserable shpalpeen! An' is it *you*, ye owdashus shpoilt image av a man, ye idjut, that lukes ez black as me shtove-poipe, ye purnishus gossoon, that wud be afther darin, to koom in *me* kitchen an' tell me my bizniz? An' its meself that furgits more nor ye iver knew in al' yer borrun dez, ye voile pickcher uv a fule that ye ar!" Dr. Laurier, gazing from his window, mentally ejaculated, "Tartar emetic!" as he saw the small, dark man shoot into the office, leaving behind him a blue streak of "Carambas, Carahos, Sacrés, Diabolos," and other polyglot oaths.

Not a very auspicious opening of the morning this, and when the ladies at breakfast learned that even the staff of life (traveling on a free pass and per barrel from Moncton) had rebelled and grown sour that day, Mrs. Allston, determined to keep up a semblance at least of cheerfulness, was ready for the occasion, and threw at her sister a Chinese proverb: "A good cook is the father of happy dreams, but nightmares sit on a poor table;" to which bonnie Kate smilingly retorted with another: "The first cook was the father of civilization." Her sister continued: "No saint on an empty stomach," and Dr.

Laurier capped this with: "Mieux la realité que l'incertitude," adding, "Mesdames, in my position of medical adviser, I suggest change of air and scene, and propose a day's trip to Megouacha Point as a refuge from this famine-threatened place. There you shall at least regale yourselves on milk, butter and eggs, with a possibility of honey to sweeten existence; and I have in Fossil Cove discovered a mariner, who has a boat the most fine possible."

Such a prescription being irresistible, the physician carried the day, and in brief space of time Skipper Barstow,—"a grand old Triton," as Kate mentally dubbed him,— assisted the ladies into his neat and saucy craft. The Bay, all steely blue, was covered with flashing whitecaps; light clouds were hurrying across the sky, causing strangely-shaped shadows to flit and chase each other over the hills, like belated spectres fleeing the light of day and hastening to some far-distant hiding-place. In royal sapphire the monarch Tracadiegâche marshaled his forces,— the superb chain of mountains which follow the shore of the river and pursue their grand march into the interior, rolling in beautifully-rounded outlines to the horizon; while even the tall chimney of the commonplace saw-mill on the river brink gracefully waved its plume of smoke and became an interesting accent in the landscape.

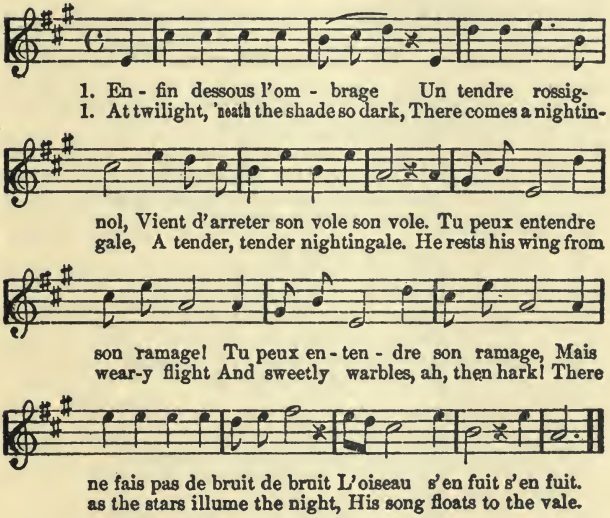
Kate Newton, with an eye to the poetic and picturesque, was quite charmed with the Captain, as she called John Barstow, whose fine open countenance,

although somewhat florid from a long seafaring life, was crowned and softened by thick snowy hair. She felt sure it was "a face with a story to tell," and that he was no common tar, while the lively and romantically-inclined Mrs. Allston began to wonder if here would not prove to be a mine of legend. Thereupon that wily person, making up to the old salt in the most engaging manner, inquired if there were not legends connected with the Bay and its capes and islands. John the hale and hearty, chivalrous as a knight of old, was naturally flattered, and fell into the trap readily. Noticing that his fair passengers' gaze was directed towards Heron Island he began:

"I wonder that you've not been out there. Old Tom Naboab, the Indian in the village, would have taken you in his canoe, if you got on the right side of him or found him in good humor. Old Tom's not very aged, but deaf's a post, and the boys of the village would tell ye you'd be obliged to shout till the top o' your head is like to come off to make him 'comprestand,' as he says, what point you're steering for. Well, Tom says you must go to Heron Island at night, and alone, too; then after placing thirteen skulls in a circle, each with a burning candle in it, proceed to dig till you come to a big red hot box which is full of Spanish money. You musn't speak, or touch it with anything but the hands; if you disobey such directions, Tom says, 'Old Red Horn come up and catch you, and box go down, down, down to be lost'!" Kate remarked, "I've heard

both of his voracity and veracity; his word is to be re-lied on because he lies and lies again. Probably it was not here that the expression 'Honest Injun' originated."

LE ROSSIGNOL.



The strangers saw why Megouacha wore such a vivid mantle of velvet, as it proved to be no ordinary turf, but waving grain, the whole farm being a model of skilful cultivation and management. During their call at the farmhouse, engaging Kate induced a youthful scion of the family to bring out a violin which he had made,— a very creditable piece of work,— and that beguiling young person eagerly advised him to go on and attain perfection; remem-

bering that almost anyone could manipulate a fiddle, but only one in thousands could play a violin. From this youthful musician she obtained a pleasing souvenir of the visit, in an ancient French chanson, handed down from early settlers who had brought it from la belle France.

LE ROSSIGNOL.

Enfin dessous l'ombrage
Un tendre rossignol
Vieut d'arrêter son vol.
Tu peux entendre son ramage
Tu peux entendre son ramage
Mais ne fais pas de bruit de bruit
L'oiseau s'enfuit s'enfuit.

Il est vif et volage
Si tu vas l'effaroucher
(Le tendre tendre rossignol)
Heureux ecoutez son ramage
Heureux ecoutez son ramage
Mais ne fais pas de bruit de bruit
L'oiseau s'enfuit s'enfuit.

Enfin dans l'esclavage
Qui toujours fait mourir
Crois-tu, crois-tu, veut le retenir?
Mais Dieu le sauve de sa cage
Mais Dieu le sauve de sa cage
Ses pas ont fait du bruit du bruit
Libre oiseau s'enfuit s'enfuit.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

At twilight, 'neath the shade so dark,
There comes a nightingale,
A tender, tender nightingale.
He rests his wing from weary flight
And sweetly warbles. Ah, then, hark!
There, as the stars illume the night,
His song floats to the vale.

A timid little songster, this,
(Far-flying nightingale,
O tender, tender nightingale!)

For should he hear a step, a sound,
Ah, then, that sweet song thou would miss
And in the wood he'd not be found;
He'd have soared far down the vale.

O thinkest thou a cage would hold
This sweetest nightingale?
O tender, tender nightingale!
Pray, then, beware, be not so bold!
The good God wills he should be free,
He'd die in slav'ry e'en like thee,
He'd ne'er come to our vale.

The gallant doctor, as host of the day, offered next a drive to River Nouvelle (famous for fine trout), and the women, to carry out the idea of being in a foreign country, declared that no vehicle would suffice for this but the two-wheeled cart ("charette") of the French Canadian habitan, professing that this completed their bliss, although they found that in such conveyance conversation had a tendency to become decidedly interjectional, not to say explosive, and the elegant gentleman confessed afterwards his certainty that one mile more of such travel would have utterly disintegrated the party.

But the Bay; dimpling, sparkling, dancing witchingly! Who could withstand its allurements, or remain on shore while there was even a possibility of skimming away, free as a sea-gull, in that white sloop which curtsied and waltzed at its anchorage, waving its saucy pennon as if beckoning the strangers to "sail away for a year and a day," if they would? The disciple of Esculapius mentally consigned his distant patients to — the care of other medicos — without a pang; seeming perfectly con-

tent that this kind of thing should continue indefinitely when the women declared that they must continue the day's pleasuring by water.

The sloop sped away ecstatically, and Barstow had informed his passengers that he was heading for River Charlo, on the southern shore, when over the water came a merry shout, "Ship Ahoy!" to which the hale tar answered, "Aye, aye; so *there* you are?" But his actions did not seem to accord with his cheery tone, for, instead of slackening speed, he let out a reef in the mainsail, and his face wore an expression which Kate Newton found inscrutable. The trio of pleasure-seekers, turning in the direction whence the clear-toned hail came, discovered that they were followed by a skiff, which a young oarsman was propelling with vigorous strokes. Barstow asked, "Do you think we can show him a clean pair of heels?" and the tourists could not surmise whether he was annoyed or amused at the progress and prowess of the youth in their wake, who after all was certainly gaining on them. Whether this was in consequence of the oarsman's skill, or because Barstow was allowing the "Petrel" to be caught, the women could not tell; but shortly the small boat came alongside, and John in gruff tones called out, "Hold on there! Don't you know that a stern chase is a long chase?" to which a laugh was the merry rejoinder, when a young man, apparently twenty-three years of age, stepped on board, quickly attached the painter to a cleat, allowing the skiff to drop astern,

touched his cap to the passengers, and held towards John a basket, saying, "You know who that's for."

"C'est un gage d'amour, n'est-ce pas?" said Dr. Laurier under his breath to Kate, but the women seemed struck dumb as they studied the newcomer, who had thus unceremoniously boarded their vessel.

Beneath a cap of true Glengarry style there beamed a frank and sprightly Saxon countenance, surmounting an athletic figure clad in navy blue,— correct in color for a nautical personage, only the nether garments were not loose sailor trousers, but the snug knee-breeches, black ribbed hose and low shoes of a wheelman.

"Mr. Donald Campbell," announced Barstow, in off-hand manner of introduction, accompanied by a sweep of the arm which took in the newcomer and the passengers, the youth properly acknowledging the presentation by a bow to the ladies, and a cordial grasp of the hand which Dr. Laurier extended. The basket, of which John did not offer to relieve him, was of Indian workmanship and remarkably graceful shape; the edges curling outward, the handle slender and light, though strong. It was filled with large and luscious wild raspberries, heaped on fern leaves, whose plumy fronds fringed the edge of the dainty receptacle, and set off by admirable contrast the rich color of the fruit, while long sprays of the Mitchella vine entwined the handle.

"Il est vrai artiste," whispered Mrs. Allston to Dr. Laurier, while John Barstow conversed with the

youth, though not yet offering to take the dainty gift.

"And what port had you cleared for, that you were not only out of hailing distance but hull down on the horizon when I was wanting you to show off Megouacha to these strangers?" said John. The other explained that it was a fête day, the farm hands gone to the church, and on this account he himself had been obliged to take a horse to be shod, thereby missing the pleasure of doing the honors to the tourists, to whom he made due apologies. Then coolly setting down the basket beside the indifferent seeming skipper, he loosened the rope, drew his skiff alongside, stepped into it, waving his cap in adieu, and was soon shooting over the water in the direction of the verdant point in the distance.

Even quiet Kate Newton assailed the seaman, "Captain, how could you resist him?" her sister putting in a word to the same effect. Barstow laughed: "Oh, yes, that's the way with lovely woman, bless her! She can always tell the cut o' the jib at a glance, and not only what sort of a craft it is, but what dunnage, while we, poor mortal men, have to study over it all for no end of a time. Why, bless ye, I've known that chap, scooting off on his shingle yonder, since he talked Choctaw in his cradle. He's sound to the core, I believe you; no slatting or scrimping about his build, but A-number-one at Lloyds' and never fail. I just wanted to bother him a bit." When the women admired the berries

he remarked, "There's leagues upon leagues of 'em over there, but I didn't give him that fact back again, for I know he's been tramping miles to get 'em if he's been to the smithy besides."

"You are to take them to your wife, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Allston, whose womanly curiosity was aroused.

"She has slept now this many a year in the church-yard at Dalhousie," answered the old salt, with a sudden lengthening of countenance, as he gave one long look backward towards the pretty village; then he added, "If you want to know if this is a sloobrious climate you'll find a toomstun there (it's cracked across and has been mended) erected in 1812 to one who died in the one hundredth year of her age. There's the light-keeper, too, of Bon Ami Point yonder (there where the two stone faces stands guards and watches the river, ye know), he is eighty-six years of age, and has been sixty years or so at this place; he has a brother of eighty-four, besides, still hale and hearty, living at Carleton."

Interesting statements these, of course, but the quiet little woman who always had an eye to the poetic side of life, aided and abetted her romantic sister by continuing the subject of the fruit, saying, "Then this is for your daughter?" She was met with the response, "The one great grief of our lives, Jane's and mine, was that we had never a chick or a child to bless us."

This was, to say the least, baffling; and the sub-

ject was dropped when Barstow carefully set the basket away in the cuddy.

The lengthening shadows betokened waning day, and, imperceptibly to all but the watchful eye of the skipper, a change was coming over the scene. In the southwest, a veil of gray had been forming, gradually spreading its folds, blurring into neutral tint the formerly vivid hues of sea and shore, as if Nature, in sudden impatience, dissatisfied with her effects in landscape-painting, would wipe out the picture. The voyagers lapsed into dreamy silence, each apparently wrapped in his own reflections, until the fair Mrs. Allston seemed to arouse from reverie, and, impelled by the thought that this would be just the most appropriate season for weird recital, edged round to the hale Jack Tar. Such were the effects of her blandishments that the round and rubicund John again fell into the snare so slyly laid, and was induced to reel off a yarn for the edification of the party.

"And so, my lady," playfully said the gallant old fellow, "this is the reason you were warpin' your trim craft around to my lee side, is it? Well, then, here goes!"

As that low-lying strip of land in the distance had seemed to interest his party from the first, and as their course was now directed towards Heron Island, Barstow appropriately related a story connected therewith, a tale in which many of the French "habitans" and fisher-folk of the Bay believe im-

plicitly even to this day; a tale which, herein divested of his nautical language, gives the legend of

THE BURNING SHIP OF HERON ISLAND.

Gaspar Cortereal, of Portugal, was very successful in trading with the Indians of Gaspé, bartering with them, by means of trinkets and trifles, for rich furs which he sold in his own country at great profit. This would have been well enough if he had been satisfied with it, but, one night, offering them a feast in his cabin, he lured on board his ship a great number of the young Indians. When day broke the unsuspecting savages found themselves captives in the ship, which was then far out at sea; and on their arrival in Portugal the unfortunates were sold as slaves. The next year the treacherous adventurer thought to try this trick again, but did not quite dare venture into Gaspé Bay. He anchored at Heron Island, and there pursued his traffic with the natives, who flocked in numbers to the trading, pretending friendliness, while in reality plotting vengeance for the kidnapping of their fellows. One night the savages burst upon the foreigners, and put all to death with the exception of Cortereal, who was bound to a rock at low tide; there, after suffering the utmost torture which the savages could invent, death came to him by inches as the tide rose around him, and his wretched life ended with the submerging of the rock.

Two years after, Cortereal's brother set out to

search for his missing relative, and, sailing into the Bay, recognized the ship, still anchored at Heron Island; and was filled with exultation at the success of his enterprise, as he began to calculate the value of the cargo which he would carry away. But his joy was of short duration, for on reaching his brother's ship a troop of savages appeared, leaped to his vessel, and killed most of the crew, who were entirely unprepared for such an onslaught. Cortereal and some of his men succeeded in gaining the cabin which they barricaded, while arming themselves; the ship meanwhile, unknown to all, drifted out with the tide.

Knowing there was no hope for them, the white men took a solemn oath that they would die together, and moreover would haunt the Bay for a thousand years afterwards; then they scuttled the ship, set fire to the vessel, rushed from the cabin, taking their captors utterly by surprise, and a terrible battle ensued. As the ship settled in the water and the fire burst through the deck the savages swarmed up the rigging until the ropes themselves were in a blaze, when, with a lurch and plunge, the ship sank beneath the waves. Only one Indian escaped to tell the tale; he, clinging to a piece of the wreck, drifted back with the tide. The Indians, frightened by the frequent appearance of the blazing vessel, which rises and drifts about the Bay, especially on stormy nights, deserted the island and moved to the interior.

An eerie and gruesome tale this, as the tourists agreed, even Dr. Laurier asserting that "it is suffi-

cient to cause the skin crawl," which was supposed to be his version of the saying, "It makes the flesh creep." The romantic querist, assailing the sailor as to his belief in the same, was met by the noncommittal reply: "Did you ever see a tar who wasn't superstitious?" though a twinkle lurking in his eye might indicate that he had his own opinion on the subject. He added: "I can give you the actual words of an old French resident of Grand River, over there on the P. Q. shore, who said to me, 'So clearly has the burning ship been seen that the rigging could be plainly distinguished, and even objects resembling men climbing the ropes. This is strange but true; old and young have witnessed it; even this summer it was seen near the shore of Mar-ee-*ah* by several persons who watched it for hours, and finally saw it disappear in the distance.' Yes," continued the sailor, "an old pilot told me that he had been near enough to hear the clash of arms and to see the crew, and others have told me it has been seen even under the sea, still blazing like fury. The water can't put it out, you see, for old Scratch keeps feeding the flames, and they say the light shows above the ice in winter."

The lively lady asserted her desire to behold the ghostly spectacle; and the tar, with an air of well-assumed horror, gazed upon her with widened eyes, declaring, "They say it is a certain sign of death or disaster;" but she nevertheless recklessly repeated her earnest wish to witness the unlucky apparition.

Kate Newton, mildly protesting, began, "Martha, don't be —," but her sister interrupted with the exclamation, "Oh, do see that queer ship near Heron Island!" and at once implored Barstow to sail closer that they might inspect the strange craft, and he willingly brought them almost under the bows of the huge vessel lying at anchor. Such a singularly Rip Van Winkle-ish spectacle it proved; where could it have been hidden for a century or so to come thus upon the vision like a tangible reminiscence of olden times? The hull, broad and low, was striped black and white like an antique war vessel; the curiously-carved stern slanted sharply inward; the bows were elaborately ornamented with scroll work, once gorgeous in gilding; the masts seemed prodigiously tall, as the strangers gazed from below, and a maze of cordage was outlined against the sky like mammoth spider webs. Kate quoted from Whittier:

The merchant ship lay idly there, in hard, clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar its network on the sky.

The name "Aldegunde of Holmstrand" seemed appropriately quaint for the stranger to bear, and Barstow grew loquacious, volunteering the information that she was "probably an old merchantman now used for transporting timber, and no doubt on her way to Campbellton to load with deals."

He added: "The oldest ships afloat are owned in Norway and engaged in the lumber trade; yes, if you'll believe it, there's a barque of London which was built in seventeen-sixty something, and is still

traveling and trading. You ladies will be especially interested to know that she's American built, and no doubt you'll think she has a pretty name, 'True Love,'" and John seemed to warm to his subject, and continued, "Oh, they built ships in the right way in old times. None o' your 'killdry' lumber then; they made 'em to last. Now they build 'em by the mile, and chop 'em off in lengths to suit customers, as your newspaper ads. put it; why, the wood is so green that the coons haven't time to clear out before the timber goes into the vessels, and the seams begin to grin and yawn before the boat's off the stays, almost; the coast is paved with the rotting bones of such craft, for they go to pieces as easy as an ice-cream pyramid under a hot sun. Why, nowadays, such ship builders as those old fellows couldn't get custom, because they'd be too slow for these times, and couldn't build and launch a barkentine in a week; they'd have to go to makin' shoe-pegs, packing-boxes and step-ladders to get a living." Quite a tirade this for the jolly old chap, and the strangers could not tell how much of it was fun and how much earnest, they meantime being engrossed in examining the huge mass looming above them.

Nothing escaped the bright eyes of Kate, who asked, "Is the Norwegian flag yellow?" causing her companions to exclaim as their attention was thus called to the pennon, of such uncommon hue, flapping on one of the masts, which seemed to soar into the clouds.

"Why, no," ejaculated John, "I had noticed that, and it means Hospital; there must be illness or trouble aboard;" whereupon Martha Allston, in excited whisper, exclaimed, "Can it mean yellow fever, or any thing contagious?"

Dr. Laurier set her mind at rest on that point, avowing his intention of boarding the vessel, feeling that his profession entitled him at least to make inquiries. Just at that moment the captain of the ship appeared, and entered into conference, recklessly shattering the King's English into bits in his explanation that his one passenger "de ay-gent off de loomper kompny haf met veeth an axe-e-dent," and he had sent ashore to see if there was a physician at Dalhousie or Campbellton who would come to their assistance; that his man "haf joost retoorn, and zay dere is nefer eeder docktare or soorjin, und I am in zo mooch distrest ov mine, vile dat pore yoong shentelman iss in sooch payen as never vas."

By this time the energetic Frenchman had mounted the ship's side like a cat, and disappeared from view with Captain Knüdsen.

Of course the sympathies of the women were at once enlisted on behalf of the young foreigner, and it seemed an age before the doctor and captain appeared again. Then they both descended into the sloop to consult with Barstow, and to lay before him the problem.

The captain, in his astonishing English, said, "Dis yoong man, Mr. Eric Gjerding, you zee haf von

shtorm night treep-ed on de deck, vere a shtoopit zaylor dit shpill zom oy-al, vich coze de shentelman to fall ofer a coy-el off ro-ap, unt his leck vas proke. Now my fadther vas a docktare, unt I haf vonce begun to stoodie mit him; but I likes alvays better de *zee*, zo I gif oop de medcin, alldoe I haff learn how to set de bo-an. Zo dere vas nodings to do but I moost feex de pore young man's leck, vor ve vas den hoonderts miles off dees blace. Vell, bart off mine carco iss blaster, vich I gets at Blaster Cofe in de Basin Minas, Bay Fundy; unt zo I sudden dinks dat is vot mine fadther use to do, he mak like trough unt fill mit blaster to case de broken leck, so *dat* I do."

Dr. Laurier explained to the ladies that the plaster is gypsum or terra alba, which is valuable as a fertilizer, adding aside to Kate, "Your confectioners and grocers divert it to base uses, adulterating sugar and flour," but she was too much interested in the captain's story to resent the mischievous thrust, or to take up the cudgels in defense of her countrymen. Then the physician, possibly somewhat vain of his more fluent tongue, came to the rescue of the Norseman's limping English, saying to Barstow, "The Capitaine has done well; I should be proud of him as an associate in my profession; the patient has done so well as *possible* under the circumstances; the pain which the young man suffers is from the knitting of the bone, and it could be subdued if the captain's medicine chest had a greater variety of remedies.

Mr. Yer—— I cannot speak the name; it would give me lockjaw,— the patient, I mean,— must now have absolute quiet, as well as good country fare. I come now to ask you could we take him ashore in your boat?"

John unhesitatingly assented, as if this thing, which looked to the women like a herculean task, were an everyday occurrence. The hotel at Bon Ami Point was spoken of as a refuge for the invalid, but Dr. Laurier strenuously objected; whereupon then spake up John the generous, "Bring him to my house, and I'll guarantee that he'll have the best of care," overruling all objections, and turning aside, with a laugh or ironical word, the protestations of the party. The transfer was successfully and speedily made, though one might have supposed that it would have taxed the ingenuity of the whole ship's crew, and brought into requisition

> Crow and lever and gaff and sling,
> Tongs and tackle and roller and ring

to hoist such a dead weight through the hatchway, and lower it into the sloop. There the women at once and naturally assumed the position of nurses, and assisted with their gentle cares; and Captain Knüdsen, vastly relieved in mind, assured the party that he should now proceed to Campbellton to load with lumber, and would come as soon as possible to Fossil Cove to see how the sufferer progressed.

A subdued company it was returning in the "Petrel." The threatening aspect of the sky had

vanished, the gray bank in the southwest had been dispelled, probably by a distant thunder-storm, and the sun was almost setting when the sloop neared John's little wharf, beyond which his neat cottage and pretty garden could be seen in the pleasant, soft light. Not far from the small pier the passengers descried the figure of a woman seated on the beach, her attention absorbed in something which she was moving and turning in singular fashion in her hands. To the amazement of the women and the physician, the sailor arose, and, taking a stone from his pocket, seemed to aim directly at this woman, causing Kate to scream with affright; but the stone fell in the water, near the bending figure, with a splash which must have spattered her. She suddenly turned her head, her face beamed in glad recognition, and Kate exclaimed, "What a lovely creature! Truly she makes a perfect picture."

This enthusiastic young person's attention was next arrested by further extraordinary conduct on the part of John. He had lowered the sail, and the boat now rested in glassy water, which reflected the roseate sunset sky; and the sailor stood by the mast, attitudinizing, in the most amazing manner. If the party had not through the day become convinced of his good sound common-sense, this performance on his part would have been sufficient proof that he had "gone clean daft." He bent his head, resting it upon his hands, then waved one hand in the direction of the lighthouse; then he moved both hands alter-

nately in a manner suggesting a dog's feet paddling in the water, after which he seemed to draw invisible buckets of imperceptible water from an imaginary well; then he leaned forward, touching the deck with the tips of his fingers, and next suddenly became erect, pointing with one finger to his forehead.

The girl on the beach during all this had stood motionless as a statue, in unconsciously bewitching pose. Her dark brown dress of heavy serge hung in full graceful folds, unbroken by flounce or trimming; a wide-brimmed soft felt hat, dark red in color, had slipped back from her face, showing jet black hair and olive complexion, with warm color in the cheeks; and the eyes,— large, liquid and black as a sloe,— rested on Barstow with most intent gaze. With the right hand thrown up back of the ear, as if just catching the brim of her hat as it was about to slip off, and with the other hand slightly extended, she stood as if listening, though no sound could be heard but the lapping of the water against the piles and on the beach. Then, touching one finger to her lips, and gracefully bending her head, she turned and sped away, light and swift as a doe, in the direction of the lighthouse.

The sailor turned with a satisfied smile to the women, whom he and the physician assisted in disembarking. The latter excused himself for not accompanying them, as he must superintend and aid in the removal of the patient from the sloop to the sailor's cottage; suggesting, however, that if they

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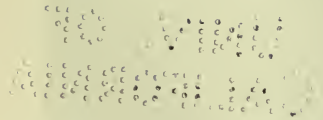

would wait at the Arched Rock, the Gate of Fossil Cove, he would join them there, and escort them to supper at the hotel.

Even one who was not especially interested could not fail to feel sufficient desire to witness the transfer of the interesting sufferer. The women naturally did not withstand this opportunity, but stationed themselves under the great stone arch which the sea during unknown centuries had worn through the hard trap rock.

Then came, hastening along the beach, four young habitans and two Indians; the former browned by exposure to the sun and storm until they appeared as swarthy as those whom they called "sauvages." Fine specimens of vigorous young manhood were they all; supple of limb, tense of muscle, ready to spring to instant action with a sense of exultation in their power.

In the boat Barstow and the doctor arranged the ropes and supports attached to the hammock, while the young men on the small jetty stood alert to do their part, ready to obey instantly directions from the leaders, and to lift the prostrate figure, which lay helpless and heavy as a leaden image in the bottom of the boat. A few short words of command from the sailor, with a quiet direction from the physician, and the long hammock, resembling a gigantic chrysalis, was deftly raised to the wharf, then slung by its ropes from the shoulders of the six athletes, who, with pace so measured and regular that there could be no jar,

conveyed the sufferer to the cottage, and disappeared within the door.

When Dr. Laurier joined the waiting women he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Positivement, the Barstow is a *cheen-use;* never should I have supposed this possible of accomplishment, yet now have I left the young man so comfortable as possible in bed; and he will without doubt recover with speed. Certainly he could not fail to do so, for he has a physique which would otherwise be a libel on Nature. He is a glorious young Viking; I call him Mon Prince, he so much resembles Prince Oscar of Sweden, whom once I had the honor to meet."

One of the women meantime had her thoughts and attention riveted on a tiny silhouette of a boat, in which she was certain that the gay oarsman Campbell was speeding across to Fossil Cove; for she, romantic person, felt confident that he must have special interest in, and for, the mysterious gypsy,— the fair unknown with whom the skipper held such astounding communion.

Fervently did Gaston Laurier bless that fortunate unfortunate who had been so comfortably deposited in the cottage of the retired ship-master; for in the stranger's mishap had he not found his own good fortune? — giving as it did valid excuse for him to remain longer in this delightsome spot, and in companionship which daily grew in charm,— and danger; although he wilfully shut his eyes to the latter fact. Frequent were his visits, devoted his attentions to the

young foreigner, and what so natural as that the sisters should accompany him on these errands of mercy? A distinct path was becoming worn in the field which the trio traversed in crossing Bon Ami Point (appropriate name!) to Fossil Cove; and Mr. Eric Gjerding ought at the very least to have arisen and danced in evidence of speedy cure, as well as appreciation of such professional and feminine care. No doubt he wished heartily enough to do so, though obliged to submit to imprisonment, and the doctor's jocosely-peremptory mandates, until Nature, assisted by his remedies, had had time to repair damages.

In the dainty neatness of John Barstow's cottage there were unmistakable evidences of a woman's presence, which did not escape the bright eyes of Martha or the quiet notice of Kate; but the unknown dame or damsel remained strangely invisible, although at one of their calls with the doctor a piece of work was seen on the table in the cosy and tasteful parlor; at another a small glove had evidently been dropped on the floor by some one passing out hastily; and yet again a rocking-chair was discovered slowly oscillating, as if the occupant thereof had just fled through the open door. Finally, one day the mysterious femininity was caught, seated in the deep embrasure of one of the casement windows which let in a flood of sunlight through the two-foot-thick stone wall. Though evidently embarrassed, she gracefully acknowledged the introduction when the grand old Triton proudly announced, "Ladies, my daughter,"

and they recognized the young gypsy of the beach. His daughter? Yet he had distinctly told them on the day of their memorable excursion in the "Petrel" that he had never had a child! There was some mystery about this, and what more fascinating to the feminine mind? The women were instantly taken by storm by this meeting with the beautiful girl, and would have entered into conversation with her but that she slipped out of the door, taking with her a basket from the table, making an apologetic and deprecating obeisance; the sisters meantime answering a rather hasty remark (on nothing in particular), which was made by Barstow.

In all these weeks, which had been passing so charmingly to them, the sisters had become well acquainted with the seafaring man, and on the disappearance of the girl they instantly assailed him, the doctor meanwhile having left the room to attend his patient.

"Who is she?" said Kate.

"You said you had no child," added Martha.

"Tell us about her," continued Kate. "She is lovely as an artist's dream or poet's vision!"

John's rugged countenance fairly beamed at this, and, taking a hasty glance in all directions from the window, he seated himself beside the fair dames and began:

"So I must spin ye another yarn? Or, like the children, you want me to tell you a story. Shall it begin, 'Once upon a time,' or 'Many years ago'?

Well, it shall be *both*. There was a tremenjus storm in Bay Shaloor, the worst that ever was known by the oldest inhabitant. Even in this sheltered cove the big rollers broke agin the Point, and the gate in the rock there was filled up to the top of its ruff by the sea. The lantern of the lighthouse at the mouth o' the river was smashed to flinders, houses in the village had their ruffs torn off as if they was pasteboard, and I knew there'd be wild work at sea, and many a good ship would lay her bones on this coast. 'Twas bitter weather, but just at the edge o' day, when the sea was going down a bit, I went out in my row-boat, which is built after the life-boat fashion — you can study her pretty lines on the beach below there — I knew 'twas at the risk of my life, but I was fifteen years younger then, and

> Salt as the sea wind, tough and strong
> As an old cask from Labrador,

as one of your poets puts it. Yes, and I thought maybe I might help someone, though I couldn't make out how any craft could have lived in such a sea as had been running. To be sure there *was* a wreck; some ship had gone to pieces, all stove into kindlings, so there wasn't enough of it left to show what it had been; no name nor nothing, and even the bodies of the poor sailors or passengers must have been carried out to sea, for there was the most 'mazing tide,— there never was one like it before or since, leastways to the best of my reckoning, or as far as I can find out. But in an eddy between the islands I found

the queerest craft that ever was seen since Moses was launched; it was as if the waves were playing battledore and shuttlecock, this strange thing being tossed about by 'em, and I caught it with my boat hook. There was a full dozen curious straw mats rolled tight and lashed together, with another mat lying atop; and in *that*, all wrapped in tarpaulins and blankets, was a child of six years of age. It was that blue and ghastly that I tho't it dead; but a little twitch of a finger made me think p'raps there was a spark o' life yet, and I just laid to my oars and put for the shore with might and main. I tell you I just made the 'Bunsby' *walk*, and in less time than I'm telling ye I had that chick beside the fire. Well, I had to fight for it the whole livelong day, toastin' blankets and roastin' bricks to get a bit o' warmth into the tiny mite, and rubbin' its little body with hot spirits; I never stopped for bite or sup myself till night came, and then that bit o' humanity opened its eyes and looked at me, like two stars peepin' out in a night o' murk. Then I tell ye I could just have sat down and *cried*, I was that happy!

"Well, it was only a short time till the little thing recovered, and Mrs. Campbell, yonder there at Megouacha, made the purtiest cloze fur it; and they all was in love with it, and it grew to be the sweetest cherub you ever laid eyes on. But the shock, or exposure, or fright, or all together, made that blessed creeter what you call a mute. She hadn't lost her hearing entirely, and if she don't speak with her eyes

and talk with every look of her bright face, then I'm mistaken. I've often thought she must be of Spanish blood,— I've been to Spain and Portugal and lots others of those queer countries in my day,— but I've never been able to find out anything about the ship, or about the child or her people.

"Well, the village was wild about 'Barstow's Baby,' as they called her, and Mrs. Campbell begged right hard to keep her; but she'd walked right into me heart, and I couldn't let her go; I vowed I'd 'dopt her an' bless old Nep into the bargain for sending her to me, though," he added reverently, "God knows she was *Heaven-sent*, and has brought me the greatest joy of my life! Then young Campbell's father asked me could he christen her, and I said I had a name a'ready, a name well known to sailors and suited to the way I got her, and that was '*Jetsam*,'" and I said her glossy black hair suited it too. But he laughed, and said she'd be ashamed of such an outlandish one as that and so I gave in, after a fashion, when he (being Scotch, you know) chose Iona, and I tho't that sounded rather pretty, an' I agreed to it. But I put the other name in the middle, so she's Iona Jetsam Barstow, and I often call her Jetty for short. Well, that saucy boy who was chasing us in the 'Petrel' t'other day, was near her age,—only five years older; and you just ought to have seen how those little trots took to each other, an' they've been just that dewoted ever since. Bless you, he taught her to read by scratchin' on the sand with a stick, and to write on

birch bark with the ink of the squid he found on the beach after storms; so he was makin' play of her schoolin' all the time, and she learned so fast, 'twas 'mazin' indeed. What with her own natural quickness, an' the Campbells and me helping, by speakin' slow an' keerful, she learned to tell what we were sayin', much of the time, by watchin' our lips. As to books, why she's a *cormyrant*, and has been eenamost through Mr. Campbell's library (an' I have too), she sitting on my knee and I reading over her shoulder.

"Well, in some of my travels, before she came to me, I went once to school at a place they call Leepsick in Yourop where they teach mutes to talk (and *'tis* wonderful, I believe you); so by what I could remember o' their ways o' shown' 'em, an' what I could make up out o' my thick noodle to p'int it out clear to her,— like sightin' a sail on the horizon, though 'twas that far away from the reeginal thing, in the forrin school,— I showed her how to watch my lips and tell what I was saying. Donald and I betwixt us learnt her warious things, and Mrs. Campbell showed her about sewin', and house ways o' doin' things. She's sharper 'n a steel trap, and quicker 'n lightning; but she's shy until people know about her, and so she's sheered off when she saw you steering this a-way; and I've laughed at her for runnin' the blockade, and keepin' out o' bounds. She'll s'prize ye, I dare swear, although I'm not profane,— she's *cured* me o' that"— with a chuckle which shook his round body,

like a quaking jelly. "She can tell me a long story in three waves of her hand, and the same to you with pencil and paper, her scribbler traveling along like a two-forty racer, or a pirate chasin' a merchantman in old times. Oh, I've learned lots of her, for I never had advantages, and all the schooling I ever got was 'by sheer grit and obstinacy,' as you Yankees say; 'twas almost by *stealing* the hours when I was ashore, an' stuffin' my kit with books when I was on a cruise; and they weren't all on navigation, neither!"

Here certainly was material enough for the composition of airy structures, and foundation sufficient for day dreams, all of which was utilized by the interesting and interested strangers from the States, who struck up a wonderful intimacy with the gypsy-like maiden.

Great was their astonishment at the remarkable quickness of perception and the seemingly insatiable desire for learning which she evinced, revealing also a most amiable disposition combined with force of character.

An heirloom in the Campbell family, which that dame of the old school had presented to her bewitching young friend over the river, was an antique "housewife" from which the supernumerary pendants had been removed, leaving the tablets and pencil depending from their quaint silver chains; and this dainty chatelaine always hung from the maiden's belt, and was brought into constant use in her communications with any one but Barstow. With him

it never seemed necessary, such was the ready understanding between the two.

There was one amusing feature in their intercourse; that being his strenuous efforts to break himself of a habit common among mariners, and unconsciously contracted by him when he was cabin boy,—the habit of using unnecessarily strong, not to say profane, language. His almost adoring love for the daughter of his adoption, combined with the desire that she should learn nothing but what was good, led him to try to conquer that habit, and in the course of the years he had almost overcome it, so that it was only on occasions of excitement that his own peculiar expressions (invented to take the place of the former oaths) could be heard. With all his ruggedness the man possessed a chivalric and noble spirit, the most exalted admiration for and ideal of woman, and a truly devout nature, with a voice like a fog-horn in denouncing wrong or injustice, and a heart and hand as soft and gentle as a woman's.

As Iona's acquaintance with the sisters ripened into intimacy she joined them in their rambles, wherein she and Martha naturally paired off, leaving Gaston and Kate to follow; an arrangement which it was evident was quite satisfactory to these two.

Donald Campbell frequently happened along, invariably joining the first-named pair; and in these walks and talks Martha studied that youth, and learned his aims and worthy ambitions, as his frank nature scorned disguise or concealment. It was not

possible, either, for her to mistake the character of his interest in the lovely girl, though she wisely kept that knowledge to herself, and was apparently as innocent and unsuspecting as the object of the young man's devotion.

The young Norwegian meanwhile had so far progressed towards recovery as to be able to walk daily, with the aid of crutches, into the little parlor, and, lying on a couch by the open casement, to bask in the sunshine, while John discoursed sagely or discussed the news of the day, or the invalid whiled away the pleasant hours with books or papers. Iona brought her work and sat by them, and frequently entered laden with fruit and flowers, or discussed with the young man curiosities from the cove, which resembled small strings of flat buttons that had been buried in clay and needed washing,— stems of the sea lily (encrinite), fossilized thousands of years ago, which formed part of Barstow's museum of strange things collected from all countries in his travels.

Gaston Laurier had left weeks before for Quebec, — though it was not until an imperative telegram summoned that he could tear himself away,—but many, frequent, and transparent, were his excuses for almost daily missives to his distant inamorata, or reminders of his constant thought for her, Kate being seen often wearing flowers of such rare beauty that any one could tell they never grew in the village gardens. She was also the recipient of fine baskets of fruits and boxes of dainty confections with which to

sweeten existence, and many times the gallant Frenchman " ran down " to stay over a Sunday at the shore; to recuperate from his arduous labors, no doubt, by change of air and scene.

Captain Knüdsen had also made several visits to, and held long conferences with, Mr. Gjerding, in reference to the business of the lumber company which Eric represented,— a firm of wealthy Norwegians, of whom that young man's father was the one representing the largest amount of capital,— and Barstow had jocosely inquired if the " Aldegunde " were not pine-ing to be free. That great vessel, lying under the lee of Point à la Garde, near Campbellton, was devouring vast quantities of timber and deals, swallowing it at the two great square ports which stood open like yawning mouths in her bows, seemingly intent only on satisfying her apparently insatiable appetite, and caring naught for the fact that her place of anchorage had been the site of a naval battle, and those peaceful scenes had echoed war's alarms in the last century, when Admiral Byron there distinguished himself.

John's cares as nurse were very considerably lightened, the patient being able by this time to move about the house and help himself. The mariner and his daughter found him a fascinating guest. Eric seemed to have evolved a method of his own for communicating with the charming mute, and she to possess singular intuition in comprehending him. Undoubtedly there was wonderful magnetism between

the young Viking and the lovely maiden, and there evidently was a particularly mysterious understanding also. This did not escape the notice of the astute John, and it caused him to contemplate the two with very grave countenance, though why that should be it would be difficult to divine, for, if "Love's young dream" was forming, certainly one might suppose those interesting young people would be just the ones to be so affected by each other, and that there could be no reasonable objection if such were the case.

The young man from Megouacha came suddenly upon Gjerding and Iona seated quite close together on the porch of the cottage; proximity which was natural in consideration of her infirmity, but both were engaged in such deeply absorbing converse that they were quite oblivious of his approach,— although he stood transfixed for a moment,— as well as of his abrupt departure when the youth plunged down the bank, threw himself into his boat, the "Jettie," and rowed away as if his life depended on his reaching the verdant point in the distance "in less than no time," as Barstow would have expressed it.

Martha, to whom Iona and Donald had become so attached, found herself in a trying position between them, those young people having become strangely silent and absent. Though they both affected her society, and her heart was going out to each, she knew there was trouble somewhere; yet she was perplexed and felt her powerlessness; albeit her sympathy and tender interest were manifested in a hundred indefin-

able ways. One day the sisters sat on the shore towards sunset,—

> Not interrupting with intrusive talk
> The grand majestic symphonies of ocean,—

but both feeling a sense of sadness in the thought that they must soon leave these blissful scenes. A thunder shower had passed over, and the clouds were lifted just sufficiently above the horizon to permit the long, slanting rays to flood the landscape with a most singular unearthly-seeming light, intensifying the hues of all verdure; while a vivid and perfect rainbow completely spanned the Bay, connecting the low shores of New Brunswick with the mountain-guarded coast of the Province of Quebec. John Barstow came striding along the beach towards the cove, wearing a rather perturbed countenance. He met the sisters just as this celestial spectacle presented itself to their view; and without uttering a word he reverently uncovered his head, and with them stood gazing upward, all remaining in rapt silence till the exquisite colors had vanished.

Again the next afternoon John met the ladies, who noticed his subdued manner. After a while he imparted the information that the young Norwegian's business had been accomplished, through Captain Knüdsen, and the time set for the "Aldegunde's" departure; so that in less than a week Eric would sail away in the great vessel. The friends who had been so pleasantly brought together from such opposite quarters were soon to separate, and even lively Mar-

tha became subdued at the thought. Arousing herself, that irresistible young woman questioned John as to the perturbation she had noticed in his expression as he came towards them, and he replied with a bubbling chuckle, " Oh, one o' those gorjis city fellers sent me sailing orders that I must steer in his direction, and I was curious to see what my lord High Tippy-bob wanted. Well, he came cruising down on me, one o' these sky-scrapers with top-gallants and all, ye know, and every stitch o' canvas swellin' like zif he couldn't even see a poor insignificant tub like mine. But I didn't scare worth a cent, and when he ordered me to take his party out sailing to-morrow, I informed him plain as preacher's text that the ' Petrel ' wasn't fur hire, not fur the whole heft o' his purse and possessions, and that the only passengers she ever carried was men, and not parodies! Oh, ho! I took the wind out o' his sails, and he looked zif I had turned a broadside on him and raked his craft fore and aft, and he keeled over quicker'n I'm telling ye. He thinks I'm a *Dalhousian* and a fraud, I've no doubt. By jolly, it was funny! — I beg your pardon, ladies, that slipped out before I could catch it; it's only from the teeth out. You know my Jettie has cured me of swearing."

This seemed a propitious opportunity for the women to lay siege to the jolly mariner in reference to a project of Mrs. Newton's, the first suggestion of which caused his countenance to exhibit a series of

expressions in rapid succession. First, blank amazement, then exultant delight, finally almost abject despair that rubicund face depicted; as the three, engaged in earnest discourse, walked slowly away to a secluded spot on rising ground overlooking the river, and there the mysterious interview continued for an hour; Barstow finally leaving the sisters and continuing on his way to the village. With head bent and hands clasped behind his back he slowly paced out of sight, leaving the sisters seated in silence, lost in enraptured contemplation of the sunset pageant. The nearer range of hills was clothed in dark velvety green, blending into the russet of rock and barren slope, thus breaking the transition to the rich brown red of the following undulations. Then rose rugged giants in royal crimson and Tyrian purple where the range parted slightly, showing glimpses of far distant summits of sapphire, seemingly the portal of some marvelous realm of enchantment; and as the wonder began to fade the gentle voice of one of the sisters repeated:

O gates of glory, stay open yet longer,
Trembling I gaze at the luminous door,
Yearning to win but one word from the silence,
Only one sign from the answerless shore!

Barstow, returning from the village, was met by the children, who all knew the grand old salt, and, swarming about him, wished to know, now that darkness had fallen, why the shore was defined by a silver line of phosphorescent foam, each wave becoming an

undulating, shining bar as it turned to fall on the pebbles, while footsteps on the sand left luminous impressions. "Why, bless ye, don't ye know that light comes from the ghosts of drowned sailors, likewise as the fire-flies being the speerits o' the poor birdies that the hunters shoots?" They, however, received this with derisive "Ohs," and, begging for a story, he, to gratify them, related a legend of the Indian god Glooscap, another bit doubtless picked up from old Naboab, the ancient of the village. The sisters drew near to listen to the tale, which the mariner elaborated at great length, with much picturesque language, and with many figures of speech and marvelous imitations of whistling gales, roaring tempests and crashing timbers, to which only his powerful lungs and sturdy body could do justice.

He himself would have said that "the gist of this, biled down to a pint," was, that Glooscap was a beneficent creature, always doing mighty deeds for the good of his people, and Mutchoosen was his servitor, who wore stupendous wings of eagle feathers. Glooscap feared that the wind would harm his people, and therefore bound the wings of the Giant Eagle, as he was called; but alas, then his people were panting and almost dying for want of air. So the god untied one wing of Mutchoosen, and since then he fans the earth with only one pinion, there being therefore no more tornadoes in this region. The Micmacs are descendants of a branch of the Algonquins, who, living in the East, bore a name appro-

priately signifying "the break of day." They were of a higher type than any but the Hurons, and showed more culture (such as it was) and traces of civilization, the supposition with many scholars being that this was because of the intercourse of their ancestors with the Norsemen, the earliest explorers of this country. From the ancestors of the Micmacs, who bore the more euphonious title Souriquois, such legends have been handed down as caused old John, at least, to declare, that Glooscap and other giants and hobgoblins were, as he expressed it, "built on the model" of Norse mythology.

The "Aldegunde" had remained in port longer than was absolutely necessary for taking on her cargo, her master taking the opportunity to have calking done and repairs made before starting on the long return voyage; the antique vessel also appeared quiet rejuvenated in a fresh coat of paint. Meanwhile Captain Knüdsen had been sojourning in Dalhousie, and one day, on finding two of his men loafing in the village, he took it into his head to have them row him around to the Cove for another conference with Gjerding. While the interview between those two men was taking place the two sailors sauntered down to the beach. They were ill-favored specimens, with heavy, sullen faces, and seemed to be at odds with each other, to judge by their growling, muttered sentences. Their voices were evidently purposely lowered almost to a whisper, though each grew so angry now and then that their tones burst out

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in an explosive oath or sharp word; which, had any one been listening, would have caused wonder as to the cause of dispute or trouble.

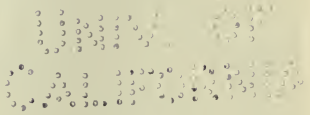
Evidently some carefully-planned scheme was being discussed, and when either raised his voice in excitement or profanity, both suddenly became silent and gazed around with guilty air. As the sunset glow deepened, the sailors in their heated discussion happened to move and stand so that their figures and faces were brought out in sharpest relief against the radiant sky; and little did they dream that they were watched, despite their frequent and careful glances in all directions; for Iona's figure, in the brown dress under the shadow of the Gate of Fossil Cove, became so nearly the color of the rock as to be practically invisible. She had at first looked upon the intruders with indifference, but all at once became intensely interested in watching them, until, leaning forward with hands so tightly clasped that they seemed rigid, and fairly panting with suppressed excitement, she seemed to devour with her eyes those faces, so sharply silhouetted against the glowing sky. At last she shrank back against the cliff as if struck by a blow, and in great agitation unconsciously threw up one hand to support herself by clinging to the side of the arch.

The movement loosened from a fissure a bit of stone which fell with a sound seemingly as loud as the report of a gun, and the two repulsive-looking villains instantly turned and espied her. Making a

frantic rush, each grasped her by an arm with a grip like that of a wild animal and shook the slender, graceful figure so mercilessly that it swayed like a reed in a gale, while four murderous eyes glared upon her pale face. She made no sound or effort to free herself, but gazed blankly at the wicked faces with a countenance from which every vestige of intelligence and expression seemed utterly wiped out; a face which Barstow himself would hardly have recognized, and a stranger would have pronounced imbecile. A most astounding piece of acting this, which her ready perception and quick wit promoted in such emergency, and of which she would not have believed herself capable.

The taller man of the two exclaimed with an oath, "She's heard it all!" hissing the words between his teeth in suppressed tones, to which the other replied, with similar preface, "Don't you see she's an idjut? It's the old skipper's stoopid dumb darter, blast her!" dropping the arm he held with an air of disgust, and yet of relief; the other doing likewise, just as a hail from the cottage, in Captain Knüdsen's well-known tones, caused both the rascals to turn hastily; and, after shaking their fists at the girl, they made their way rapidly back to their boat on the shore. In a few moments they were rowing the shipmaster around the point towards the village, and Iona might almost have believed that the whole scene had been a horrible nightmare.

She fell back on the sand, remaining motionless



General Romanoze.

for perhaps a quarter hour, almost overcome by faintness caused by reaction from the tense strain; but she soon aroused herself and walked slowly back to the cottage, where Barstow was not to be found, and Gjerding was dozing on his couch. She proceeded in the direction of the village, meeting John half-way beyond the lighthouse. Seeing at once her agitation, he drew her hand through his arm, and led her along, striving to quiet her by his tender, soothing manner, and displaying the utmost solicitude. Iona, indicating that she wished to go down under the beacon, where one of the great stone faces loomed above the river brink, he carefully led her to that spot. The air had rather suddenly developed a nipping chill, as he would have expressed it, but here they would be shielded and alone in the moonlight, the guests of the great house having been driven to the shelter of the porches or within its walls. Then, by means of her own peculiar signs, she related the episode of the cove, the hardy seafarer translating her story in undertone, as if repeating words after her, displaying amazement which worked up to a great pitch of excitement.

"You were in the cove when two sailors were disputing and quarreling. You watched them, wondering what the fuss was about. When the sky got red and all shining-like, it showed their faces; yes, all [1] cut out clear agin it, so you could *see* what they said?

[1] As proof of the value of instruction in lip-reading and articulation for the deaf, a so-called "deaf mute" translated,

Oh, ho! One said he tripped up Mr. Gjerding on the ship so the other could rob him of a 'big lot swag' (that's money), and that they'd 'greed to divvy on it' when they diskivered he wore a big money belt. (Burn 'em!)" The girl gently laid her hand on his arm in remonstrance, and continued her pantomime. "The other said he didn't mean to take the belt till they were coming into port, so they could sneak away arterards, but the first fellow had been so stupid and in such a hurry, and tried to rob him when they were out at sea, and so made all the mischief? You couldn't make out all they said because they used words you didn't know? (Blasphemous scoundrels!) Bless you, my precious, may you never know such language as they used! 'Twas worse nor my talk before you reformed me, I'll go bail. What? The first man said he would get the yellow bob yet, and knew where to look; they will have it yet? (The rascallions, scurvy brutes, perfidjus scalawags!)" Growing more and more excited he seemed in danger of falling back into the habit of his early years; but when the girl raised a warning finger he excused himself hurriedly on the plea: "I'm only quoting Shakespeare; and plain English wouldn't suit such a case. Why, I'm just biling over, and couldn't help letting off steam a bit. They have it all planned how to get it. Will rob my house — yes — and kill —

audibly, sentences spoken by an invisible person, whose shadow, in profile, was projected upon a white screen. This exhibition was held in a large hall in Philadelphia.

someone — if they must?" In his excitement he started up, but sat down again on a great rock; thumping his knee with that iron fist he exclaimed, "Vile, groveling wretches! Scorch 'em! Drowning is too good for 'em. Such knavery — rascality — deviltry — "

Here a small finger was held against his lip for an instant, while two beautiful fawn-like eyes gazed into his reproachfully. "No," he burst out again, "though I'm saying all I can lay my tongue to, I'm not swearing! I should burst if I didn't say something. What? What? they, scurrilous poltroons, dared *touch you* with their impious beastly paws? — (the reptiles! oh, sizzle 'em!) — turned their foul-mouthed words on you? (The caitiffs!) O me dearling, O my joy of life, my pure-souled angel! It cuts me to the core o' me heart to hear this, and to think that *I* wasn't there! Still more to tell? Quick, what is it?"

Then her few swift, graceful motions told how the villains had been summoned by the Captain's call just as they discovered her to be deaf, and, as they supposed, not only dumb, but idiotic. The hardy mariner dropped on the sand at her feet, doubled up with laughter in a state of almost hysterical collapse; and his words, disjointed as if forced out of his round body by sudden pressure, burst out explosively: "So — you — played — the — foo — oo — ool? Oh, oh, oh," — ending almost with a scream, — "and you sent 'em off with wasps in their

ears! Oh, yes, yes; they'll find it is a bold flea that makes his breakfast on the lion's lip, and they haven't got beyond the reach o' this old sea-dog's claw yet. I know a game worth two of theirs, or my name's not Jack Barstow. They ought to be strung up at the yard arm!"

Starting up again he drew the girl toward him, throwing his right arm over her shoulder, and, holding her left hand in his, they turned their faces toward his cottage. Now and then he nodded his head as in approval of some plan he was evolving, but made no other sign or motion until they reached the door of his domicile. Then, before stepping over the threshold, he stopped an instant, facing Iona, pointed with left forefinger to his broad chest, and with the right touched his lips.

The next night there was to be an entertainment at the hotel; and the sisters, on the plea of their early departure, had so urgently begged Barstow's household to attend, that there was no withstanding them, even the convalescent consenting to present himself as spectator. Young Campbell hovered around near Iona; and it must be admitted that he was rather stiff and formal in manner to Mr. Gjerding, whose magnificent presence caused quite a flutter among the women guests of the hotel. Music, song and laughter floated out on the night air, greeting the ears of Barstow, returning from an errand to the village, and tempted him to stop and gaze in on the lively scene from the broad piazza;

THE LAUGHING FAUN.

he having declared that his " sea toggery " was quite unsuitable to come in contact with silks and furbelows, notwithstanding that his suit of navy blue was invariably immaculately neat, and his fine, strong face and manly presence would have graced any assembly. After gazing in with a face which beamed love and all beatitudes on his fair daughter, whom his eyes followed about adoringly, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hastily strode off to the lighthouse point, whence he made a rapid survey; then, returning to the piazza, he quietly signaled to Donald to bring Kate Newton outside, and the two, leaving Iona in Mrs. Allston's care, slipped away without attracting attention.

John explained to fair Kate that unexpected business would oblige him to be absent all night, so he would request that Iona remain over night at the hotel with the sisters. The lady acquiesced in this plan, and was shown back to her seat by Donald, who, excusing himself, rejoined the mariner. That person, saying, " Be ready when I whistle! " strode away toward the cove. He returned speedily, however, and grasped the young man's elbow, exclaiming, " Don, the ' Petrel's ' *gone!* Stolen! Yes, broil 'em! I know all about it; I expected as much, though I didn't think they'd be so previous about it. They're mean, low-lived, hang-dog rascals,— not sailors; they disgrace the name of honest blue-jackets. Miscreants! Gallows-birds! Come, we'll get the Frenchys and the Injuns, and then we'll *race* 'em! "

Donald had been hurried along so that he was almost breathless; now he remarked, "We dare not take the lighthouse sloop, but my father's friend Carlin came in in his yacht from Gaspé just after sunset; he's at the hotel, and his men off duty. My 'Jettie' is moored at the head of the Laughing Faun; and after we get the four fellows we'll row out to the 'Swiftsure' and take her. I'll be responsible; you can sail any craft that floats, and shall be captain of this expedition, — and tell me the whole story of this matter as we go." With a young man's love of adventure, full of enthusiasm, ardent in the cause of friendship, eager that his stanch old comrade's boat should be restored, Donald was ready for anything. But when they were fairly started, and sailing away right gallantly, John, on revealing to his young friend the whole story, gazed at the bright, frank face with curiously intent eyes. Donald silently stepped aside, and stood for some time leaning against one of the masts, waging silent war with himself; his hands thrust deep into his pockets, teeth set, head bent, and eyes gazing so intently at the deck that Barstow informed himself they "looked like 'zif they'd bore holes in the plankin.'"

So it was still the handsome and popular Norwegian who was at the root of all the trouble?

Two sailors had broken his leg in trying to rob him. They had now made off with Gjerding's money-belt — and Barstow's boat besides. How

heartily he wished the Norwegian back safe in his own country and home, — surely that was wishing him well! — and wishing well to others, too; for all would be well if he were away, or — (this he added doubtfully, even in thus communing with his inner man) — all might have been well if he'd never come: but now? It was the very irony of fate! John, meanwhile, was narrowly watching his young friend, with sympathetic yet searching eyes; and his thoughts, if put into words, would have summed up: —" So you'd luff and bear away a bit? Well, I understand. No doubt about it; tossed on a sea of mixed emotions. Weather getting dirty, heavy cross seas; aye, but he's *weathered* the storm! I knew he'd breast it; too stanch a craft, that, to be swamped! Bless ye, my hearty!" with a resounding slap on his knee as young Campbell, with a long sigh, aroused himself, and thenceforward entered apparently into the spirit of the nocturnal expedition with as much zest as the sturdy tar and the French and Indian athletes, who seemed to look upon the affair quite as a lark. Even Nature seemed in league with the "Swiftsure;" first one of her downy coverlets was unrolled and spread over the Bay, then misty curtains were dropped over the too brilliant moon. Thus the thieves were kept in ignorance of the fact that their flight had been discovered and that they were pursued. As the yacht rounded Heron Island, the sharp eye of Barstow caught sight of the white wing of the "Petrel" under Cortereal's Rock, just at the in-

stant that the wind, which had been veering round, wafted aside the fleecy curtain, and permitted fair Luna to enlighten both parties of nocturnal visitants.

Surprise, seizure, surrender, conviction, followed in natural order; the detention of the "Aldegunde" being a natural sequence, that the captain and Gjerding might testify; and although this entailed still longer sojourn (and in such dangerous proximity) on the part of his rival, Donald's best nature had triumphed, and he bore the infliction with equanimity.

Meantime the great secret had been divulged by Martha,— the matter so earnestly discussed between Barstow and his sisters,— and it had been decided that Iona should accompany the ladies on their return to Massachusetts, where she was to attend school for eighteen months, residing with Mrs. Newton. The day on which the Norwegian ship sailed away also saw the departure of the sisters with Iona, Dr. Laurier, coming down from Quebec to escort them, having induced them to make a brief sojourn in that quaint city, and take the more direct route thence to the States. John kept up bravely to the last, declaring earnestly that it was his "top-lofty-most desire," as he jocosely expressed it, for Iona to have "such a polishing off;" but when the train was fairly out of sight the old hero turned speechless and with swimming eyes on Donald, wringing his hand with iron grip as in token that they must now be more than ever to each other.

Then there came the letters; three and four a

week, "and by the fathom length," John said; in which the absent one told of her studies, of the delights of wonderful realms of art and literature, the charms of congenial and inspiring association, too; but through all the true heart unswervingly turned to the dear foster-father, and longed for the time when they would meet again. If a letter of his had seemed "rather shading on the indigoes," as he said, she would enumerate the weeks already past as encouragement, and in mischievous mimicry of his phraseology quote his nautical language, "keep your luff and don't let her fall off;" or remark that her letter was "as long as the maintop-bowline and jib down-haul bent onto each other;" or, "There, now, you'll say, 'Belay your jaw, coil it up and stow it away,' so I'll wind up my yarn and go to my studies." Fairly beaming with pride John and the "Bunsby" or "Petrel" conveyed the letters to Megouacha, that his friends, the Campbells, might enjoy them too; this becoming such a regular custom that they knew just when to look for their old friend. If Donald were always rather silent at such times, no one noticed it, all being absorbed in the sprightly narratives, and in John's delight, which metaphorically brimmed over and flooded the house.

One week there was no letter, but in place of it a package by express, and a newspaper, in which an article was marked by zigzag and startling red pencil lines. This John handed to Donald, who read aloud, under the heading, "Art Notes:" "We take

especial pleasure in calling attention to the work of a pupil of the school for the deaf at Northampton. This is on exhibition at Schönfeld's gallery, and, it seems to us, evinces very promising talent and remarkable ability. The young woman has of her own accord adopted a line of study and work which particularly interests us, apart from its undoubted genius, as we have always advocated and strongly urged upon our artists and sculptors the representation of characteristics of our own country and people. These figurines are astonishingly full of spirit and character; one represents a hunter on snow-shoes, with game slung over his shoulder, as he strides through the forest; another a young fisherman just landing a salmon,— the figure alert with life, the pose admirable; and still another shows the physician of some backwoods settlement, evidently on an errand of life and death, looking out anxiously from a canoe which a sturdy woodsman seems to be propelling through rapids."

Still more of this was there, the paragrapher waxing eloquent on the subject; and great was the surprise of the four as the young man read on. But when the package was opened all were struck dumb for an instant, for there appeared John Barstow's grand head in miniature; every line and lineament of the spirited and speaking face in alto relievo, so true and strong that one would not have a shade of alteration made. No one was more amazed than the subject himself, whose eyes fairly dilated with astonish-

ment. Bringing his hard palms together with a resounding clap, he fairly shouted, "Belaying pins and marline spikes! Blue blazes and gunpowder! If that witch hasn't been taking me off! Dearest Heart; O my Beauty, didn't I allers say you was a genius? Now I see why you were so partikeler to have my best photo to take away with you."

Gaston Laurier would claim his bonny Kate in May; Iona would assist on that occasion as maid of honor; then the bride and groom, with Mrs. Allston and her fair protégé, would travel northward together; the two latter proceeding as fast as steam could carry them to the head of La Baie des Chaleurs.

Then such bustle as there was in "The Bunk," as John called his cottage! "I must swab the decks and holystone 'em, and get all ship-shape," said he, though all was even then immaculate.

At last the great day swung round on time's calendar; Mrs. Campbell was engaged in decorating the rooms of the cottage with vines and flowers from her conservatory,— it being early yet for such variety of garden posies,— and the apartments wore quite a festal air and were redolent with perfume, just at the time that a sweet-faced woman and fair young girl alighted from the train, and a voice which was not Mrs. Allston's greeted John. That grand specimen of Nature's noblemen, who had faced unnumbered dangers unflinchingly, appeared utterly dazed or stultified, until the same sweet tones enunciated, "My

Father!" when, with a great sweep of the powerful arms, he drew her to him and rained tears upon the lovely face. When released from that wide-armed, devouring embrace, Iona beheld her playmate, Donald, standing close at hand, pale with agitation, and bending on her the most absorbing gaze. Turning at once, with perfectly artless manner, she extended both hands, saying, "My good friend, too!"— to him the sweetest sounds that ever fell on mortal ear.

Martha was quite content to be overlooked till the first greetings were over, but was not permitted to feel in the slightest degree neglected; and as the party were being bowled along in a comfortable carriage to Fossil Cove, the story was told of the marvelous success of a famous aurist in restoring Iona's sense of hearing, after which her power of speech quickly developed. Iona "beamed like a May morning," John said, and certainly his own face was radiant, his eyes fairly scintillating as he listened to the happy girl's reminiscences and anecdotes of city life. "The strangest thing," said she, "was the manner in which people unconsciously took me into their confidence. When I sat at one end of a street railway car, and two people at the other end were whispering so their next neighbors could not hear what was said, I, reading their lips, knew what they were talking about. Positively it was startling, and made me feel so queer; I used generally to gaze out of the window for fear I should catch myself in some mean intrusion. People talked about me, too," she continued with a

laugh, " when I was going to and from Dr. Nikkola's office, when he was treating my ears. There was stiffness of the jaw, so sometimes I wore a strap (covered with velvet) around my head; and the women wondered if I had toothache or lockjaw, the men saying, 'There's one woman who can hold her tongue, but only because she *has* to!' It was rather embarrassing, though they little dreamed that I was translating their whispers." The mariner made an emphatic gesture and looked very much as if he would have punched some one, if *he* had been there.

Now they drew up at the door of the Bunk, where there was another affecting meeting between the parents Campbell and Iona. As these greetings were being exchanged the grand old salt had an opportunity for a few words with his guest, as he helped her to alight. Looking with frank admiration on the sweet face, the true-hearted man said, " Nature has done a great deal for you, my dear lady " (Mrs. Allston mentally decided that this was the most graceful compliment she had ever received), " and you have done more for me and mine than could be repaid in a lifetime. I am not even going to try to thank ye; for I know your big heart prompted all, and you know a'ready the joy you've been the means of giving. There's One above will repay and bless you."

In the joy of reunion and the excitement of the first days at home one little thing had been overlooked; but one day Iona discovered a thick letter with foreign stamps and postmark which might have

caused His Majesty's officials to stammer, mentally, as they read the name,— Skjervoer,— a letter which had caused both John and Donald considerable disturbance of mind. Was the handsome young lover over the sea already throwing out a lure to draw away again their dearest treasure, of which they had been so long deprived, and which was but just restored to them? Martha's face wore an expression of interest as Iona broke the seal, but the men both looked extremely grave until she read aloud Eric's announcement of his marriage, and confessed that she had all the time been his confidante. Then John, without a word, stepped across the pretty parlor, and, unnoticed by all but the young man, touched Donald on the shoulder with unmistakably significant gesture, and strode out the door and down to the shore. Martha, with the ready perception of a woman, a minute before had vanished up the stairway; and only the rhythmic plash of the surf and the soft rustle of young foliage could be heard, as "the old, old story was told again."

Note.—"Barstow" is a memory sketch of Captain John Maginn, late pilot of New York, a rather remarkable man, and an original character. He was a friend of Ericsson's, and it was by his ingenious contrivance that the Monitor was floated when her launching threatened to be disastrous. He was singularly reluctant to have any one else use his boat, and in the "blizzard" of 1888 the "Enchantress," fortunately without crew, was carried out to sea and lost. The writer possesses a silver cup, presented to a mutual friend by the old salt, on which a peculiarly mystical figure is engraved, apparently guarding "No. 18," to which she points.

"MAREE-*AH*"

"MAREE-*AH*"

AT 4 a. m., August —, 189 —, Mrs. Ellersley felt decidedly ruffled as she stood on a pier at the mouth of the Restigouche River, surrounded by a group of young people,— her five nieces and a nephew of nineteen,— whom she had rashly undertaken to chaperon in their summer vacation, in which the present long-talked-of excursion to Gaspé was to be the principal feature. These young people, when planning their holiday tour, had rejoiced at having secured this bulwark of propriety, the least of whose virtues was that she was so unassertive that she could easily be overruled, and Mrs. Grundy thus be propitiated, while they virtually would have their own way. Blue, gray and irate were the countenances gazing out at the leaden-tinted water; the first hue caused by the chilling wind, the second by apprehension of the cheerless voyage in prospect, while the lack of amiability was owing to being summoned at "such an unearthly hour."

Corporations have no souls, schedules are prepared with slight regard for the comfort of weak mortals; rising at an unreasonable hour and a hurried breakfast are not the best preparation for a voyage of sixteen to eighteen hours, and the promise of a better

time-table for next year is poor consolation under such circumstances.

Amy and Mildred, being poor sailors, and haunted by recollections of former water trips which turned out disastrously for them,— so far as any pleasure was concerned,— had with difficulty been persuaded to join in this one, and only on the assertion of a resident of the region that the northwest wind prevails on the Baie des Chaleurs, and that, so long as it sits in that quarter, calm seas may be promised with certainty.

Poor, placid Aunt Jemima, as the girls wickedly called Mrs. Ellersley,— whose Christian name was Rebecca,— had been dragged to the pier mildly protesting, and questioning Jim who, being great on statistics, was known among the party as the Figure Head.

"What time do you call it?"

"This village is rather old-fashioned and conservative, and still runs itself by local time, while the trains and boats go by standard time, the difference between local and standard time being three-quarters of an hour. The clock at our hotel indicates an hour half-way between the two, and my watch, not having been changed since we left home, does not agree with either; therefore, we shall have to split the difference and take our choice."

The girls remarked that they did not care for time, but were bound to have a good time anyhow, and "spite the weather." Just at that moment the trim

DALHOUSIE, N. B., AND RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.

CHARLES W. MORSE
MEMORIAL

steamer " Admiral " made up to the pier, and, as Jim marched on board, watch in hand, Meg, looking over his shoulder, exclaimed, " Why, Jim, your watch has stopped! " Nothing daunted, however, he replied: " Well, I've told you what time it ought to be, and this is the best watch to be found in the United States, to say nothing of Canada." Mrs. Ellersley learned that she was to be installed in the most commodious stateroom, and the party, in more serene state of mind at being actually off, seated themselves on the forward deck. To the left, beyond the wide estuary of the river, a long point reaches out into the bay; it is mantled with vivid green, edged with red clay and rock where it dips into the crystal flood, making its peculiar Indian name appropriate,— Megouacha, " always red." Beyond this cape, blue in the distance rise the two peaks, the Giant's Steps of Mount Tracadiegâche.

Ere long the village of Carleton, bright and cheery despite the gray day, appeared nestling at the foot of the grand mountain, which rises more than eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and is here revealed from base to summit. Meg, the enthusiastic, exclaimed, " Oh, don't those white houses with red roofs look delightfully foreign? " Another remarked that it bore some resemblance to a Swiss hamlet, the proud mountain looming above; while another suggested that the broad piazzas and green blinds of other domiciles had a savor of the sunny South about them, reminding one of a planter's residence.

Evidently the arrival of the steamer was an event of greatest importance, as the quaint country folk and people of all classes turned out *en masse*, and, as Jim remarked, "did the heavy standing round," during the deliberate unloading of a few pieces of freight, which the Figure Head enumerated: "Two barrels, one box, one basket, one kettle,"— as these articles were set upon the wharf with a vast deal of ceremony and much tossing back and forth of French phrases from the pleasant voices of the "habitans." [1] Sue remarked, "One would think that the fate of a nation hung on these proceedings, judging by the solemn expression on the faces of that crowd." The big round kettle was claimed by a fresh, bright-looking girl, who, instead of denominating it "chaudron," demanded, "Donnez-moi la *bombe!*" and very like a huge bomb or cannon-ball did it look. The appellation which has been invented by the Canadian French to designate this article, was approved by the tourists, who were ready to accept anything odd or humorous in their trip, which the gay party were bound to make a fascinatingly foreign frolic.

This diversion had for a while partly absorbed the

[1] In the States the country folk object to the name "native" which summerers have bestowed upon them, as rather implying contempt. In the South the "planter" thought himself of much more importance than a mere farmer; so also with the "ranchman" of the Territories, probably. Those who engage in agricultural pursuits to any extent in Canada seem to prefer to be called "cultivateurs" instead of "fermiers"; and they designate as "habitans" those who take their produce to the Quebec markets. Many old historians, both French and English, spell the name, as above, with one t.

attention of the two girls, Amy and Mildred; who, at the time of the departure, were so dubious that the others mischievously dubbed them the Croaker and the Doubter. But the vessel and its furnishings began to take on a singularly lively, not to say rollicking, aspect; the most dignified articles, armchairs and beaufets, seemed inclined to engage in a waltz, only prevented by the screws cruelly chaining them to the floor. Glasses on the sideboards jingled musically, lamps swung acrobatically, and locomotion became difficult.

Mrs. Ellersley quietly slipped away to her stateroom, meekly remarking that she thought she would take a nap. Amy, apparently becoming invertebrate, threw herself in a heap on a sofa, the picture of despair; while Mildred sat bolt upright beside her, with an air of unnatural solemnity and severity. The former looked white, the latter blue; they began to talk treason under the breath; and thus signs of insubordination appeared in the company which had heretofore proved so harmonious; for as the steamer steered across a wide arm of the bay, making for a distant cape, the full force of the sea was felt, and there was no doubt from what quarter the wind was blowing. "'Twas just their luck," said those wretched tars, to have started out on this voyage of one hundred and eighty miles, when the wind had whisked around to the southeast, and was blowing with greater and greater vehemence, covering the bay with tossing whitecaps, which seemed to be marshaling and form-

ing into angry surges, as the girls caught sight of them from the windows close at hand. The others, suspecting the state of affairs, advised removal to the central and steadier part of the boat; but persuasion was useless. Amy remarked: "The idea of a pleasure trip with no pleasure in it! It's absurd! I'd give anything to be on dry land!" Mildred replied: "I cannot stand this all day; I shall be so worn out by the time we reach Gaspé that I cannot enjoy seeing the place." Amy, as if doubtfully throwing out a line, continued, "What's the use of making one's self wretched if one can escape from misery?" Mildred seized it with avidity, jumped at the idea, and exclaimed, "Let's go ashore at the next station!" although recalling what they had been told about this shore,— that between Carleton and Gaspé there are only little French fishing villages, and the steamer does not touch at a wharf. Nevertheless, by that time despair sat upon the countenances of the two rebels, and desperation moved one to plunge headlong to the forward part of the boat to inquire the name of the next stopping-place. After the manner of these French Acadians, the steward emphasized the last syllable in replying, "Maree-*ah!*" his native politeness barely preventing him from looking with contempt on such poor sailors, who announced, "Nous debarquons à Maria!"

Mrs. Ellersley vainly protested against this resolve, but was reminded that she would have her hands quite full enough with those yet remaining

under her charge; and her remonstrances lost force from the fact that she found it impossible by this time to hold up her head, and was obliged to maintain a recumbent posture. So she comforted herself by the thought that Mildred, being a circumspect young person, might be relied on to keep Amy in check, that the party would be re-united two days hence, and that it would be hardly likely that anything untoward should occur in the intervening time.

To the poor wretches it seemed that hours of misery must have passed, though it was in reality but a very short time, ere the stopping of the machinery and ringing of a bell, as well as the shout of a deck hand announced, "Maree-ah!" Down a perpendicular ladder,— a sort of flying trapeze,— climbed the two recalcitrants, with several others of the passengers; and, imagining themselves unwieldy bales, were ignominiously dropped into a clumsy tub of a two-masted fishing smack, which plunged and pitched in the seething water, bumping and scraping the hull of the steamer ere it pushed off.[1] Those who had thus gained their end and desire in leaving the big vessel, however, were not by any means exultant. If ever two people felt utterly abject and despicable so did those base renegades, who also had to add to their gloom the tolerably earnest conviction that they were going from the frying-pan into the fire. The boat lurched, rocked and danced in maddening manner; at each plunge a French Canadian girl grasped Mil-

[1] This boat is known as a "cobble" in this region.

dred by the arm, exclaiming, "Sainte Vierge! Bon Dieu! Dieu nous protége!" no doubt calling on all the saints in the calendar under her breath, succumbing at last to *mal-de-mer*; while Amy sat with clenched hands, set teeth and white face, sternly grasping her umbrella, too miserable to be frightened or to care much what happened next. The skipper shouted, "Point de danger," but Amy said, "You may be sure there *is* danger, or he wouldn't say that!"

Among the passengers who were thus being conveyed ashore was a French resident of the village of Maria, who showed kindly solicitude in making the ladies as comfortable as the awkward boat would admit. Mildred's drooping spirits reviving somewhat on seeing that they were approaching *terra firma*, she ventured to question this gentleman, and learned that the picturesque settlement, stretching along shore and for a short distance inland,— twenty miles from their point of debarkation,— contains over five hundred families of French, Scotch and some Irish, generally well-to-do farmers; that the former no doubt suppose the name, like that of Montreal in its earliest history, was quite in honor of "la Sainte Vierge," though in reality for the wife of a Governor-General of olden time. Mildred also learned that it would be quite possible for the ladies to find a comfortable vehicle and competent charioteer to convey them back to Carleton, there to await the return of the "Admiral."

After being pitched and flung over the water in this fashion for perhaps two miles, a clumsy, tossing rowboat was seen coming alongside, and to that the passengers were transferred, it being too rough for the sail boat to approach nearer the shore. Not even from this boat could they land, however, for there was too high a surf running on the beach; and the next incident of this singular journey was seeing a two-wheeled cart driven into the sea until the water covered the hubs of the wheels, and into this the voyagers climbed from the broad, low row-boat.

The lugubrious visages of the girls now relaxed, for as they were thus driven ashore they were able at last to see some fun in this peculiar expedition, and even to enjoy the strange sensation as the long " rollers " swept under the cart in which the passengers stood, supporting themselves by posts at the corners. Amy remarked, " I have heard that passengers are landed at Rio Janeiro in this manner, but never expected to experience such pleasure myself." At last they were on the solid earth, and " How good, and firm, and steady it feels! " said Mildred. " What shall we do next? " she queried, the other replying promptly, " Remain for the rest of my natural life! " but at that moment Mons. Bandure,[1] their fellow-passenger, appeared, accompanied by a young man whom he introduced: " Ladies, allow me to present to you Monsieur George Reinhart, who will be happy to drive you back to Carleton, and "— clap-

[1] Bandure, an American plant of the Gentian family.

ping him on the shoulder with an air of good fellowship — he added, "I leave you in good hands; there is not a better fellow on the coast," and then made his adieux.

The newcomer was on the sunny side of thirty, and seemed full of energy and life. He suggested that the travelers should rest at his house while he was harnessing another horse for their drive to Carleton, and they were soon bowling gayly along the pretty beach road to a snug and neat domicile a mile or so beyond, where he informed them that he kept bachelor's hall. The canny Scotch housekeeper met them at the door, and, as she led them upstairs, said, "I am an old-feshioned body mysel'; I hae only bean here a short toime; but I wull do me best to mak ye comfortable, if ye'll rest a bit while the maister gets the double team ready." She was somewhat inclined to garrulity, and thus it leaked out that Mr. Reinhart accommodated sportsmen, "now and again," when returning from the Cascapedia. The shipwrecked mariners, as the girls jocosely styled themselves, jumped at such a chance as this, and resolved that here they would stay. The host was not reluctant, and then the storm-tossed waifs proceeded to make themselves at home, and were ready for any larks that might be found flitting about.

Dinner was a dainty and tempting repast, the host himself waiting upon his guests, and, in fact, preparing some of the dishes, the housekeeper being a new hand who "had not quite learned the ropes yet," and

he having great skill in culinary arts from long experience in the camp life of a sportsman.

The two girls took a long walk down the shore, stopping now and then to air a little French in chatting with the children who came to the doors to see the strangers. Mildred stopped by an odd sliding gate, saying, " Baise moi ! " to a rosy curly-haired toddler, who was much amused at the idea of delivering the salute through the bars. The mother said, " Vous êtes de Québec, n'est-ce pas? " and was amazed at the reply, " Non, nous sommes de Philadelphie; " exclaiming with astonishment, " Oh, oh, c'est au *loin* d'ici ! " as if the travelers had come from the very antipodes. The pretty cat was discussed and made to show off some funny tricks, and the woman spoke cordially of her neighbor, their host, whom she called " Monsieur Shorzhe," and declared to be " très beau, un bel homme." " How his ears must burn ! " said Amy aside.

Here the girls saw the first habitans' houses; attractively French and foreign-looking, almost invariably one story in height, picturesque and pleasing to the eye in the wide, curving sweep of roof, making broad eaves, which cast a becoming shade over the upper part of the domicile. In some cases the roof stretched out far enough to be supported by posts, forming a good piazza, or " galerie," as the people call it. " So different from the unmitigated angles of farm-houses in New England," said one, scornfully, " where dwellings even in towns are modeled

on the pattern of a packing-box, and topped with the utterly incongruous Mansard roof." Huge fishing boats were moored in an inlet, or careened on the beach with their sails spread in carelessly graceful folds to dry, forming such bits as would delight an artist.

As the strangers strolled along the road they were surprised to see approaching them gallant Mons. Bandure, who had landed when they did, and who said, "Ladies, Mrs. Macpherson would like to have you come up and see her garden." Once within the close and rather high fence which protected this demesne from too strong winds, they exclaimed with surprise and delight at the spectacle presented,— the marvelous wealth of color which, like a shattered rainbow, was spread before them. Rarest flowers were blooming in perfection; the air was laden with delicate perfumes; and, with the grand mountains circling the beautiful Bay, one might easily fancy himself transported to Mentone, Nice, or other famed resort of sunny Italy. Even a professional horticulturist would doff his hat and acknowledge himself distanced by the lady of the manor, who was sole care-taker of this exquisite and tasteful parterre.

Amy certainly must have told tales out of school when the travelers were invited into the pretty parlor and she chanced to stand by the fine piano; although she mischievously insinuated that 'twas only magnetism and intuition which impelled the daughter of the house to ask Mildred to sing Scotch bal-

lads. At the first strain of " What's a' the steer Kimmer? " the host and the braw laddie, his manly son, drew nearer the instrument, while his wife and daughter seemed to hang breathless on the tones of the singer. Mr. Macpherson dropped into broad Scotch as he addressed the singer, exclaiming, " Hech! me bonnie lassie, hoo ye tak me bok to the hame o' me byehude. Lilt mair, me lassie wi' the goldie locks, it warrums the cockles o' me harrt to hear ye; an' the eecho o' those ballats hae been rinnin in me head these mony lang years; there's naething loike them in ony land." Full and clear rang the sweet voice in " Bonnie Dundee " and " Charlie is my Darling; " longing and beseeching in " Will ye no come back again? " tender and pathetic in " Here's a health to ane I loe dear," with its sorrowful refrain, " Jessie, Jessie." The audience were metaphorically at her feet, and time slipped by unnoted until the sunset light warned the travelers that Mr. Reinhart might fear his guests had lost their way in this new and strange land. Then who so gallant as Mr. Archie, who had slipped quietly away and appeared at the door with his light buckboard, " at your service, ladies." After the girls had seated themselves and promised to call again on the drive to Carleton, the young man leaped up at the back of the vehicle, and, holding the reins above the ladies' heads, drove standing; and they were thus conveyed back to Mr. Reinhart's in true habitan fashion.

Another home-like meal awaited them, excellently

served on delicate quaint china. Amy held up her spoon, exclaiming, "Can I believe my eyes? A crest? Yes; how interesting!" The travelers amused themselves with speculations and surmisings about their jolly host, manufacturing offhand between them a plot which would serve for a novel about this young man who, like him of the nursery rhyme, lived all by himself; and Mildred jumped at a conclusion in solution of the mystery, summing all up: "It is a case of 'crossed in hopeless,' I am convinced!"

In the long, lingering twilight of this northern shore, the girls sat upon the door-step under Balm-of-Gilead trees, the leather-like leaves flapping together with a sound as of pattering rain-drops; the Bay, which in early morning — how long ago it seemed! — was so angry and turbulent, was quieting rapidly, and appeared almost placid and radiant in the opalescent tints of sunset. As Mildred endeavored to transfer to paper a semblance of some rainbow-hued salpeglossis from the Macpherson garden, softly humming an air from "Lohengrin," Amy jumped up excitedly, almost upsetting the bouquet and box of colors, as she waved aloft the kitten (sent up by "Monsieur Shorzhe's" amiable *voisine* "pour amuser les Demoiselles"), and striking an exaggeratedly tragic attitude, cried, "Behold, he comes!"

Far away in the distance appeared a canoe gliding over the water, propelled by two men skilfully poling the pretty craft, which made not a sound as it ap-

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proached, with an air of mystery, and the romantic Amy exclaimed, "Isn't it just as if we had expected some one, and so sat here waiting? Who can it be? Aren't you curious, Milly?" Naturally that young woman could not surmise who the traveler might be, and would not admit that she had any curiosity, though she watched the approach with eager interest. The boat contained one passenger, and, to the surprise of the girls, the graceful craft was propelled directly towards their abiding place, and beached in front of the house.

A tall man, whose every movement indicated energy and buoyant spirits, stepped ashore, gave some directions to the boatman, doffed his Glengarry cap to the ladies, displaying thick, curling black hair, and rich, dark complexion, bronzed by "roughing it" in the backwoods, and with a hearty, "Well, George, my good fellow, here I am again, and how are you?" stepped into the neat cottage, filling the establishment with the breeziness and jollity of overbrimming health and life. With the air of a Chesterfield Mr. Reinhart presented the guests to each other; and Mr. Murray Kennedy explained that, being called home by business, he had left a fishing-party fitted out by Mr. Reinhart in the wilds of the Cascapedia; for their host had guides, canoes, good teams, and supplied fishing-parties in summer and hunting-expeditions in winter.

The jolly host put on a comically deprecating air at Mr. Kennedy's commendation of his skill in such

sports, and said that epicures consider the salmon of this river superior to that of the Restigouche, and Lord Lorne preferred this river to that. Then he told of a native who, meeting that Governor-General in these forest wilds while fishing, did not recognize him in his rough attire,— probably picturing that functionary as a high and mighty potentate gorgeous in gold lace,— and remarked that he would not disturb his pool, adding: "You keep to yous and we'll keep to wees, and we won't have no trouble." "How refreshing it must have been to milord to meet such an untutored child of the wilderness," said Mildred.

Continuing the conversation, Mr. Kennedy told them something of his experiences since he "came out" from Scotland, and, on Amy remarking that she would not have taken him for a native of that country, he laughingly said, as he ran his fingers through his dark curls, "Because I have not the typical sandy locks? Oh, I am what they call in my country 'a black Scot';" and in such spontaneous interchange of thought the three travelers became quite *en rapport*.

The gentleman who appeared so picturesquely on the scene was evidently an old stager, and knew all the ways of the house. As the night had grown cold, at his suggestion the party grouped themselves about the cavernous fireplace, where huge logs blazed. Monsieur Bandure also happened in, to listen to fish stories (authenticated, too!); and the ladies were infected with the contagion, longing to come next year

to engage in such fascinating sport. The pocket case of flies was brought out for inspection, the ladies initiated into the mysteries of the different varieties with their bright feathers; the black and brown "Fairies," the "Silver Doctor," "White Admiral," "Rainbow," "Jock Scott," "Scarlet Ibis," and the "Black Dose," the latter effective in Cascapedia waters; and the gay fisherman presented some of those richest in color to the fair guests to stick in their hats as souvenirs. The girls were interested to learn that although there are more than one thousand styles of flies in the market, the oldest, manufactured in England more than a century ago, are still favorites, and, it seems, cannot be improved upon. The "Coachman," "Grizzly King," "Professor," "Brown Hackle" and "Black Gnat" flies are among these centenarious ones, and still hold the fisherman's affections.

The visitors were also informed that "All salmon rivers abound in trout, and trout-fishing from the shore everywhere and often from a canoe is free. It is the angler's own fault if he cannot take some five-pound fish. Trout of two-pounds' weight are considered small. The canoe man will know whether a 'run' of trout is going up any river or not, and the trout can be followed up if desired."

Though the cousins had not tried salmon fishing, in which sport many Canadian and English women have become experts, they heartily joined with the fisherman in deploring the destruction of the salmon

through the dumping of sawdust into the rivers; and were interested to learn of the singular provision of nature for the fish when on its way to the spawning grounds. At that time they are provided with an extra amount of fat, which serves as a reserve for them to draw upon, as they abstain from other food; but it has been convincingly proved that the fine particles of wood which they have swallowed lodge in the gullet and abdominal cavities, thus clogging them and instantly killing the fish.

Remarking on the singular appropriateness of the caller's name, one of the cousins (who annually passed much time in New England) was reminded of the plant brought over by the Puritans. This was known as "dyer's weed,"— probably of the indigo family,— and is the plant whence the Plantagenets took their name (planta-genesta-tinctora), one wearing in his helmet a tuft of the yellow blossoms, which, he declared, "though the humblest weed, he would make the proudest emblem." It also runs riot among the hills of Pennsylvania mining regions; and fashionable city florists brought it out at Easter, a few years since, as something new, rare and fine.

Amy fancied that the lively disciple of the sedate Izaak gravitated always in Mildred's direction; that his remarks and narratives were addressed to her; that his eyes turned most frequently to that graceful figure seated in precisely the right location for the leaping flames to bring out most effectively the warm

gold, with the quips and quirls, as she called them, of her hair, and to glow in the depths of her full blue eyes. "Ah, cousin, cousin, what a picture you are, and the best of it is that you do not know it," said that close observer to herself; and *à propos* of nothing, suddenly turned to the host with a query about his uncommon name and the quaint silver, eliciting the nonchalant reply, "Oh, yes, there's my cousin Robert down at Lunenberg has all the old records, but I don't care about them," and Mildred remarked in undertone to her cousin, "Secure in his own integrity he can afford to smile at the 'claims of long descent.'" Then Amy begged Mr. Reinhart to relate some legends of the Bay, and he readily complied, telling of

THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT OF CAP NOIR.

For many years on Cap Noir, the eastern point of Maria, a strange light was seen, dancing and moving about in the most unaccountable manner. At one moment it would rise like a column of fire into the air, at another time it would fall like a meteor; then it would seem to leap over the point and drop into the sea, afterwards appearing again in the same spot on the hillside. The habitans tell this story about it. In the time of the war for the possession of Canada, a French vessel, pursued by an English war ship, steered its course into the Bay, at this point, for refuge. A boat was lowered from the side of the richly laden merchantman, and in this thirteen men

swiftly rowed to the shore. Their object was to hide a chest of gold which they brought with them. On reaching the point they drew lots to see which of the men should remain to guard the treasure. The one to whom the lot fell was forced to swear a solemn oath, by land and sea, by night and day, by the ruler of the nether world, that he would be faithful to the trust through life unless relieved of the charge by his returning comrades; and even after death would haunt the spot, should no one come to take his place. To secure the fulfillment of this vow, his wicked companions then and there put him to death, and buried him with the treasure. The ghostly light was supposed to be the spirit of the murdered man, and many persons who, tempted by the hope of recovering the treasure, ventured into the haunted spot, fled in terror, and told blood-curdling stories of the horrible phantoms and frightful sights which they had witnessed. The light is seen no longer; perhaps some adventurer bolder than the rest succeeded in discovering the gold and carrying it off, and thus gave rest to the unquiet spirit.

Amy exclaimed, "What a deliciously spooky thing!" and, like Oliver, begged for more. To gratify her Monsieur Bandure "took up the wondrous tale," and told the Indian legend of Cap Désespoir.

THE TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

In olden times there were two Indian villages of considerable importance in this region, one at Resti-

gouche, the other at the Basin [1] of Gaspé. The braves of these villages met once when following the chase, and afterwards smoked the calumet together. Then the Gaspésians gave an enchanting description of their country, and invited the Indians of Restigouche to come there and establish themselves, saying that it was a much better place to live. The following spring the chief of the Restigouche Indians set out with many canoes and came to Gaspé, where, after he had examined everything, he said to his people, "Comrades, we would do as well to live at home; let us return;" and they set out on their homeward journey. When they arrived at the Cape, since called Désespoir, they camped, and the chief said to his people, "Continue on your way to Restigouche; I will soon follow; you will not be much in advance of me; it is not fitting that a chief should return empty-handed." All embarked except one, who begged that he might remain with his chief, who, without distrust, granted permission; and a wigwam was built near his own for the one he believed to be his friend.

The huts were on the summit of the promontory. About a week after the building of the cabins at Cap Désespoir, a horrible tempest burst upon the land. When night came, to add to the horror of the storm its profound blackness, in the midst of the bellowing

[1] The guests noted that Bays are called Basins in this region; for instance:—Gaspé Basin, Basin of Minas; and one remarked that if a tribute to the fine climate was intended, by using the French words Baie Saine, it was appropriate.

of the tempest the savage believed that he heard cries, and ventured out, though the storm was appalling, and the sea breaking in fury on the promontory. He ran to inform his sachem, and the chief immediately rushed to the summit of the cape to carry succor to the drowning, to save some life if that were possible.

The débris of a vessel was scattered on all sides, the crew drowning while raising lamentable cries, asking in vain help of God and man. While the chief, stupefied and powerless, gazed on this scene of despair, his companion, gliding behind him, pushed him into the abyss, where his cries mingled with those of the sailors of the wrecked vessel. After having assured himself that his victim had truly perished, the traitor ran to the wigwam of his chief, and feigning deepest sorrow, "The Sagamore has been carried away by the sea," cried he, "and his last words were, 'Take care of my wife.'" "Ah! wretch!" cried she, "it is thou who hast killed him, and after having taken away his life, thou wishest to have his wife!" She rushed out, came to the shore, and in her despair, calling upon her husband, threw herself into the sea.

Not long after the other Indians returned, searching for their chief. The traitor feigned sorrow, related to them the story of the storm and shipwreck, telling them that their chief, wishing to save some one, had been carried away by a wave, and that his wife in frenzy had thrown herself into the same abyss.

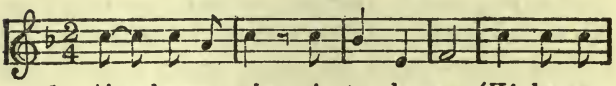
His comrades, however, did not half believe this story. Arrived at Restigouche they assembled the magicians, or medicine men, of their tribes, who, after deliberating, decided that the savage had killed his chief. Despite his protestations they bound the false one to the stake, and shot arrows at him until, after he had acknowledged his crime, death released him from the torture.

During these recitals Amy had thrown herself on a hassock placed at Mildred's feet, and the cousins listened, dreamy-eyed and with flushed faces, to the weird tales. Just at this point Mons. Bandure arose, and this naturally breaking up the circle, the three travelers wandered into one of the cozy parlors, where an antique instrument was discovered. It was revealed that Mr. Kennedy possessed a fine tenor voice, and duets were proposed. Among some yellow and worn music an old-fashioned and most sentimental duet was found, which the two, in a spirit of mischief, warbled with extravagantly exaggerated emphasis, reducing Amy at first to utter limpness from convulsive merriment, and then electrifying her with the possibility of underlying earnestness on the part of one at least.

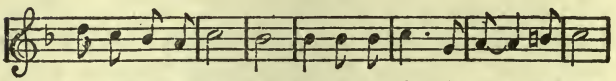
A French song was demanded by that young woman as being appropriate to the region. There are no more enthusiastic admirers of azure orbs and golden locks than the French habitans, among whom blondes are extremely rare; so, as Mr. Kennedy complied, with an old chanson which he had learned from

the guides and canoe men in his recent expedition, what could have been more appropriate to the region, and the occasion, than " Les Yeux Bleus " ?

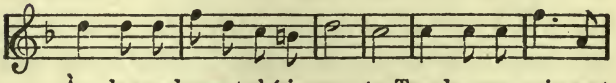
LES YEUX BLEUS. *



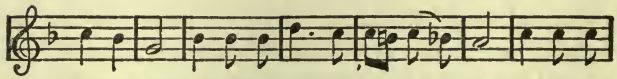
1. Aimes les yeux noirs si tu le veux, (Hé - las, ex-
1. Eyes black as sloe might claim one's love—Such love is
2. La jeune brune est le vain-queur Lan - ce sur
2. She would vanquish all, the gay brunette, Her eye-glance



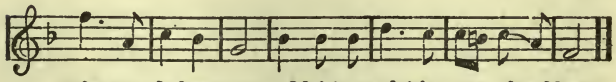
is - tence mouran - te!) Moi, je ne ché- ris que les bleus.
death in life I tell thee—As for myself, all others above,
nous un trait de flamme; La blonde elle a bien plus d'ardeur
fills the heart with dole; Charming is she, but o'er all yet



À la vue douce et chéris - san - te. Tous les yeux noirs sont
Eyes of pure azure have enchained me. Then let the black eyes
Pé - nètre jusqu' au fond de l'âme. Tous les yeux noirs sont
Blon- dina's ardor strikes my soul. Then let the black eyes



de beaux yeux Moi je ne chéris que les bleus Tous les yeux
be for you, I will still cherish only the blue; Then let the



noirs sont de beaux yeux Moi je ne chéris que les bleus.
black eyes be for you, I will still cherish on - ly the blue.

* Melody and words noted down by the writer as sung by a French habitan's wife.

3. Un bel œil noir tout rempli d'eau,
Il ne dit pas ce qu'il faut dire,
Un bel œil bleu vaut cent foix mieux,
Dans son regard on peut tout lire.

4. Un bel œil noir dit fièrement,
"Je veux aimer et être aimé."
Un bel œil bleu parle plus tendrement,
"Aimez-moi, je vous aime le même."

5. Ce que me met au désespoir
Vos yeux surpassent tous les autrès,
Pardonnez moi si j'aime les noirs
C'est que je n'avais pas vu les vôtres.

3. Alluringly, though through forced dew,
Speaks then the black eye; sets one dreaming:
But ah, the blue is far more true,
And one can never doubt its meaning.

4. Arrogantly speaks the black eye, bold,
"To love I deign, if you would love me."
Ah, but the blue eyes my faith hold,
My love returned, in them I see.

5. If black eyes I admired, forgive;
—My former folly I deplore—
Since seeing yours I only live,
The true blue only I adore.

REFRAIN TO FIFTH VERSE

Ne craignez rien j'ai vu vos yeux,
Je n'aimerai plus que les bleus.

Surpassing all, those radiant orbs;
Their lovely light my soul absorbs.

Melting and passionate the mellow tones rang out; there was no burlesquing of effect in that. It seemed to Amy that genuine meaning was thrown into the chanson by the debonair singer, and could it be that his glance fell on Mildred's face with extreme interest, if not *con amore?* Mildred, serenely unconscious,

then made a move implying that it was growing late; Mr. Reinhart meeting them in the hall handed lighted candles to the girls, who ascended the stairs. Amy bade Good-Night; and as Mildred, standing on the first landing, looked over her shoulder to do the same, Mr. Kennedy, gazing up at her, softly breathed Lionel's song:

> Good-night, good-night, oh, fair one!
> May thy dreams be calm and bright!
> Kind angels all watch o'er thee,
> Sleep, sweetly sleep, good-night!—

as the ladies disappeared, and silence fell on Bachelor's Hall.

The next day being a fête, Monsieur Bandure called to offer his pew, inviting the strangers to attend service in the large white church, quite near. The walls of the building were ornamented with stucco, the woodwork of the chancel of oak and walnut combined, the pews unpainted pine; the light of the great windows was softened by curtains of wall-paper, resembling chintz. In the stalls within the chancel sat the choristers, — men on one side, boys on the other, — all in white gowns, and men in the organ loft sang in alternation with them. There were interludes on the organ, well played, but no solo singing. In the early part of the mass a white table-cloth was hung over the chancel rail, and on it two large round loaves of bread were balanced, one above the other. Later these were removed, and then one of the choristers appeared, with a large melon-shaped

basket, filled with inch-square pieces of bread; with this he passed up and down the aisles, and each member of the congregation took a piece. One of the acolytes entered the chancel, carrying bread in the same manner to the choristers, in a vase-shaped basket of Indian workmanship.[1]

The curé delivered a good discourse, exhorting the people to attend mass, and to bring their children as soon as they had reached "l'age de raison, sept ans." Changing into English he spoke of "Eenjens" and "Airish" being absent, or only present once or twice a year, saying, "It is a command of the church, a sin to break it; if a sin to eat pork on Friday, how much more a sin to be absent from church."

Although Mr. Kennedy had remarked that he was returning to his business, Amy slyly hinted that his affairs could not be very pressing, as he showed but slight solicitude about getting away; whereas he could have done so, had dire necessity compelled, by driving to Carleton, crossing to Dalhousie, and taking the Intercolonial Railway, without awaiting the return of the steamer. In the afternoon the kindly host invited his guests to drive, and they were "nothing loth." The wind, having veered around to its old quarter, was blowing freshly from the northwest, making the atmosphere so clear that vision extended to seemingly incredible distance. At one point

[1] This ancient form of service is seen at the present time in France, and has been represented in noted works of famous modern painters.

they passed over a bit of corduroy road, which Reinhart said the natives called "portash," i.e., "portage," a carry round a fall; and at another place he spoke of the "sugaries," indicating the hills covered with maples, adjoining the mountain chain. Each of these valuable tracts of woodland contains from many hundred to several thousand trees, which are tapped in April, when it is warm enough for the sap to thaw at midday.

The class in history, geography and statistics, as the lively trio dubbed themselves, also learned that one who works in a sugary is called a "sucrier," and that among French Acadians the youngest boy of a family is styled "le joculot,"— a word not to be found in Academical French, but which might signify to these people the joker, — this youthful scion also being known as "The Smeller of Sweetness" and "The Syrup-Eater." Then the tourists passed the tiny unpainted church of the Indian Reservation,[1] an effective point in the pleasing picture of mountain, plain and sparkling Bay, although it looked as if it had just been taken from the box containing a child's toy village, and set down there. Mount Tracadiegâche, instead of exhibiting the two Giant's Steps, as at the mouth of the Restigouche, from this point of view appeared curiously broken and irregular, but gained rather than lost in grandeur and beauty.

The peculiar name caused comment and queries which residents and guide books seemed unable to

[1] Indians' church now removed to Little Cascapedia.

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Mt. Tracadiegache, P. Q., Cap Marie in the Distance.

answer. At the time of the banishment of the "Neutrals" from Nova Scotia, 1755, some of the French Acadians located in other parts of the Provinces, three of their settlements being called Tracadie. It was most natural that they should desire to name their new homes in honor of the old, — Terre Acadie. In this case the significance, — Acadia's Stronghold,— is appropriate. When the sad and forlorn people drifted back after the dispersion, this grand guardian of the region dominated the scene as it does now. It typified to them a fort or refuge, a firm anchorage. Game from its fastnesses provided food; timber from its forests material for their dwellings; and to this day it is their beneficent friend, exerting benign influence on climate and crops.

The party next approached the Cascapedia River and drove for several miles along its banks, through grand forests; and the girls tried to form some faint idea of the charms of wildwood life on salmon-fishing excursions, and at the hunting lodge, far in the wilds, of which the Scotchman had told them. This is the Grand Cascapedia, the Petit Cascapedia emptying into the Bay at New Richmond, beyond Cap Noir; and this river was named by the Indians Kigicapagiac; an appellation so evidently compounded of a sneezing cough that one of the company was confident that the sponsor was afflicted with influenza. Another, affecting a shudder, remarked that many things improve with time, the modern musical title being decidedly preferable to the old tongue-tester.

Later, a group on the front doorstep were enjoying the gorgeous sunset tints, in which "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue," appropriately predominated (one young woman thought), and the voices of the two singers blended in song after song, while they watched the moon mounting from the mirror-like water, and soaring above Cap Marie, which lay black and weird in its shining path. That same astute and far-sighted person also, feeling that the glamor of such surroundings must be irresistible, confident that a *poëme d'amour* was to be the outcome of all this, slyly watched certain persons with the air of one of long experience in such matters, and indulged in romantic speculations, being herself, of course, invulnerable. Mr. Kennedy had expected to take the steamer from this point in the morning, but on learning that Mr. Reinhart would drive the ladies to Carleton, there to meet the boat, he heartily exclaimed, "Why, then, I'm with you!" a decision which did not seem unpleasant news to the cousins. Bright and early, gay and fair, the quartette started off next morning, Mr. Kennedy seating himself by Mildred, after helping Amy to a position beside the driver. A good-bye call at the home of the Macphersons resulted in an impromptu concert, in which tenor and soprano blended in pleasing harmonies, and the gay fisherman distinguished himself. The ladies were presented with superb bouquets by the fair gardener as souvenirs of their "shipwreck;" Amy declaring that these should make the others of

MT. TRACADIEGACHE FROM CASCAPEDIA RIVER, P. Q.

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their party "green with envy," and, as they started on again, that young woman merrily improvised —

> And this a poet calls Shalore,
> That is, he makes it rhyme with "more";
> But we are sure that none shall err,
> Who wend their way to Bay Chaleur.

"Get along there, what do I feed ye fur? Earn your oats!" ejaculated Mr. George (the Only and Original) to his horses; and they did get along at a remarkable pace over the good road, needing no urging, their own spirit seeming sufficient spur. The passenger on the front seat, admiring their glossy coats, was told by their master that he regularly gave them a bath in the salt water in an inlet near his house; that they enjoyed it, and required less grooming; while the habitans' horses, not thus made acquainted with old Neptune, displayed "coats as woolly as Newfoundland dogs," he said. Though he would not in reality ridicule his worthy and honest French neighbors,— for he was on the best of terms with them, and they were always ready to crack jokes with him,— he convulsed the strangers by mimicking a queer old habitan driving a decrepit horse; as, stooping forward and rounding his shoulders, he slapped the reins and called in cracked voice, "Allons mon chou, avance mon cœur; vite, vite, Marche donc!" Knowing how cabbies and wagoners in the States swear at their poor brutes, the girls were pleased to learn that little bad language is heard among the French Canadians, and one was reminded

of a foreign student at college in the United States, who, remarking on the fact that less profanity is heard in America than abroad said, "In my country, for no reason, a man will make you a whole chain of swears." (This was probably his rendering of our expression, "A string of oaths.") Perhaps a tradition of the famous edict of Louis XIV., in 1666, has been handed down among the habitans. In that a series of punishments were ordered for profanity, and after the seventh offense the tongue was to be cut out.

Mr. Reinhart amused the travelers by relating an incident of the earlier years of his life in the Province of Quebec, when he was asked to drive a French girl to a point not very far distant. He answered: "All right; get up;" being obliged to hold his horse, so that he could not assist her into his vehicle. "And then I just let the horse go,— I was a roguish boy,— and you ought to have seen her, she was so frightened; but she didn't know much English, and thought I knew no French, so she didn't know how to ask me to stop or go slower. At last she just grabbed me by the arm and said, 'Plentee get opp enoff!' making signs for me to stop and let her get out to walk the rest of the way." The young person on the front seat also learned that the mother and sister of their host did reside with him until the former died and the latter married and went to the States; but he, being fond of the place and the sort of Bohemian life, "preferred to remain in the P. Q.;"

his auditor atrociously retorting, "There's nothing p.q. liar in that."

Approaching quite near Tracadiegâche they discovered that the northern slope, or rather prolongation of the range, is a narrow-topped steep wall, with a curious succession of reddish seams scoring the sides. These are timber chutes, down which, at an angle of sixty degrees, wood cut from the plateau above is sent whizzing with tremendous force. Reinhart said, "Once an ox hauling logs above, fell down one of those gullies, and they never found anything of him, not even so much as a hoof."

On the outskirts of Carleton village appeared the "maison d'education;" a dignified title for the school house to assume, as announced by the sign over the door. Next they passed the convent, then the pretty church, the cemetery adjoining, notable for its black and white iron and wooden crosses, which had a foreign look; some distance beyond, the summer residence of the Governor-General, the whole hamlet in its neatness and quaintness suggesting a Norwegian village. By this time the steamboat was visible rounding Cap Noir in the distance, and as Mr. Reinhart's horses "must be put up for a bit of a rest before the return drive," he made his adieux; and while Amy detained him for a few moments more giving messages for the Macpherson family, with merry promises to return next year and try salmon fishing, Mr. Kennedy and Mildred strolled along towards the end of the pier.

During the latter part of the drive he had become silent and distrait, though the lady had not thought of it until this moment, for in truth she also had lapsed into quietude, absorbed in contemplation of the lovely pictures of the 'long shore drive; and living over in thought the novel experiences of the past few days. Though surrounded by chattering habitans they seemed to be for the first time alone, and felt a singular sense of isolation, particularly when, on reaching the end of the wharf, Mr. Kennedy opened his umbrella to shield them from the glare of the sun, thereby shutting out from their eyes everything but the beautiful Bay, all scintillating sapphire. He was speaking of his enjoyment of the days at Maria, when he stopped suddenly and there was a momentary pause, as each felt a sense of strange embarrassment. Mildred rather hurriedly made some remark about the hospitable folk of their recent place of sojourn, their admiration for the kindly people of high and low degree who had seemed to join in good-natured rivalry in adding to the pleasures of the strangers within their Capes, and the refreshing sense of unconventionality in it all. He heartily responded, "Yes; and you cannot imagine what a surprise it was to me to behold that vision on George's doorstep; 'tis a picture for memory to treasure."

Leaning against one of the huge mooring spiles he continued impetuously: "You cannot realize how great was the fascination of womanly companionship after three weeks of rough camp life. Then your

singing:— how your voice did soar, and seem to carry me along with it in irresistible magnetism!" Looking out over the water, with far-reaching gaze, he absently, softly sang, "Moi, je ne chéris que les bleus," and Mildred, who had listened as if spell-bound, seeming to come to herself, made a movement as if shrinking away, but the gentleman vehemently interrupted himself:— "There is something I must tell you. You may have thought,— my manner may have misled you; forgive me if it should be so. Do not turn away," he implored, and, obtusely stumbling on, continued, "I must tell you that, although I have in our agreeable converse in these few days at yonder quaint village, given you an insight into much of my life, I have not alluded to one point."

Miss Ainsworth had listened with curiously contradictory sensations warring in her brain; she seemed about to speak at this juncture, and had been absently unfastening her glove; he in tactless man fashion plunged at the climax, continuing, "I did not say the whole truth. I am married, and on my way to meet my wife at Campbellton." Mildred, possibly slightly paler than usual, had removed her glove and laughed musically as she exclaimed, "So that, then, is your confession? Well, I will give you confidence for confidence, and please absolve me from intentional misleading, as I believe you incapable of the same;" adding, with a smile and frank glance of those azure eyes, "Such informal acquaintance as that brought about during these recent days makes

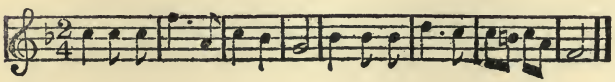
one feel almost like an old friend, and I can speak thus plainly. The truth is,"— and here she turned outward a gem on the third finger of her left hand,— "I, 'hae gien my promise true;' next week Mr. Hartwell comes on for his vacation, and in the winter we shall be married. I hope"— but just then the whistle of the approaching vessel broke in mercilessly; he took her hand, and, with the air of a knight of old, raised it to his lips in such respectful manner that she could not withdraw it.

As Amy came forward to be ready to step on the gang-plank with them, he was closing his umbrella, his countenance unperturbed; and the attention of all was directed to the faces of the passengers crowding to the side of the boat's deck, in eager quest for their friends, who must have been so dismayed at the non-appearance of the truants when the "Admiral" called on Maria. Amy exclaimed, "Oh, what fun it will be to relate our adventures to the others," thus diverting Mildred's maze of thought, and as Jim with the girls crowded around their cousins, even Aunt Jemima was quite infected by their excitement. The re-united party swarmed together, all talking at once, the newcomers being struck dumb when Meg called out, "Well, how did you like Mr. Reinhart's establishment?" Sue put in her query, "Wasn't that a lovely garden?" Martie added, "Will you go salmon fishing next year?" and Mrs. Ellersley anxiously asked, "But who is Mr. Kennedy?"

That pleasing personage, who had stepped aside,

was thus called to mind, and the voluble Amy presented him to her Aunt, whose face grew unaccountably grave and long, until, in the course of conversation, the fact was casually mentioned that he was going to meet his wife at Campbellton; a bit of information which caused Amy and her air-castle to collapse. The chaperon quite monopolized the attention of the Scotchman, while the cousins explained to the two deserters how it was that they had been able to take the wind out of their sails by forestalling their story;— that a woman from Maria, who came on board at that place, had been telling of the sensation which the two ladies made there, retailing all their doings to a friend whom she met on the steamboat, and thus the waifs found that their fame had gone abroad.

Too soon the port was reached, and the party obliged to separate. Mr. Kennedy had a word for each,— hopes of meeting again and pleasant wishes,— until he came to Mildred, to whom he made his adieux with all due courtesy, although in silence. " They two, leal and true," could have in their hearts no disloyalty if a pleasant summer episode should be recalled, when to mental hearing floated the refrain —



A SILHOUETTE

A SILHOUETTE

MY DEAR BOB: —

Here's old Barnes down on me, and I on my luck! Old B., b — less him, says nothing but a foreign tour will do me any good, threatens me with direst woes, gives me choice of paralysis, imbecility or insanity as result of the high-pressure rate at which I've been living. At last I've made a compromise, and agree to *get out* of the *U. S.* I venture to say you'd weep and howl and tear your hair, in grief and anguish and despair, if you could inhabit my corporosity just at this present. Just when I have such important orders, stretching far ahead, and the competition for designs for the great court-house of Z, two months hence! However, on condition that I get to the quietest, most out-of-the-way places, that precious B. permits some work on those same drawings, a certain number of hours per day. Equestrian and pedestrian exercise prescribed, and violin tolerated for recreation; so, after all, you may agree with me in saying, as old Hatch used to, no matter how surprising or startling any information he received, "I'm glad it's no worse." 'Tis easy for you to make such remark when you're having your heart's desire in a long course of European study and work.

So here you find me in the southeast corner of New Brunswick engaged in — *hunting!*

Not a wild goose chase either, or a quixotic quest, though a quaint and queer one, at the beginning of my travels northward. One would naturally expect to find Moncton a quiet place, instead of the bustling town it is, and Jim calls the headquarters and workshops of the Intercolonial, the monasteries. We decide that Owltown would be a more appropriate name for the place, as at night it seems most wide-awake and busy, connections with the most important trains to be made at 2 a.m. Therefore we might not have been surprised to learn that at night also the Bore would be visible; but to learn just when,— there was the rub. As the town runs on both standard and local time, between which there is a difference of three-quarters of an hour, 'twas important to discover by which schedule the Bore might be expected; but of course no one knew, a surprising ignorance and indifference prevailing regarding the subject. No one at the station or hotel could enlighten us, and Jim remarked, "In the States anything like that would be stock in trade to the whole town; it would be placarded everywhere, and, in fact, we would be bored to death." Accosting some urchins with the query, "When does the Bore come in?" they look blank, "don't know," and as they follow in our wake one questions the other, "I say, what is the Bore anyway?" evidently concluding that it is some strange animal in the circus, as they watched bill-

posters sticking huge gaudy bills on the long fence across the way. Even directions for finding the "Petty-co-Jack" (Petitcodiac) River, which the strange visitant frequents, were so complicated that the most dogged determination and perseverance were necessary to carry out our resolution.[1] Finally one individual whom we questioned astounded us with the brilliancy of a sudden inspiration, which caused him to suggest that we should inquire at the post-office, and there, at last, we learned definitely the hour at which we must sally forth on our nocturnal expedition.

By that time it was raining, but after all our trouble we resolved, with the insistence inherited from our firm old Quaker ancestors, that nothing should deter us, and that we would haunt the wharves all night if necessary rather than be baffled or disappointed. Therefore, fortified with repellent garments, we defiantly unfurled umbrellas and sternly took up the line of march to the distant wharf, where the first object which presented itself to view was a small specimen of the *genus homo*, who, like a Jack-in-a-box, suddenly appeared from a schooner, which was firmly imbedded in the mud forty feet or more below. Jim remarked, "'Tis evident why the directions for finding the river were so muddled. I never saw such a tremendous quantity of wet clay before." The small boy informed us that they were waiting

[1] Names are surprisingly changed hereabouts; Magaguadavic, for instance, is always Maggy Davitt.

for the "Bore," too, and were to go out with the tide, and the captain would be down about ten or eleven o'clock. The hours plodded slowly by; enthusiasm had cooled and died out, but clear grit and obstinacy, as the Yankees say, fortified us, and no one suggested or even thought of giving up the strange quest. We sat on piles of bark and played games, walked as near the dizzy verge of the towering wharf as we dared (with the thought before us of making clay molds of ourselves in the event of a misstep), and the youthful tar entertained us with specimens of his proficiency in yarn spinning, evidently thinking us foreigners fair game and remarkably gullible as we solemnly swallowed his preposterous statements. Finally he slipped down the cordage and disappeared for awhile (to rest his conscience, which must have been stretched to the utmost), and at last, long before the witching hour, the aspect of affairs grew more encouraging.

From the south a breeze sprang up, the rain stopped, the moon shone out, and two men, the schooner's crew, appeared, sauntering leisurely along, and called to us, "Listen!" What a profound, unearthly-seeming hush pervaded all Nature! The very water, shining placidly beyond the wide expanse of soft clay, seemed waiting in expectancy, and, struggling to our ears from the far distance, came a faint suggestion of sound, a whisper in the ear of Mother Earth. A moment more and this sound was augmented ten-fold; then, at the curve of the stream

just below, a flash, a sparkle in the clear moonlight. Another instant, and all across the wide river bed, in a mad rush of tremendous rapidity, came the wall of water, at least four feet in height, roaring on and on, a great white-crested wave, reflecting the clear moonlight. Beyond, piling over the first powerful surge, came a second one, foaming, sparkling, curling, as if in exultant effort to overleap its predecessor; and in a second the whole dark mass of seething, roaring water had rushed by us, and was tearing its way far up stream. The vessels, which a moment before were stranded and keeled over in abject helplessness, now became erect, buoyant and saucy; their crews appeared with the suddenness of bees from a hive, the air filled with sounds of rattling cordage, and orders were tossed back and forth in shouts to deck hands. The vast moving mass of water, covered with silvered wavelets dancing merrily, was in itself the greatest contrast to the preceding placidity, and all was life and bustle. We could believe after this that unwary men and animals are sometimes caught and over-powered in this mighty onslaught; indeed, I am firmly persuaded that, in the spring tides, an army like Pharoah's might be overwhelmed with Biblical thoroughness.

Perhaps you know that the bore can be witnessed in Chinese rivers,— Hoogly, Hangchow Teintang — also in the Amazon; where the Indians, trying to imitate the sound of the roaring water call it " pororoca." You may be aware also that in some Northern

Countries it is called the Eagre — Jim says that must be because it screws its way so eagerly into the land. I look the "pointed remarks" to which I do not give voice; and inform him that Oegir was the Scandinavian god of the sea.

Well, Bob, my boy, this will be a journalistic screed, and I pick up my ink-slinger again to add to the foregoing, by recounting later adventures. I joined a party of "American" friends, in an old-timey inn, severe in plainness, but unexceptionable in neatness; an old Loyalist house which has stood for over a century on the shore of Minas Basin, that peculiar arm of the Bay of Fundy. We liked to "make believe" that we had been set back a century, the surroundings were so simple, the people so old-fashioned. The mirrors in our rooms twisted our faces askew, so we are cured of vanity; and neckgear and chevelure were almost permanently awry; but our hostess' cookery was excellent, and the most confirmed dyspeptic joined the Pi Eta Society, even when obliged to partake of those dainties by means of two-tined forks with buck-horn handles. Though one remarked that the Basin is well named, as its resorts are *minus* modern improvements, we sighed not for such things, but were content. One day, when inquiring the way, we were answered: "Keep this road till you come to a gate in the woods, which will lead you out on the King's Highway," which sounded so oldtime-y we decided to "make believe" we were living in the times of "La Nouvelle France."

The Gossip chatted with the postmaster, learning that he "had lived in the village fifty years, had been to Eastport, had no curiosity about any other place, and did not wish to travel." Blessed Contentment! Our two great pedestrians, known to our Company as the Tramps, were accosted one day by a rough countryman, who, driving lazily in his clumsy vehicle, remarked, "I like to see you slinging yourselves along like that!" As a sample of the unsophisticated simplicity of the folk, an Annapolis physician told us of one queer codger who sent him two and a half herrings and a lobster, as payment for visits amounting to $5.00.

Directly before us, and apparently close at hand, though five miles distant, Blomidon loomed grandly over the water, wreaths of mist occasionally dressing his crest fantastically; far to the left Silver Crag, and still farther to the right Capes Sharp and Split, standing majestic and gorgeous in color. Our neighbor the pilot said, "There is what they call Kiddzes cave on the other side o' Cape Split, but it don't 'mount to much, and away down beyond Eylerhoe [Isle-au-Haut] is another spot where people dug into the shore, where they say he burried a lot o' Spanish dubbloons." "Yes," said I, "always doubloons, and doubly loony those who 'threw good money after bad' in such search," which attempt at pleasantry the old fellow did not appreciate, though he sagely replied, "There's been more money lost in such work than ever was burried; sailors can't keep it long

enough for that, it burns holes in their pockets."

In the crown of France there was a fine amethyst from Blomidon, and early explorers found in the neighborhood (of Parrsboro) "crystals and blue stones of shining colour, similar in appearance to those known by the name of Turkcese." "A beautiful specimen of this kind was broken into two pieces; one was given to De Monts, the other to Poutrincourt, and they on their return to Paris, had them handsomely set by a jeweler, and presented them to the King and Queen."

The Sage learned of the professor from the college across the Basin that remarkable fossil trees of the carboniferous period, resembling the petrified forest of the Colorado River, are to be seen in this region. One section is ten miles in length, and one tree twenty-five feet high. They are exposed by the action of the tide, and visible at the South Joggin, and at Chignecto Channel. The English professor who started out tall and thin in the morning, came in at noon from Partridge Island looking corpulent. From numerous pockets in his blouse he disgorged a vast store of minerals, and was enlightened, to his amusement, by explanation of the American slang phrase anent "a pocket full of rocks." Attending service in the queer old barn of a church with unpainted and time-stained pews and wood work, the pastor gave out the "therty-nointh peraphraz," stated that the "evening meeting goes in at six o'clock and lets out at seven and a quayrter;" and,

PARRSBORO PIER, BASIN OF MINAS, BAY OF FUNDY.

not having seen a newspaper or even a letter since leaving the States, I began to wonder where I was, anyhow. The men of the congregation were old salts apparently, but the women had wonderfully clear complexions, and all the faces were strong, honest, frank and pleasant to look upon. When the Sage, in a discussion at table, stated that there are 31,558,149 seconds in a year, we mourned his rashness in giving such information above a whisper; for time is no object to the people of Parrsboro apparently, and our landlord (whom we called Mr. Tardus) might thereby be encouraged to delay, linger and wait still more. And yet that refreshing way of taking things easy was one of our objects in coming!

Want of enterprise is evident through the region; houses have stood for six years unfinished, and in some cases the framework was beginning to fall. Sometimes the family live in the L, awaiting completion of the house proper, and even there the window frames have *darks* instead of "lights," the broken glass being replaced with bits of shingle. The tide rose higher and higher, until during the last week of July the long and massive log pier was completely submerged several times; the Sage and the Oracle having the satisfaction of convincing themselves by actual measurement that the rise was forty-five feet. Through most of the year it is between thirty and forty feet at this part of the Bay of Fundy. In Chignecto Bay, another arm of Fundy, the rise is occasionally sixty feet, though generally between forty

and fifty feet. That bay being long and narrow, the water *crowds* in.

Storms came on again, and continued with persistence; our neighbor the pilot remarked that we "were in for a spell o' weather," and we became aware that we were under two rules; King Edward's, whose reign is peaceful and mild, and Dame Nature's, whose rain is aggressive, arbitrary and exasperating — a time to test the resources of the summerers — and so came into existence an original newspaper, but with its first and last issue the "Weakly Pa's Borer" disappeared from journalistic ranks, the editors of Provincial papers breathed freely at the extinction of such a formidable rival. I am permitted to give but one extract from its columns; try it, Bob, at your Quill Club, as a "missing word" game, and see if your Dabblers can fill the blanks with the names of colors.

THE IRASCIBLE ARTIST.

He took a dose of *Raw S*(i)*enna,*
Then with a grim and *Flake White* face
He left the city of Vienna
At very swift and steady pace.
With voice resembling *Indian Yellow*
He hailed a stout and lusty fellow
With "*Car-mine* herr!" and *Indigo*
And rattled straight to the dépôt.
Midst howling winds and pelting rain
He crossed the *Neutral Tint*-ed main,
Vowing he'd "ne'er go there again!"
Like war-horse sniffing at the fray
He stormed; the ropes were *Charcoal Gray,*
He watched a sailor haul a bowlin'
And saw the spars were *Aureolin.*
A wave dashed over, quite a flood,
And stained his coat like *Dragon's Blood.*

He sat him down and tried to think;
The cabin rug, *Italian Pink,*
His weary eyes quite seemed to hurt,—
A better shade he thought *Terre Verte.*
(On ships the best taste is not seen;
The couch he thought was *Capucine.*)
In storms they penned him in his berth,
The curtains tinted *Cologne Earth.*
With temper vicious as an adder
He went to bed, but up *Rose Madder;*
He said, "These *Vert d'eau* waves no more
I'll cross, but ever stay on shore:
No voyages henceforth I'll take
Unless upon a placid *Lake.*"
From mal-de-mer's *Paynes Gray* his face was,
From weakness also slow his pace was,
The *Lamp Black* shadows o'er him threw.
He growled, "Tho' not a *Proosian Blue*
I'll be henceforth *Ultramarine*
And ne'er in such fix will be seen."
With falt'ring step, all up and down
He paced the deck; 'twas *Vandyke Brown;*
And noticed that the gangway ladder
Was tinted with a rich *Brown Madder.*

The morning sky above his head
All glowing shone with bright *Red Lead;*
A voice aloft cried out "Land Ho!"
And down he plunged to's room below.
His wife lay wrapped in peaceful slumber
— Her long eye-lashes were *Burnt Umber* —
And he began to shake and poke her
(Tho' never known to be a joker)
And with a horrid *Yellow Ochre.*
Then danced a sort of wild cotillion,
And bet his last quart *o' Vermilion* —
"When I'm once on that wharf's *Deep Chrome* —
You'll see if ever more I'll roam!"

At last the spell o' weather was broken, we were released from its thrall, and, ascending Partridge Island (250 feet) for a last view, took away in our minds grand memorabilia to call up in future times. To the right the fine Rainbow Cliff of East Bay, the bit of green at the summit of the many-hued rocky

eminence, whitened with daisies and edged with dark spruce trees; beyond, Cape Sharp, like a gigantic sleeping lion. In the distance Cap d'Or appeared in exquisite violet through the film of a passing shower which momentarily dropped its veil, while Cape Split, in neutral gray and indigo, lifted its sharp outlines to the left, above the rushing, roaring current of Minas Channel, which "tears" by the base of Blomidon.[1]

. . . . . .

Well, Bob, here's at ye ag'in, and now from an island in Bay Chaleur; and if, when our party at Basin Minas was forced to break up, my heart went with one fair maid, what is that to thee? Thou knewest it before, Fidus Achates; and also that in all my architectural work planning for a certain sweet home of the future was my most enticing study. Well, they — my companions — were not bound to carry out a prescription — or live it, rather — and to obey Barnes's stern behest, therefore I traveled on here, solus.

Bonaventure Island is three and a half miles long, three-quarters of a mile in width; its high, rolling surface dotted with cottages, its imposing cliffs — some five hundred feet in height — overlooking the bay. The conglomerate rock is, in some places along

[1] As there is such a strong current, both in water and air, drawing through Minas channel, sailors of the Basin ports will tell you that the picturesque promontory was originally called "Blow-me-down." I give you this "important information" for what it is worth, though preferring myself the (probably) old French cognomen.

its shores, curiously eaten by the waves; while in others it has the appearance of having suddenly cooled when boiling, and overflowing, as the rock laps over in rounded layers.

This coast was settled by descendants of the Acadians banished from "Nouvelle Ecosse." Some of those forlorn exiles were harbored, housed and comforted by the French Quaker, Anthony Benezet, in the City of Brotherly Love; but how did any happen to stray into this region so far from their old home? In the official report of the time the infamous Intendant Bigot stated to the Minister, M. de Boishebert, that a sailing vessel carrying two hundred and fifty men, women and children from Port Royal became separated during a storm from other vessels (also filled with families of the banished "Neutrals") and the frigate escorting them. He also reported that the Acadians revolted, and obliged the captain to take them to the river St. John. A venerable inhabitant of Bonaventure, whose grandfather, with his family, was in the ship spoken of by Bigot, gave to an old chronicler of "La Gaspésie" a different version, showing the simple, childlike faith of the people of that olden time. A few days after leaving Port Royal a violent tempest arose, and, as there were some old sailors among the prisoners who were more familiar with the navigation of these coasts than the English, the captain, despairing of saving the vessel with his feeble and incompetent crew, called the Acadians to his assistance; and they, being anxious to

save their families, did not wait to be urged. Amid the terrors of the storm the prisoners released their companions from captivity, sent the captain with his sailors into the hold, and took command of the vessel themselves. The liberated captives threw themselves on their knees, reciting litanies to "La Sainte Vierge;" then, with strengthened confidence, they attached a scapulary to the rudder, praying their Good Mother to guide the vessel while they attended to ropes and sails and the working of the ship.

The whole of this vast peninsula of Gaspésie is a region of very great resources, as yet but little known. The coast is edged by a narrow border of cultivated land with scattered hamlets and villages, but the interior is a *terra incognita*, and a tremendous wilderness of impenetrable forest, abounding with game and containing great numbers of lakes and streams. The sea provides the best fertilizers for the farmers by casting weeds and fish on the shore. The temperature of Bay Chaleur in summer is the same as that of Berlin and Paris, and thirty to seventy minutes higher than that of the principal towns of England, Scotland and Russia. The atmosphere is remarkably even and delicious in summer, and although in winter the mercury falls lower than in many well-known regions of Europe of the same latitude, the air is so dry that it is much more healthful and agreeable than in those regions, or in many parts of the States, where dampness causes a penetrating chill. At New Carlisle, one of the largest

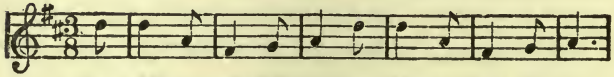
and prettiest settlements, the season, exempt from frost, exceeds four months and a half, and in the Province wheat and maize are raised when in the same latitude of Europe such grains would not come to maturity. The climate of the Bay coast is more even and mild than on the northern river shore, the winds being tempered by the ranges of mountains.

So there, Bob, is enough of the statistical for you; and now imagine me established in a French farm-house on this fine island, with the remarkable Percé rock, the villages and grand mountains of the north shore always before me. The people seem guileless and content. My violin has won their hearts, and I pick up their quaint songs and melodies, and learn their legends, naturally numerous among seafaring people. Nowhere can such thorough enjoyment of the terpsichorean art be seen as among the French Canadians, and when I saw away for their benefit in the evenings they enter into the sport with the zest of children on a holiday.

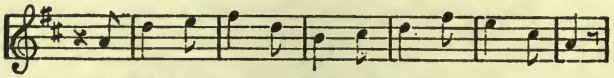
My host's bewitching daughter, Artémise, has two ardent swains in her train, and I amuse myself watching the demure little damsel and studying the little drama. Now it is the young Armand who seems to be gaining in the race; then it is Jules apparently. They are strong, sturdy young fishermen, between whom it would be difficult for any damsel to choose, it seems to me. Jules is more energetic, seemingly; Armand quiet, thoughtful. The maiden shows no preference, and for my part I cannot guess who may

be the successful one. Meanwhile Artémise sings for me antique chansons handed down from generation to generation among these delightfully unworldly folk.

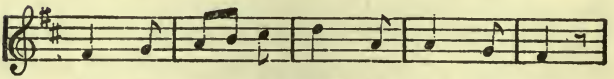
AURAI-JE NANETTE?



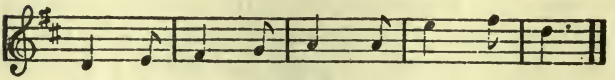
1. Par derrièr' chez mon pèr' Lui ya-t-un bois jo - li;
1. Back of my father's house There is a pret- ty sight,
2. Il chante pour ces belles Qui n'ont pas de ma - ri.
2. 'Tis far unpromised fair His notes fall from a- bove;



Le ros - sig - nol y chante Et le jour et la nuit.
A charming wood where nightingales Sing day and night.
Il ne chant' pas pour moi Car j'en ai-t-un jo - li.
For me is not his song so rare, I've my true love!



Au - rai - je Nanette? Je crois que non.
Can I have Nanette? I can - not guess;



Au - rai - je Nanette? Je crois que oui.
Sometimes I think "no" and sometimes "yes."

3. Il n'est point dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici;
Il est dans la Hollande:
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.

4. Que donneriez-vous belle
Qui l'amèn 'rait ici?
Je donnerais Versailles,
Paris et Saint Denis.

5. Je donnerais Versailles,
Paris et Saint Denis,
Et la claire fontaine
De mon jardin joli.

3. 'Tis not at fête or dance
My true love would be found
But through the war's mischance he dwells
On foreign ground.

4. What would be thy reply
If I bring him back to thee?
I'd give to thee Versailles,
Paris and Saint Denis.

5. I'd give to thee Versailles,
Paris and St. Denis,
Also the fount within my garden
Flowing free.

Then Père Boucharde in his oldtime-y French and quaint phraseology told of:—

LE FEU DES ROUSSI.

According to ancient superstition, if one does not partake of the Holy Communion at least once a year,

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Note.—The oldest songs, those which have been least changed from the original — sung by and handed down from earliest settlers — are heard on the lower St. Lawrence and Bay Chaleur. Their iteration adapted them to the use of voyageurs, when keeping time with oars, on long journeys. This monotonous repetition made them popular with old-time domestics, as lullabies; the most rebellious child being thus irresistibly conquered. The words of this song are adapted to several different melodies in Canada, but with the refrain:

Gai, lon la, gai le rosier
Du joli mois du mai,

and in other versions it is "ma tante" instead of "mon père," whose garden is frequented by nightingales. The words of "Cecilia" are also sung to a different air with the refrain:

Mon, ton, ton, turlutaine.

he will at the seventh year of such wicked neglect be transformed into a hobgoblin or were-wolf. Well, let me tell you of the little Cyprien Roussi. The poor child, when very young, had the misfortune to lose both parents, and fell to the care of an aged uncle. This old man left the boy to do as he pleased, allowing him absolute liberty, never concerning himself about the child otherwise than to scold him severely when he did not come home at meal times. Thus the boy grew almost to manhood as untamed and untrammeled as a wild animal of the forest; and gathered about him a merry troop of reckless youths, all daredevils like himself. What one did not think of another did in the way of mischief and roguery, and the lawless band were the terror of the countryside. Cyprien had not been even to the Easter communion for six years, and six months of the seventh and fatal year had passed; so the old wives and gossips of the village began to put their heads together and whisper mysteriously, prophesying a dreadful doom to the leader of the scapegraces.

But one fine Sunday the parishioners were astounded, for this youth, who had not been seen anywhere for three weeks previous, appeared at the grand mass in the church, and the people could hardly believe their eyes when they beheld Cyprien piously kneeling at the chancel rail, receiving the sacrament at the hands of the beloved curé. The solution of the mystery was very simple, however, for the little boy of the bow and arrows was at the

root of it all. The discreet, modest and devout little *contouriere*, Marie, had convinced Cyprien of his evil ways; yes, and she undertook to keep him in the path of rectitude, and to take care of him for life, for two months afterwards they were married and moved to Paspébiac, where the former idle fellow, who had now become sober, active and punctual, was employed by the house Robin, who know how to value such traits in their employées.

All was blissful life now for these two, and so passed fifteen years over the contented family. But alas! one day when Cyprien and his son of thirteen approached their humble dwelling, Marie, who always watched at the door for them at that hour, was not to be seen, and an ominous silence prevailed. This was explained all too soon, when the father and son reached the threshold, for then plaintive and distressing moans were heard, and behold the poor Marie lying on the floor in excruciating agony. Yes, she had overturned a great caldron of boiling water, and was now almost dying. She said in feeble tones: "My husband, my life goes fast; promise me before I leave thee that thou wilt never take the liquor, and will teach our boy to become a good, true man." The weeping husband replied: "Be at ease, my Marie; I shall always remember it; I will keep the promise." Then the good wife embraced her dear ones, and with a sweet smile of resignation breathed her life out with a gentle sigh.

Now passed the days gloomy and joyless; Cyprien

and his son wandered about aimlessly and desolate. One day during a cold, bleak term at the last of May, they were fishing with Gendron, a friend of Cyprien's, who blew his fingers and flung his arms about to conquer the chill. Then he drew a bottle of rum from his pocket, saying, "Take a cup, man. Warm thyself!" But Cyprien answered, "No; thank you, friend, I do not drink; keep it yourself." But then the temptation assailed him; he was seized with a shiver; his hands were so benumbed that he had no feeling in them, and, dropping the handle of the rudder he reached for the bottle and took a long draught. Alas! alas! he had lied to his dear dead wife, whose spirit watched over him. It is a dreadful thing to break your word to one who has gone!

The next morning the people of the village discovered a barge thrown keel upwards on the shore, and the two men and boy were never seen again. Since that disaster a bluish flame is seen flickering and flitting over the Bay, generally half way between Caraquet and Paspébiac. Sometimes it appears like a torch; then again it resembles a great conflagration, now retreating, now advancing, then rising and falling. When one imagines that he has reached the very point where the light was stationed it disappears in an instant, then shows itself anew when he has moved on. The fishermen affirm that these fires mark the place where Roussi perished. Thou, traveler or fisherman, when thou shalt see a luminous point oscillating at the farther end of Baie des

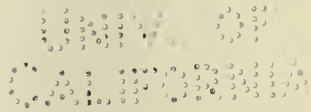
Chaleurs, kneel and say a *De Profundis* for the dead, for thou hast seen the fire of the Roussi!

A French writer of about a century ago says: — "Les pecheurs affirment que ces feux marquent l'endroit où périt dans un gros temps une berge conduite par quelques hardis marins, du nom de Roussi; cette lumiere, selon l'interpretation populaire, avertirait les passants de prier pour les pauvres noyes."

The quiet, thoughtful Armand has confided in me, I having noticed his skill with tools, and I have thus learned why a lamp burns until the dawn, almost, in a window which I can see just across from mine. One of the great fish-packing houses has offered a prize for the best model of a "bateau-de-pecheur," and he is to enter the competition. So he works in secret and at night, when the good Père Boucharde believes that all are sleeping beneath his roof. I have seen Armand's model; and, so far as I am a judge, I should say it is good. Meanwhile Artémise spins and weaves wonderful fabrics, which no doubt some day are to form her housekeeping outfit, when she decides between the two gallants. Imagine, if you will, the demure little maiden, as her deft fingers twist the thread, and the wheel whirs its accompaniment, relating at my request a legend which she learned from her grandparents; a weird and sorrowful tale to which her pleasant voice and quaint French add the greatest charm.

LEGEND OF CAP DÉSESPOIR.

Sometimes to the lone fisherman quietly engaged in his peaceful avocation, near this point, there appears a marvelous scene, and a strange vision reveals itself to his wondering eyes. Though it is so calm that the waters appear like a mirror, all at once the sea becomes agitated, and the waves, growing larger and larger, roar and break against each other. Suddenly a light vessel carrying all sail appears upon the tumultuous waters, and seems to wrestle with the boiling surges; then swiftly as the swallow flies it darts along, apparently scarce touching the surface. On the poop, in the forecastle, in the rigging, everywhere appear human figures clothed in the military costume of ancient times. A man who wears the insignia of a superior officer stands in the attitude of command, with one foot upon the bowsprit as if ready to leap ashore. With his right hand he directs the attention of the pilot to the sombre cape rising before them; with his left arm he supports a beautiful lady enveloped in a long white veil and draperies. The sky is black; the wind whistles in the cordage; the ship, flying like a dart, is dashed upon the rocks; and amidst the roar of the sea, the crash of thunder, the distressing groans of the dying, is heard the agonized shriek of a woman! — then the vision vanishes. The silence of death falls on the water; ship, pilot, the whole dreadful equipage, the commanding figure of the officer, the graceful woman in the white



garments, all have disappeared, and the quiet wavelets caress the feet of Cap Désespoir.

Many names about the coasts of Bay and Gulf have become corrupted and changed; in this case the addition of one syllable changed hope to despair, the point in old charts being called Espoir.

. . . . . .

Matters have been culminating since I wrote last, and we have been making history, of which, behold, hereunto appended, the report. Armand has been away to Gaspé on business for the firm for whom he works, and who seem to have considerable confidence in him, yet the first night of his absence the light burned as usual in the room of the loft. From my window I could see that of the room, but the white strips which served as curtains of the casement window were dropped. An indefinable suspicion led me to play the spy — I confess it; moreover, when a sharpely-defined profile appeared on the smooth surface of the white window shade, what did Yours Truly do? (Remember my boyish taste at school for sketching hasty likenesses!) I whipped out a piece of charcoal and *took off* that head; yes, and to my amazement, recognized it, too, without shadow of doubt. Evidently some mystery there, but I kept dark.

For many nights in succession I watched the mysterious workman; and if I could have had any doubt of his identity or evil intent, I was thoroughly convinced when, one windy night, a sudden gust blew

open the loft window, and I beheld the miscreant copying Armand's model. He started guiltily, and quickly closed the casement, after a hasty glance all around to convince himself that he had not been seen. I, of course, was in the dark, and, moreover, the report had gone abroad that I had gone to Gaspé with Armand, though I decided at the last moment that I could not spare the time, as my drawings and plans must be sent to New York by a certain date.

At last came the day on which the models were to be inspected, and, decision given, the prizes to be distributed. Armand carried his tiny "chaloupe" himself, enveloped in neat wrappings, just as he had left it at the time of his Gaspé trip, and thus deposited it in M. le Curé's house. Then the village was *en fête*, and the brawny fisher lads and quaint country lasses engaged in various old-time games and dances, for which latter the services of your correspondent was in requisition, as orchestra. When the models were placed on exhibition behold two so nearly alike that only an expert or professional shipbuilder, it seemed to me, could decide between them; but — to Jules was awarded the prize! Then Yours Truly stood forth boldly, and gave his testimony, calling upon M. le Curé (whose word is law to these people) to see that justice was done, and explaining how the model of Armand had been stolen. I had mentioned no names in my accusation of the mysterious workman of the nights, but produced the profile which I had drawn (and since filled in with crayon, so it made

an unmistakable silhouette), and, suspending it in full view of the audience, it was instantly recognized. The name of the guilty one was spoken by almost every one in the room in every possible gradation of intonation, to express astonishment, disgust and grief that one of their worthy community could be so base.

You can easily guess how the matter ended, but you cannot surmise how retribution followed the young rascal. The very next night his father's fine barn was burned; the new hay with which it had just been filled, and its thatched roof making ready fuel for the flames, also a glorious sight for all but the owner of the building. Then it came out and was proved that Mr. Fisherman Jules had stored therein contraband whisky, which he had cleverly smuggled among the casks in his boat, and some of his associates who were in the secret, thinking to help themselves on the sly, dropped a match into the inflammable stuff.

. . . . . .

P. S.— Armand and Artémise are betrothed; and I am going home, post haste, to tell a certain fayre damosel that I am to have the contract for the court-house of Z. (just received notice by telegram), and then shall be made tangible also a certain *Chateau-en-Espagne* which two young folk whom you know have long been engaged in constructing; so good-bye, old fellow!

DEMON AND PITY-US

DEMON AND PITY-US

THE two friends, Joseph Sturgis, M.D., and John Cahill, artist — Sturgeon and Jonquil in their college days,— were discussing their summer vacation, which, without shadow of doubt, they must pass together. Sturgis, barely convalescent from a fever in consequence of overwork in hospital during a winter of epidemic, seemed to find that conversation required great effort, and was languidly laconic.

"How?" said Sturgis.

"Our own vehicle," replied Cahill, in imitation of his friend's terseness.

"Cart, wagon, van?" queried medico; whereupon Cahill loosened the check-rein, quoting: —

> I think we'd make such a charming pair,
> For you're good looking, and I'm [a grimace and doubtful glance at mirror] fair?
> We'd travel life's round in gallant style,
> And you should drive every other mile,
> Or, if you'd rather, all the while,

which considering my dislike of driving,— (natural laziness), and the fact of your having been in a drive all winter, is remarkably self-sacrificing on my part." Sturgis roused up enough for a longer sentence at this, remarking, "Better change charming

to *hansom*," whereupon Cahill leaped to his feet, exclaiming, "By the ten-thousandth part of Celtic blood in my corporosity, you've hit it! That's the kerridge I had in me moind. I thought of it the other day when I left my storm coat in one. When I went back the next day to inquire for it, I was told I must see the man in charge of the cabs, whom I found 'a tall man in a light coat,' deep in conversation with one of his men. He did not notice my august approach, until I addressed him:—'Are you the hansom agent?' Thereupon he turned, revealing a remarkably ugly phiz, and the absurdity of my question struck us both at the same moment. He broke into a hearty laugh, however, and answered, 'That's what they call me here; I leave you to judge who's in the right of it.' I said to myself that I could not fail to like such a man, who, when 'Nature in a glass, the merry elf, sits gravely making faces at herself,' could make a jest of it; whereas many another would have considered himself aggrieved, and grow unbearably touchy about it."

Just here, as a chink offered in Cahill's rapid flow of language, his invalid friend put in:—

"You mean the Owl. I know him; Tim O'Hara, who was nightwatchman at the hospital. He was devoted to me. Stipulate that he shall be our charioteer." Then as the invalid dropped back exhausted after so long a speech, Cahill launched out into an elaborate and detailed plan of the travel; and it was agreed between the two that they should purchase

vehicle and animal, to be sold again (if not used up!) at the end of the tour. The picturesque and romantic taste of the artist, combined with the natural gallantry of his race, caused him next to suggest that, like knights of old, when starting out on their adventures, they should wear their lady's colors. Whereupon he, being bespoken (and parading that fact) would wear his Jennie's true blue; and Sturgis, — who could tell but that he would find in his travels "that incomparable she who somewhere surely waits for thee?" Being, so far as appeared, as yet unblest in that respect, Sturgis should disport on his coat lapel a tiny knot of white ribbon, which his lively friend proceeded then and there to affix; the physician submitting, though turning away with a sigh while a strangely bitter expression passed over his pale countenance.

Tim, on being taken into the confidence of the two friends, acceded with inward delight, though outward calm, remarking: —"So the ordeal has gone into effect, and I thought I was out of a job, but time determinates all. You remarks that I'm attached to this here Pa. R. R. stashun and my business, but I ain't, nor to anything or anybody. I just happen to be here, but I'll git. I'm a lone un', an' no one belongin' to me, nor me beholden to no one; I've been meanin' to tell 'em I meant to leave. So ye touches me in a tender spot and I 'gree to it."

Thus it came about that the three men set out on their travels; the two friends delighted with the un-

obstructed view which the absence of driver's seat afforded; the Jehu perched in superb importance high up in the rear, whence through the tiny trap in the roof he occasionally dropped wise remarks,—" plummets of Proverbial Philosophy," as Cahill said.

Sleepy hamlets and scattered settlements in out-of-the-way regions were aroused to prodigious excitement by the appearance of such singular equipage, and people turned out *en masse* to behold and question, while the dogs barked themselves hoarse.

The fine steamer touching at " Isle St. Jean " (P. E. I.) took on board the trio and their equipage, to convey them literally to the land's end; i. e., the region known to the Montagnais Indians as Guihakspèque, or " the end of the world; " a name which in time has become changed and abbreviated to Gaspé.

The bold, majestic cliffs of Cape Gaspé rise seven hundred feet at the extremity of a long point guarding the entrance of the Bay, which is twenty miles long.[1] Sturgis and his friend spent some time in studying up the history of the remote place, for, strange to say, Gaspé once played an important part in the early days of the French settlement; and even Tim developed a taste for statistics and queer bits of yarns picked up from the sailors and fishermen

[1] Gaspé is the nearest Canadian port to Great Britain which is open throughout the year; and this year (1907) an elaborate plan has developed by which a Transatlantic line is to be established from this point. Then by continuing the Railway which now extends for 85 miles along Bay Chaleur, and connecting with other lines, a new Transcontinental route is to be formed.

among whom he prowled. It was the English-speaking tars whose society he affected, being unable to converse with "Frenchys" then. Thus they learned that in 1851 or 1852 there stood in the sea near this point a columnar rock known as the Old Woman. A clump of trees on its crest caused it to resemble the

The Old Woman of York Cliff, Me.

antique cap worn by Canadian women in former centuries, and thus suggested the name of "La Veille." As long as this rock stood it formed the pretext among sailors for tricks similar to those played on unwary travelers when "crossing the line." Pretending that the Old Woman was a wicked creature, who must be propitiated lest she do some harm to ves-

sel or passengers, these mischievous tars demanded *pour boire;* the passenger who proved incredulous or close-fisted receiving a ducking from a pail of water.

THE LEGEND OF KATSEPION.

The Indian legend is, that a Jotun or giant here held a contest with an evil spirit, and as they fought at night the combat seemed the more frightful. The giant knew that if he could reserve his strength and continue the battle until dawn he would then be secure, for these goblins cannot bear a ray of light. Therefore, pretending weakness, he thus lured on his opponent, who wasted his force. When the first ray of light appeared the giant was encouraged to feel that he might hold out, and as the gleam brightened and broadened he exerted himself to the utmost, and by a tremendous effort threw his antagonist forward in such manner that the sun fell full upon him, and he was thereby immediately turned to stone. The strength of the goblin then passed into the body of the vanquisher, who became immensely more powerful than before, and so he traveled to the Arctic Sea, to fight the fiends of frost and cold, who have heads of ice and hearts of stone, and are under the protection of the spirit of Aurora Borealis. This giant, being assisted by the spirit of the Lightning, was so much more rapid in his movements that he conquered the goblins of the cold, who, ever since, have not been

able to come to this region in such force as they did in former ages. Some writers suppose this statue rock to be the same as La Veille; some say it was thirty-five feet high, others one hundred feet; some place it at the end of Cape Gaspé, some at Cape Rosier, a few miles beyond. Undermined by the waves, it sank into the sea during a great storm, the same which caused the fall of the arch of Le Rocher Percé and left that pyramidal mass standing aloof. Katsepion is the name which the Indians gave to the column, signifying "separated" or "that which is apart."

The Bay of Gaspé presents a scene in which quiet, restful beauty and grandeur combine; the upper part, securely land locked, is known as the Basin. Along the north shore the mountains approach the water, their lower slopes ending in steep cliffs. These are the Notre Dame range, and the Shickshock (also known as Shickshaws and Chikchâks), which together form the western prolongation of the Alleghenies. Cahill remarked of the fish houses in the deep coves, that they looked to him like inquisitive urchins standing on stilts and leaning on their folded arms, which rest atop a fence; these peculiar dwellings being one story in height where they face the roadway, but three or four in depth, in the rear, where they extend down into the coves, and show their foundations of piles. Patches of green and cultivated land are scattered on the hills near the villages,

but thence into the interior in all directions except the east the primeval forest extends unbroken and dense. The Owl, seeing water conduits formed of a series of hollowed logs, propounded profound queries, in what he supposed was medical phraseology (which he had picked up at the Hospital), calling these the "*ele*mentary canal," which certainly seemed applicable to this primitive contrivance.

While Sturgis devoted himself to botanical studies in the forests, Cahill found ample material for the employment of his brush in depicting the beautiful scenes, as well as in representing the quaint characters among sailors, fishermen and Indians, picking up meantime bits of history with which to regale his comrade. Tim wandered about Bay and beaches, enlarging his store of knowledge, but always presented himself for the daily drive. Jonquil learned that in 1534, July 24th, Jaques Cartier landed in Gaspé Bay and erected a cross thirty feet high. "Erected for the first time in New France the cross commanded on one side the majestic basin, on the other the beautiful port where, many times since, French and English vessels have sought haven from the fury of tempests. France could offer nothing more majestic than the Notre Dame mountains, more noble than the Bay of Gaspé." In 1627 a fleet of twenty French vessels, under De Roquemont, richly laden with supplies for Champlain's colony at Quebec, put into Gaspé Bay for haven during a storm, but found themselves less secure, perhaps,

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LE ROCHER PERCÉ, P. Q.

than they would have been outside, for they were captured by the English, under Captain Kirke, who had only three vessels, and who, after burning half the fleet, carried ten ships to England with the freightage of the whole twenty; and in 1760 the village was taken by Com. Byron, who burned a French frigate which was in the harbor.

A sojourn at the fishing port of Percé being next on the plan of travel, it was by "the loveliest road in Canada," leading from Douglastown, and commanding wonderful views of Swiss suggestion, that the peculiar equipage made its appearance in that quiet hamlet. "Voici le cirque!" shouted one small tar to his companions who stood in open-mouthed wonder, saying: "Pourquoi ne bouleverser pas cet chariot drôle?" looking back up the road by which it came, evidently expecting other marvelous things and strange beasts to follow. The knight of the quill called the attention of the knight of the pill to American patent medicines masquerading in high-sounding phraseology and foreign tongue, on posts and fences: "Sirop adoucissant de Mme. Winslow," "Calmant sirop de Mme. Winslow pour la dentition des enfants," "Pastilles bronchiales de Brun," etc.

Le Rocher Percé! Nature seems to have used it as her palette for experimental and daring combinations of color, the strange wall-like barrier being eccentrically striped and dashed with the tints of ores and clays. Brilliant shades of yellow, copper, blue and pinkish grays, reds and browns, blending

marvelously on its surface, and contrasting with the hues of sea and shore, form a memorable picture. The rock is 660 feet in length and nearly 300 feet in height, its proportions apparently greater as it is seen against sea and sky. General Bouchette, surveyor general, said, in 1815, there were three openings in the rock, the largest admitting a small vessel under sail; there is but one now, and beyond the island an irregular, somewhat pyramidal mass, standing separate, was once connected with the greater rock, forming another arch. During an earthquake or tremendous storm in June, 1846, the top of this arch fell into the sea, leaving a bit of jagged cliff standing aloof as it is now to be seen. This is known as the split. That ancient, voluminous and amusing chronicler, Champlain, says: "It is a fort of rock which is very high and steep, with a hole through which shallops and boats can pass at high tide. At low tide you can go from the mainland to this island, which is only some four or five hundred feet distant." Ferland says: "Il existait bien un vague tradition qu'à certaines epoques, un jeune homme aux formes herculéennes, à l'allure surhumaine avait paru sur le cap; mais ces reveries superstitieuses ne servaient qu'à donner un nouveau relief à sa hardiesse des simples mortels qui avient osé braver le Génie du cap Percé, jusques dans son aire inaccessible. The summit of the rock[1]

[1] Sailors formerly climbed the rock to obtain eggs of the birds; this is now forbidden.

is now the undisputed realm of myriads of sea fowl; gulls, gannets, cormorants, tern, which "rise in clouds and fill the air with their sharp cries," as Ferland says. The Owl, being naturally interested in birds, dropped from his high perch the remark that his mother used to repeat to him something about "birds in their little nests agree," but that these are constantly *falling out*, and the friends saw that the circling, wheeling, white cloud might readily give rise to ghostly legend. The prevailing industry of the place is evident in the odors pervading some parts of the settlement, and Cahill, quoting "flesh, flesh, how thou art fishified!" expressed willingness to pass on.

Among the Indians there is a tradition that the cliffs of Mt. Joli, Percé Rock and Bonaventure Island (two miles from the mainland) once formed a long point, and this is confirmed by the character of the conglomerate rock. Ferland, in 1836, said "everything would seem to indicate that in bygone ages the rock and Mt. Joli were united by similar arches," and Denys, almost 250 years ago expressed the same idea. Legend also states that Ile Percé was part of a gigantic causeway which the Jotuns were building to Miscou Island, to conquer the frightful monster which inhabited that spot. Champlain, prince of yarn-spinners, describes that horrible gorgon as being tall as a ship mast, carrying a pouch in which human beings were deposited to be devoured at leisure; and filling the air with astounding noises; whistlings, growls, hissings ("siffle-

ments"). The Indians called this creature Gougou.

The legends of this part of Gaspé are suggestive of Norse mythology. In Norway, Jotunheim, "the home of the giants," is a region of wild grandeur and legend. The grand Mt. St. Anne, also known as Mt. Joli and Table Roulante,— owing to a tract of table-land at the summit,— rises 1,230 feet above the sea, and broods over the peaceful village. When the jolly artist was informed by fishermen that it is visible seventy miles at sea, Jonquil (who happened to have a taste for mathematics, unusual in one of his craft) insisted that that would not be possible; that it could only be seen from a mast head at the distance of forty-five miles, provided the tip of the mast were one hundred feet above the water. "Yes," said he, "my Figure Head, or head for figures, helps me to keep the wolf,— otherwise frame maker,— from my door; and he is classed by some of my confrères in the same category as the horse jocky."

Piscatorial and nautical studies and amusements naturally being in order in such a place, the friends passed much time on the water, the Owl displaying talent as an oarsman,— exercise in which the young physician was not yet permitted to indulge,— and the artist preferring to lie back at his ease and study color effects. It had been arranged that they should be off before daybreak on a fishing excursion, and Sturgis was awakened by hearing Cahill calling Tim his "Precious Yeast Cake," and assuring him that

such *well-bred* persons as they could rise without his assistance. Cahill, seeming not to realize for a few minutes the reason for their early summons, lazily addressed his friend from the adjoining room:—"I say Sturgeon, as you're interested in fermentives probably you know that the yeast cake is not a rather recent American novelty and culinary convenience, but is an invention at least 2,000 years old. I happened to be looking up something just before we left home, and found that a Roman encyclopedist said that 'Millet is more especially employed to make yeast. If kneaded with *must* (which you must know is grape juice) it will keep a year.' He also stated that 'the same is done too with fine wheat bran of the best quality. It is kneaded with white must, three days old, and then dried in the sun, after which it is made into small cakes.'" Though the artist had been hurling comical and original invectives at Tim, he elaborately and voluminously forgave him,— yes, even with enthusiasm,— when they were fairly out on the shore; for thus it came about that they beheld L'Ile Percé presenting itself in unearthly aspect, as the sombre mass loomed in the dim, uncertain light, with the arch of Aurora Borealis [1] reaching directly across to the mainland, and the brilliant morning star reflected in a long, wavering gleam on the black water. "It is the

[1] Indians call the Aurora Borealis Wah-wah-tao; their belief is that it is the spirits of the departed dancing on the borders of the Land of Hereafter.

bridge of the phantom," exclaimed Cahill, and in the solemn hush of the morning twilight,— fit hour for weird recital,— he related the legend of

LE GÉNIE DE L'ILE PERCÉ.

Sometime during the seventeenth century a young French officer, distinguished for bravery and nobility of character, as well as of birth, was ordered to Canada. Not hesitating at the call of duty, his heart misgave him at the thought of separation from the lady of his love, a beautiful woman to whom he was soon to have been married. Years might pass ere they could see each other, and as the fair one pondered on the possibilities of his life in that far-away and wild country, her anguish was augmented by the thought that they might never meet again. Though she had been so delicately nurtured and shielded, she did not hesitate to face danger and hardship for his sake, but promised to accompany some friends sailing later for "La Nouvelle France," there to be united to him, for better, for worse, in Quebec. In those times there were fierce marauders on the seas, and before "L'Esperance," with the fair bride-elect among her passengers, had proceeded very far upon her voyage, she was captured by a Spanish pirate. The crew and passengers were put to death with the exception of the French lady, whose rare loveliness fascinated the chief of the buccaneers. Enraged at the obduracy of his captive,

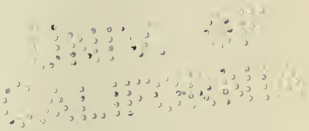
the pirate locked her in the cabin; but she, taking her life in her own hands, leaped from the window into the sea. Infuriated at the escape of his victim, the pirate continued on his course, hoping to secure prizes among merchantmen bound to or from Quebec. The next night after the suicide of the unfortunate *fiancée*, the ship was rounding Cap Canon, and approaching L'Ile Percé, when, to the horror of all, a white and floating figure appeared upon the Rock. The wicked sailor and his men knew this in an instant as the wraith of the unhappy French woman. Crew and captain were panic stricken; a strange numbness crept over them, their limbs grew heavy and seemed almost powerless. The phantom still hovered over the rock waving its arms menacingly. The captain steered for Gaspé Bay; the vessel; sailing in a strangely labored manner, seemed to be settling in the water, while the lethargy of all the men increased in unaccountable manner. Slowly and more slowly the vessel moved; presently she seemed to stand still, and in an instant barque and crew became petrified, a solid mass of rock which still resembled a ship under sail.[1] As Ship Rock it was known in olden times, and after a prodigious

[1] In March, 1902, from San Francisco came a marvelous tale, of two petrified ships, discovered by a Chandelar Indian huntsman, on the side of a mountain which slopes toward the Arctic Ocean. His story was discredited, but it is said that several hunters went with him next day to prove it, and were overcome with awe and almost with terror at the sight. They brought away clumsy and ponderous utensils, and the assertion is made that scientists and other investigators have gone to the mouth of Porcupine River to convince themselves.

storm and earthquake it sank into the sea. The phantom still haunts Le Rocher Percé, keeping watch over good sailors, but luring evil ones to destruction on these capes and wild shores.

Though the two friends still found plenty to interest them, their peculiar associate and Jehu amused them because of his impatience at his own inability to converse with some of the people; a fact which he attributed entirely to their dullness, not to want of comprehension. "No matter how loud he might shout at them, they *wouldn't* understand." He, therefore, declared, "That irrigates me, and when yous two ain't round to interpretate for me I might zwell sit dum 'z stone. And when yous does come they kin talk tu wanst, all right, and that disencourages me too. When one o' them fellers attackted me with his lingo I was just nowhar. I don't see what's the use of having such a no 'count, no talk speech as that."

Ferland says: "Les Paspébiacs ne seraient certainement pas des ornements dans un salon; pour la science et pour les lettres ils figuraient assez tristement à côté d'un Arago ou d'un Chateaubriand. Ils paraissent vifs et emportés et cependant ils sont toujours prêts à rendre service; ils parlent avec vehémence et à tue-tête, de sorte qu'on les croirait fâchés, tandis qu'ils se disent des douceurs. Un Paspébiac crie-t-il à son voisin, 'Taise-toi ou je t'enforce un croc dans le gau,' il lui fait un compliment qu'on n'addresse qu'aux plus intimes amis." But that was



PASPÉBIAC, P. Q., A FRENCH FISHING STATION ON THE COAST.

many years ago; the manners of the "Jersiais," as they are called, have improved since.

Fishermen of Paspébiac "come out" from France in April, and return in November. They are dubbed "Pasby Jacks" by landsmen. The peculiar and picturesque sand spit, with its giant's handful of toy buildings, was formerly governed almost like a military post; the great gates of the bridge being locked at certain hours, and no one allowed "ashore;" no married men were employed, and there were other stringent rules.

The fishy and tarry atmosphere of this shore infected Cahill, and in his studies among the toilers of the sea he picked up much piscatorial lore, and some bits of superstition, so natural among sea-faring people. Thus he learned that all species of fish have the habit of suddenly appearing or disappearing from any part of the ocean without any apparent reason, herring being most noted for this; those Bedouins, or vagabonds of the sea, as they might be called, appear in stupendous shoals in certain places, remaining sometimes for several days, then in an hour will vanish utterly. Myriads fall a prey to the voracious maws of monsters of the deep, and possibly some form of fishy telegraphy gives warning of the approach of their enemies, hence their migrations, though, said Jonquil, "This wouldn't serve Mr. Haddock, he being proverbially deaf." It is a well-known fact that if, through carelessness or overweighting, a net is broken and

herring being killed thereby sink to the bottom, their fellows avoid that spot in future. In 1884 a stupendous school of mackerel appeared in the English Channel, causing a rushing sound like a heavy sea; the people would not buy them, even for a trifle, or take them to use as manure and the Cornish fishermen (who deserve remembrance by the S. P. C. A.) carried 30,000 far from shore and restored them to their native element. The superstitions of fishermen are curious. When fishing it will never do to talk of pigs,— could there be tradition among the finny denizens of the deep about the herd of swine which were driven into the sea? "Probably," said Cahill, "they are not so fond of *deviled ham* as I am!" A good fishing ground is spoiled if a church is built near, for fish don't like churches. "Naturally," said the jolly artist, "and here the weeks are reckoned in the order in which fish is served. See that odd figure over there, how plainly he says:

> We scale, we split, we salt, we dry;
> We bake, we boil, we broil, we fry;
> Tho' many 'queer fish' here you see,
> Don't count us in that category.

On the coast of England and Sweden the people believe that fish object to the sound of bells and will travel far to get beyond hearing of them. Clergymen are obnoxious to the denizens of the deep; not long ago, in Lancashire, when the pastor of a seaboard parish remonstrated with the men for non-attendance at church, the fishermen met on the beach

and burned the parish in effigy, to propitiate the fish! It seems that for women they have particular dislike. In Skye, if a woman goes out on the water during the fishing that catch is spoiled; there'll be no luck at all, and the fish will be *dished* prematurely. In Germany a woman must not even touch the nets, unless she first repeats the Lord's Prayer; in Lapland, also, this belief is common. Why women should exert such sinister influence no one can surmise.[1]

Much of this important information was imparted by Jonquil on their daily drives or water-trips. The Indians interested him and he declared that, being of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he felt a special affinity for the *Micmacs*.

Famous among sportsmen are the Gaspé canoes, which are made by an almost extinct tribe, the Montagnais (descendants of the Souriquois,) at the reservation of St. Marjorique. These boats, shaped like the bark canoe, have frames of ash or oak, covered with thin cedar.

For a last evening on the water the trio embarked, though Tim called attention to the fact that there was "a circumstance around the moon," evidently considering that such remarkable phenomenon boded no good. His strong arms, however, propelled their

[1] No savant has been able to account for or explain the movements of the mackerel; they are literally "here to-day, gone to-morrow," and after appearing with the regularity of clock-work, on certain coasts, vanish as absolutely as if they had never been seen there.

bewitching craft over the placid water, and soon carried them far beyond the towering Rocher Percé. Then far over the water floated sweet, flute-like strains from a voice warbling a plaintive old song of the French habitans; the enunciation being so clear, the tones so artistically projected, that even the words could be distinguished by the listening trio; the oarsman at silent signal from Cahill having halted the fairy craft. The grave and quiet physician, who had been reclining and apparently deeply absorbed in thought, suddenly sat erect as if electrified, listening with utmost intensity. His lips at first tightly compressed, parted; unconsciously he breathed a name, and whispered, "That voice! — here? Should I not know it even in another world? Yet, it *cannot* be!" It was only the matter-of-fact and unromantic Tim who heard and pondered, when his *vis-à-vis*, with a sigh, threw himself back and dropped his head on his hands, as the mysterious voice died away in the distance. To the bird of night, however, had come a sudden flash of illumination; that name, whispered scarce audibly,— where had he heard it? Yes; in the pathetic entreaties, imploring utterances of a delirious man in the preceding winter; and the recollection impelled the boatman to more vigorous effort, as he skilfully guided his craft in the direction whence the voice had come. Even Cahill had been lost in artistic dreaming, but now seemed to come to himself and realize that something had strangely stirred his

A Farmer Cordwood Farm on the Mountain Side, Fifty Miles Below Quebec

friend, though he wisely said nothing. And then the mist, which had been unnoticed as it gradually gathered around them, became more dense, as the fog in fleecy folds rolled in from the sea, obscuring the moon and almost obliterating the great rock, until they were directly under its wall. If the other boat had passed under the arch, so likewise did this, but the maid of the mist had vanished as if she were the veritable phantom of that singular freak of nature; and the trio stepped ashore in silence, the Owl remarking, *à propos* of nothing, apparently: "Shadders we are, shadders we pursoos." Whether or not Sturgis fancied himself misled by a freak of the imagination, he made no effort to discover the owner of the voice, and put no obstacle in the way of their return to Gaspé.

Singularly reticent was Tim, chary of wise remarks and interesting observations during the return drive; and after they were again settled at the pleasant port, he seemed generally absorbed in profound thought, and absented himself, except at such times as his duties required his attendance on his employers. Then came a sudden and fierce storm, during which the air was filled with the roar of angry surges tumbling on the outer shores, while even the olive-leaden waters of Basin and Bay were greatly troubled. The trio were compelled to solace themselves within doors until the storm had spent its greatest fury, when they would brave the elements sufficiently to visit Cap Rosier, whose awful pro-

montory, rising 900 feet above the sea, was encircled,— as far as eye could reach into the mist,— with foam from the lashing surges tumbling at its base. It was at this point that the French outposts first saw Wolfe's fleet on its way to Quebec; here an emigrant ship was wrecked, and the superstitious fishermen declare that on stormy nights the ghosts of those who then perished reinhabit the poor drowned bodies, and enact again all the distressing scenes of the shipwreck, rending the air with their shrieks.

One day Tim informed his employers that one of his old acquaintances among the shore folk had met with his death in the storm,— the grandeur of which had so impressed them,— the boat with the poor fisherman's body having been cast ashore on the Cape. It transpired that Tim had been working in a quiet way as self-constituted temperance advocate among the salts, and had remonstrated with this one, endeavoring to show the poor fellow the wrong he was doing to his family as well as himself. "I tell you," said he, "there ain't no porticos tied up with gold chains hangin' at their parlor door, and no bic-bracks or what-dj'er-callums stuck up around them rooms; they're *orful* poor. Only fer his wife's bein' such a heartsome woman I'd never took no interest in him, he was such a mizzible case. An' how he'd talk! oh, scissors! — in our argymints he'd talk fifteen to the dozen, and nothing in what he said; and he was getting that nervous from drink

seem'd like zif he'd squirm into a teapot and out at the nose, as they used to say where I was brung up. Said he had somethin' like dropasy, and had to take somethin' fur it; I said, 'Yes, a drop I see too much, very often.' The other fellers used to help him some, coz of his family; but as for him, he was coarse-grained. *I* said he 'hadn't no grain at all, fur'z I could see,— was all *chaff*.' Well, so long as the Doctor here has engaged me regular as his coachman when he goes back, I've told the widder I'll 'dopt one o' her boys, and she 'greed to it, an' says it'll be a great constellation to her." ("Ursa Minor!" ejaculated Cahill in parenthesis.) "There's a hard lookout ahead for 'em here," continued Tim, "and after my boy gets his edgycashun — fer I'll give him what *I* didn't get — I'll send him to the *Ident*ical College, and set him up with a 'perfeshun.'"

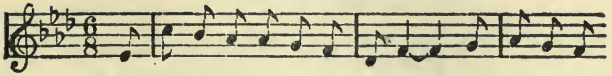
This long preamble led to the information that the summer guests of the village had arranged to give a concert for the benefit of the destitute family, and of course Doctor and Artist must help swell the audience and the receipts. A fine new barn was to serve as music hall, and was decorated with young firs and trailing vines in effective manner; and it was proved that quite a creditable programme could be produced even at such short notice, and in such an unfashionable resort. The interest of the occasion culminated in the appearance of the star of the evening, a tall, fair, graceful woman, whose finely

trained voice enthralled the audience. As an encore and in compliment to the French people, she sang one of their old songs, in which a favorite theme ("beautiful eyes") naturally figures.

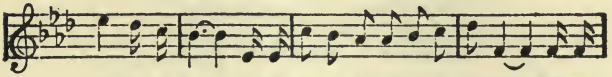
Seated at a little distance from the two friends Tim riveted his gaze on Sturgis at the appearance of the fair unknown; and he nodded sagely as of one who would say, "I know it; I told you so," for behold the young physician's face had become pallid and set as if carved in marble, though he listened breathlessly to the voice which it required no bird of wisdom to tell him that they had heard so recently at Percé. When the audience, well pleased with such a rare treat, were dispersing, Sturgis, as if impelled by irresistible force, made his way to the lady; and Tim at the same moment appearing beside Cahill hurried him out of the building, the artist perceiving that there was a mystery, and ready to be enlightened. The astute Tim made a significant gesture towards two tall figures which the moonlight revealed moving away in opposite direction, so entirely absorbed in each other as to have forgotten all else apparently, and Tim exclaimed, excitedly, "I thought you was knowing to it; but it don't make no odds, it's all right now, I'm sure. This wan't no happenstance, and my Doctor'll be happy now, an' he deserves to be;" then, with a chuckle, "I had a hand in it, and the largest hand too!"— as he spread and waved that sizable member before the eyes of the amused but satisfied artist.

LES BEAUX YEUX. *

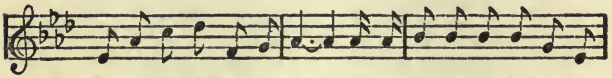
("Beautiful Eyes.")



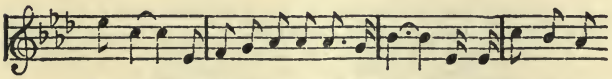
Les yeux noirs brillant, etin- cel - le, Les yeux bleus sont
Ah, black eyes are brilliant and shining, But blue eyes are



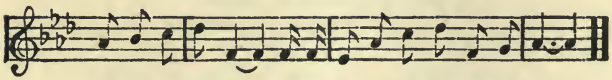
tendre et doux; Dans leurs dispute é - ternelle Preten-
tender and dear; For the dark eyes man e'er would be pining, Yet the



dent régner seuls sur nous. Chacun voudrait la pre - fer-
blue he would always wish near. Their dispute is unending, e-



en - ce L'un parle pour, et l'autre contre; Enfin ce pro-
ternal; In turn each would hold one in thrall, Love alone in this



cès et importance Se - ra jugé que parl'amour.
contest su- per- nal Can decide which shall reign over all.

LES BEAUX YEUX.[1]

Les yeux noirs brillant, étincelles,
Les yeux bleus sont tendres et doux;
Dans leurs disputes eternelles
Pretendent régner seuls sur nous.

[1] This, and "Les Yeux Bleus" are not among the oldest songs of the habitans and French-Canadians; they might have been issued about sixty years ago, and probably could not be found now in print. (I have not tried to make literal translations of any of the songs.)

Chacun voudrait la preference
L'un parle pour, et l'autre contre;
Enfin ce procès et importance
Sera jugé que par l'amour.

Jamais procès et l'audience
N'avait causé tant et embarras
Les noirs, les bleus, pour leur defences
Avaient de nombreux avocats,
Pour témoins les baisers de flamme,
Pour defenseurs mille soupirs,
Pour preuve les troubles de l'âme,
Et pour apporter leurs désirs.

Les noirs sont sujets au caprice,
On ne peut les voir sans danger;
Les bleus n'ont point tant d'artifice,
Ils sont moins exposés à changer.
Dans les noirs j'ai mis mon délire,
Dans les bleus ma tendre langeur;
L'ésprit dans les yeux noirs respire,
Puis dans les bleus c'est la douceur.

L'amour terminent leur querelle
Par un trait judicieux,
Avec les yeux noirs on est belle,
On est belle avec les yeux bleus.
Les bleus marquent plus de tendresse,
Les noirs plus de vivacité;
Les noirs annoncent la finesse,
Les bleus annoncent la bonté.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Ah! black eyes are brilliant and shining,
But blue eyes are tender and dear;
For the dark eyes, man e'er would be pining,
Yet the blue he would wish always near.
Their dispute is unending, eternal;
In turn each would hold one in thrall,
Love alone in this contest supernal
Can decide which shall reign over all.

Sure never among us poor mortals
Was e'er such continued dispute,
From the dawning of life to its portals
Those eyes speak, yet ever are mute.

One's glance thrills like ardor-flamed kisses,
  Another's calls forth thousand sighs;
The soul amidst rapturous blisses
  Is tossed, as on waves, by those eyes!

Dark eyes may be changeful, capricious,
  (In danger thou art, e'en to view!)
The blue may be restful, delicious,
  One beholds them with joy ever new.
One swoons in those shadows unmeasured,
  In azure deeps, languorous, rests;
Brunette's glance is ardently treasured:
  Though flying to Blondine's behest.

The one to decide this contention
  Is he before whom all must bow,
'Tis Love, and that Judge's invention
  Is this; then his fiat hear now!
Those paramount, if you'd discover
  — Tho' searching the wide world around —
Are those wherein each ardent lover
  His own love returned sure has found!

VEUVE CHAMPROMIS

St. Cécile du Bic.

VEUVE CHAMPROMIS

IN lachrymose mood was "Ste. Cécile du Bic;" and, as the gray mists blotted out the landscape, the mental mercury of a certain sportsman seemed to sink to zero, as he alighted from the train and beheld such discouraging prospect. Within the quaint and neat houses, however, cheer and comfort were to be found, and the traveler's spirits rose as he surveyed the interior of his abiding-place. The floors, painted bright yellow, were strewn with gayest home-made rugs; the window shades, starched stiff as paper, were made ornate, according to the taste of the habitans, by semi-circular plaitings at the lower edge, like foolscap fans made by school children. The stove, a curious structure, was set into an opening in the partition between two rooms, thus presenting broadsides to adjoining apartments,— an ingenious arrangement for economizing heat,— and in summer screened by hangings of bright crétonne. A southeast gale was blowing, trying its best to twist to breaking the sturdy and prim poplars,— those arboreal grenadiers so appropriate to the foreign-seeming village,— and threatening to lift the wide-curving roofs as it whistled under their broad eaves.

Towards evening the wind suddenly shifted to the northwest, the cloud curtain lifted sufficiently to reveal a broad band of gold above the water, and to permit the sun's javelins to shoot out beneath; thus revealing to the stranger's view, as he stepped out on the "galerie," every detail of the landscape. What a picture met his gaze! Capes, islands,— one shaped precisely like a haystack peeping over a near roof,— and the mountains inland; the eye gloated on the scene.

Opposite to Pécheur Melilotte's stood a rather more elegant domicile, whose broad eaves stretched widely enough to be supported on rustic pillars, forming a pleasant piazza or *galerie*. This instantly absorbed the stranger's gaze, causing him to decide that the French village might prove to have great allurements after all; for upon this *galerie* there soon appeared a lithe and graceful figure, which, with its brilliant eyes, floating ringlets, warm coloring and tasteful, though extremely simple, attire, might have attracted attention anywhere.

By means of wary questions Mr. Hugh Cresswell learned of Melilotte that his respected "voisine" was Veuve Champromis, and the demoiselle, the vision of the *galerie*, her niece Félicie. If the astute observer who is so likely to be on hand at such times had at this juncture put in an appearance, he would have become convinced of the diaphanous nature of the young stranger's manœuvres, whereby he endeavored to obtain the acquaintance of fair Félice.

A French-Canadian Inn.

Through letters from business houses in Montreal introducing him, Melilotte was inveigled into presentation of Cresswell to Mme. la Veuve, and she, in time, seemed to permit, though she did not encourage, the beginning of acquaintance with the young girl, who also seemed singularly indifferent to the man's efforts to interest her. This served to put him upon his mettle, for he had "laid the flattering unction to his soul" that he was rather a fascinating person.

He seemed to find it easier to win the good opinion of Veuve Champromis,— the fine, strong character, with quite the air of a dame of the old régime,— and finally it seemed that the niece could no longer withstand such assiduous efforts, for she became more gracious. As the young man was absent during the days, and the girl probably engaged in household affairs, it happened that their meetings had always been in the twilight,— a dangerous time, as many people know,— when on the piazza, with the old woman engaged at her knitting close by, they engaged in converse on various topics, and Cresswell exerted himself to the utmost to exercise his blandishments.

Thus it came about that the youth waxed confidential some persons seeming to have such tendency at those seductive hours "between light and dark." Félicie was made acquainted with the fact that he maintained a correspondence with an entrancing young lady then in Europe, the wily one even reading to her portions of the letters; this to show the bril-

liant style of the epistles as proving the writer a superior person, and also *his* irresistibility. Of course the unsophisticated country girl could not see through such transparent diplomacy, and Mr. Hugh would gain an immense advantage in thus impressing her. Could it be? Yes! The fair Félicie turned away with a sigh now and then, and her color rose or faded as she listened; all of which assured the interesting Cresswell of a new conquest, and induced him to essay the crowning test,— the production of a photograph of the absent one, and the assurance that it was the resemblance of this fair maid to that one, which had first made him resolve to know her.

"'Twas ever thus!" What forlorn widower has not won the second mate by such assurance? — she reminded him so much of his lost one, in whom he was perfectly wrapped up, as every one knew; though an unprejudiced observer would declare they were as unlike as day and night. "So runs the world away," and therefore of course the fair unknown was seen in the picture possessed of smooth, lustrous locks, sleekly brushed away from her face, thin spirituelle countenance, and eyes of no particular character which looked out through "pince-nez;" whereas the gypsyish French Canadian's graceful head was covered with luxuriant ringlets, her face, though fine in feature, showed more rounded contour, and the large dark eyes were fairly scintillant. The man did admit, in spite of these discrepancies, apparently invisible to him, that there was one distinct dissimilarity;

she had not that bewitching lisp, which made Félicie's French still more attractive than it might have been otherwise.

The fair Canadienne seemed to be on the best of terms with the other young girls, her neighbors, though had they been more used to the ways of the world they might have been jealous of her charms, which won for her the all-absorbing attention of the fine-looking sportsman, as well as a large share of the less polished gallantry of the village youths, on their excursions and *jours des fêtes*. The stranger was surprised at her more elegant language and pronunciation, her general air of better education; but allusions made by the other girls to her school days in Quebec accounted for this.

Finally the gallant stranger had positively asseverated that his fair foreign correspondent had quite faded from his memory, and, if he had not yet asserted that the fascinating Félicie had completely supplanted her, it was only that he awaited suitable opportunity for such disclosure. He listened entranced to all that Félicie said, and found the legendary lore of the neighborhood a particularly interesting study, when she became raconteur; as, for instance, when they had climbed one of the hills in late afternoon, and were surveying the islands of the St. Lawrence. Noticing the similarity in shape of many of the isles and headlands, resembling animals crouching, ready to spring, he learned that these are the dogs of Glooscap. When the Odin of the aborigines

sailed away from the Basin of Minas in his stone canoe they sprang to meet him as he entered the harbor *en route* to his own wild realm of the Saguenay, but with a wave of the hand the Indian god turned them to stone, thus to remain until all the world is at peace, and only then will they return to life and their proper shape again.

Then Cresswell asked about L'Esprit du Bois, the mysterious visitant of the ravine beyond the village, reported by farm-hands and fishermen, and firmly believed by them to be superhuman; but Félicie, it seemed, had not heard of this, but only expressed desire to behold the marvelous phantom of those sombre shades, and related instead the story (partly historic, partly legendary), of L'Ile du Massacre in the harbor. There, in a cave, two hundred Micmacs were entrapped by Iroquois, who built a great fire at the cavern's mouth, and shot down, one by one, their enemies, as they were forced to emerge to escape suffocation. In the moaning of the tide, the sighing of the wind, do not their descendants to this day believe that the unquiet spirits protest at their treacherous taking off?

Mr. Cresswell's vacation was drawing to a close, and, his business requiring his return by a certain time, for a last holiday the Saguenay excursion was proposed. Veuve Champromis and her lovely charge agreed to meet the party of young residents of Bic, who duly betook themselves to Rivière-du-Loup, where, while awaiting the great steamboat, they vis-

ited the fine cascade, of which Champlain speaks as "a very pleasant river, extending some twenty leagues into the interior, which I called St. Suzanne." (The present name is derived from the seal, the *loup-marin*, which frequent these waters.)

Steadily across the wide expanse of the grand highway of Canada,— thirty miles wide at this point,— steered the great vessel, towards a break in the mountain chain, and, as the golden glory deepened into vivid scarlet, seemed to enter the very portals of sunset. While halting at L'Anse à l'Eau the crescent hanging above the wild rocky heights shone out brightly, apparently reaching over to see its own silver reflection in the black water; and the shadows of night gathered around the daring intruders who thus ventured into this region of mystery and wonder, the Iron Gate of the North; where, in 1643, the first explorer, Jean François de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, entered, never to return.

Veuve Champromis remained constantly near her charge, but was not an obtrusive guardian, and as the vessel moved steadily and stately into the silence of the cold starlit night, the young Bicquois entreated Félicie to relate a legend of the strange and awful river, her pleasantly modulated tones, and the pretty foreign tongue, giving the weird tale a peculiar charm.

THE TITAN'S BRIDE.

Thousands of years ago this region was more beautiful than a dream; the heights covered with magnificent trees, the slopes with verdure. Flowers bloomed in profusion in the glens, and the glad carol of myriads of birds filled the air with melody. Balmy airs laden with perfume floated languidly over the scene. Here lived the King of the Titans, who, dying childless, left his realm in turmoil because of a dispute between the leaders of two rival factions, each of whom considered himself the only proper aspirant to the throne.

The laws of the giants provided that in such a case as this the kingdom should fall to the lot of one who could succeed in securing for a wife the handsomest woman among the dwellers on earth, though she must not be of the Titan race. The disputants, who had almost come to blows when the decree was promulgated, suspended hostilities, and the rivals set out in opposite directions upon their quest, traveling to the uttermost parts of the world. Finally in the most distant realm they met, both having been drawn thither by the report of a princess the renown of whose marvelous beauty had been spread all over the globe.

Naturally this "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," had troops of suitors already, among them being two who were specially favored by this exquisite being; and now a great council

was called to decide what should be done, and all the mighty potentates of the land sat in solemn conclave for many days and nights. Though the Titans were so powerful, and could easily carry off the fair creature, their laws would not permit of such proceeding, but the wondrous beauty must be allowed free choice. It was decided that the princess must first see the distant realm whence the strangers had come; therefore, accompanied by the two suitors from among her people who had found most favor in her sight, she was to travel to the domains of the giants, and there, deciding between the merits of the four, choose one for her husband.

Meanwhile dreadful events were taking place in the Saguenay region. There were at this period good and evil spirits dwelling about all rivers, streams and lakes. The good genii worked on behalf of the Titans by causing beneficent moisture to rise from the waters, making the land fertile, producing favoring winds, and assisting their masters in traversing the country by means of these waterways. The evil spirits endeavored to counteract this by causing contrary winds, opposing currents in the streams, and seasons of drought over the land, so there was endless contention and strife.

At last, in a terrific conflict in the Saguenay gorge, near Tadousac, the evil spirits became victorious, but could not exterminate the good spirits, for these latter saved themselves by assuming the form of white whales. Only the leader of the wicked spirits can

behold the white whales without being annihilated, consequently the evil genii became exterminated by the spectacle, and their king, being able to travel only by water, is held prisoner in this river, as he cannot pass the whale guard at its mouth. This battle of the contending giants was the cause of a war of the elements; thunder crashed in astounding detonations, every peal repeated ten times from the towering crags, while bolts fell seething into the Stygian stream, or caused the forests to burst into flame, and the earth to heave in agony.

In the midst of this direful tempest, more appalling than imagination could picture, the princess, in company with her two lovers and the two giants, had just reached a point not far from Cape Trinity, and endeavored to find shelter. After raging many days, however, the storm culminated in the destruction of the giants and all their race; also the princess and her lovers.

The good spirits, compassionating the death of the beauteous being, caused the one whom she would have favored to be turned to stone and placed like a monstrous sentinel at the entrance of a cavern, within which, one thousand feet above the black water, the princess sleeps until the world shall be destroyed. This monumental or statue-rock fell through the ice many years ago, and when into this stern region comes a mortal who has attained perfection, and so can annihilate the king of the evil spirits (still held

prisoner by the white whales), then this dreary, barren region will again blossom like the rose.

Long ere this the young moon had disappeared behind vast walls of black rock, the stars shone out with peculiarly remote and cold light. Their young companions at this point withdrew into the cabin, and Veuve Champromis apparently dozed, with her head leaning against a window frame. The young man impetuously urged Félicie to take "just two or three turns on the deck," before she went, and then, no longer resisting the spell which had seemed to be more and more closely enchaining him, began to pour passionate protestation and appeal into the fair girl's ear.

It was not inaptly timed, and seemed an auspicious moment for a declaration,— (Mr. Cresswell had an eye for effect, and had calculated on this),— but the demoiselle was non-committal, answering apparently half jestingly, half in earnest; endeavoring to check his impassioned utterances. At last she replied seriously, although seeming to yield to a peculiarly whimsical fancy, asseverating that she would consult "L'Esprit du Bois" on their return. Though baffled and puzzled, with his eloquent asseverations abruptly checked, the man did not lose confidence, but rather sought to give the impression that he gained thereby, as he playfully reminded his fair companion that "the woman who deliberates is lost." At this

juncture the elderly guardian roused herself and marshaled her fair charge to their room, Cresswell being left alone to think it all over, to study astronomy, certain that his lucky star was among those scintillators, or to resign himself to the care of Morpheus.

The steamer ploughed steadily on through the dark, still night, and sunrise found them anchored at the point known to the Indians as Hesknewaska (Ha-ha Bay), where a strange wild scene greeted the view. The sky was covered with flying scud; just above the horizon a lurid and angry-looking band of yellow and red stretched back of the promontories guarding the opening of this curious elbow of the river, the colors reflected in tossing wavelets, and, nearer, merging into olive tints and greenish-gray, like molten metal. Onward the steamer went to the pretty town at the head of navigation (which seems out of place in this remote region), and thence retracing her course, passed down the mighty gorge.

From the now leaden sky, occasionally a sorrowful little shower drifted over the heights. Vast masses of rock looming up on either shore wore no warm color, but were all stern gray,— granite, hard as iron, looking particularly cold with its thin growth of stunted trees,— and the scene bore a hard, severe aspect, which, however, seemed fitting, and enhanced the sense of solitude and loneliness. Occasional pale, watery gleams broke through the clouds, but one could hardly imagine a brilliantly blue and sunny sky

arching the prodigious chasm; it would seem incongruous. Even those among the party who had seemed the most light-hearted became subdued and awed by the majestic grandeur and wonder of their surroundings, and a solemn hush fell on all. The sense of awe became almost oppressive as each one gazed on the towering and bare storm-scarred cliffs. Then the echoes, carrying to most distant ravines and gorges the sounds of the vessel, repeated, augmented and exaggerated the hissing of the stream, the puffing of the engines, the dashing of the paddle-wheels, until all the wild chasms and rocky fastnesses seemed filled with unimagined goblins protesting at such intrusion. Steaming steadily onward, leaving the grandest heights far in the distance, it appeared most fitting that the showers should become more frequent and persistent, dropping successive curtains of gray, until the weird region thus faded from sight and enveloped itself more securely in the mystery which for a short time the voyagers had ventured to penetrate. Later, on emerging into the greater river, behold sunshine and soft breeze, with a long swell from the gulf, imparting a slow, dreamy, soothing swing to the vessel. The passengers seemed relieved from a strange spell as they thus came back to the world again.

Cresswell, with the impatient ardor of a lover, urged his suit, and Félicie playfully dared him to accompany her to consult "L'Esprit du Bois," declaring that only then would she redeem her promise

and give her answer. Through the pine woods weird and dark the wind sighed eerily; struggling moonbeams sifted through the branches: an appropriate spot it was for spectral manifestations. Félicie, enveloped in a long black cloak, accompanied by her faithful shadow Champromis, indicated a point where Cresswell must station himself at one tree, and she would do likewise at a little distance, whence they could behold the apparition at a cleared space just beyond. Sombre and black stood the stately pines. Some, hung with moss, were bearded like Capuchins; and beyond them again stood great silver birches in spectral array, the moonlight, slanting through dark branches, shimmering on their white trunks.

Then, indeed, Cresswell started, and experienced a singular thrill as he became aware of a white figure moving towards the clearing, at which place it paused, clearly revealed in the moonlight. A mass of waving dark hair was held back from the face by a band of sparkling gems, sleeves of a clinging robe in Grecian style fell away from beautifully rounded graceful arms, and classic sandals covered dainty feet. The phantom waved its arms, reaching out as in earnest entreaty; it knelt and drooped as in abject despair; it posed and gesticulated, posturing entrancingly. Cresswell beheld as if spellbound, hardly daring to breathe deeply, so fearful was he of dispelling the vision. Finally, as if impelled by irresistible force, he rushed forward with outstretched arms, exclaiming, in tones in which amazement, doubt, en-

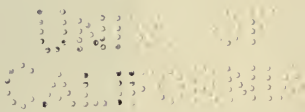
treaty, ecstasy, were strangely mingled, "Alethea!" Then the vision spoke, in clear, cold tones, enunciating: "Claire, Félicie, Alethea le Mesurier, whom you once knew as Althea Masury."

The man could not find words with which to question the fair being, and she, seating herself on a fallen tree, as if fearful that her strength would be taxed by the recital, prefaced her explanation by displaying in her slender palm a tiny white pebble, of which she remarked, "I have classic authority for producing a lisp."

"Her letters continuing to come from abroad?" "Oh, that was easily managed; they were sent to a schoolmate traveling there, who posted them from various points. Before her departure she had become somewhat doubtful of the absolute sincerity of a very near and dear friend. She thought absence might prove a test, but incontrovertible evidence of his faithlessness had been sent to her there. She could not believe it, but resolved to prove to herself. During this time she had endured a slow and wasting fever, from which, however, she had arisen with renewed powers. Though she had been compelled to have her hair entirely shorn, the new growth had come in ambrosial fashion, quite changing her appearance, and a foreign oculist had effected a cure of weakness of the eyes, so *pince-nez* were discarded. Then, while abroad, she had decided to devote herself to histrionic study; and by the name unfamiliar to her auditor (except as he had read of her triumphs) she

had attained a position which assured a comfortable living for the future. She had also been enriched by a large legacy which had come to her while in France from an eccentric relative, formerly of French Guiana. This woman, living like an anchorite, yet had a fancy for rich baubles, and had put much of her property into a gorgeous necklace, which she had collected and added to at various times during Bohemian wanderings. This had proved not such a senseless proceeding after all, as, at a time of mutiny and pillage in the East, the old woman, in simplest attire, with nothing in her hands, had coolly walked away, unquestioned and unscathed, with the string of gems securely covered by and wound into the coil of grizzled hair at the back of her head!"

It had seemed that the picturesque narrator had spoken in intense though repressed excitement. This reminiscence apparently amused her as she related it, and her tone became less cold and measured; at this point, however, she continued. She had promised her faithful friend, Veuve Champromis,— her so-called aunt, in reality her governess and caretaker in girlhood,— that she would not acknowledge her betrothal to Mr. Hugh Cresswell until a certain time had elapsed. Madame had been her chaperon and companion during her foreign sojourn, and Félicie, anxious to try her histrionic powers, had become possessed of the fancy to return incognito and test a certain young man. She had heard that while representing himself as a gentleman of wealth and leisure



Islands of Bic Harbor.

he was in reality merely a commercial traveler, who had a way of ingratiating himself among the unsuspecting people, now and then amusing himself "winning a country heart for pastime ere he went to town;" and it even was whispered that he had a wife over at Cap à l'Aigle.

Félicie arose, and the conscience-stricken man gazed speechlessly at a glittering ring which she dropped into his hand, as L'Esprit du Bois and the faithful attendant shadow vanished among the pines.

STATISTICS OF THE SAGUENAY.

In 1603 de Monts (Pierre du Guast) had obtained exclusive privilege to trade from Terreneuve to fifty degrees north latitude, and equipped four vessels, one of which traded at Tadousac. The vessels were under the care of Champlain, who at Tadousac found numbers of savages who had come to sell skins. He minutely describes their canoes, which struck him with wonder. Charlevoix's map was creditable, and quite accurate for his time. Under the French government the interior of Canada was better known than it was after the establishment of English rule.

The region of the Saguenay and Lake St. John formerly formed part of a great tract known as the "Domaine du Roi," and was conceded to the "Compagnie des Postes du Roi." An approximate though not exact estimate of its extent is made in saying that it stretched between forty-eight and fifty de-

grees north latitude, and between sixty-five and seventy-four degrees west longitude; these limits continued until 1840, "at which epoch it was handed over to the electoral circumspection of the Province of Quebec."

After the cession of Canada to the English the Saguenay territory continued to be cultivated somewhat. The farmers were interested to exclude strangers as much as possible. They wished to maintain their monopoly, to hinder competition, to keep to themselves the resources of the country, and therefore jealously guarded their secret whenever the renewal of the lease was agitated. It was on this account that so little was known of this territory. Even the various divisions of the Montagnais Indian tribes who roamed through the wilds, wishing to keep to themselves their hunting grounds, discouraged interlopers from venturing thither by representing the region as arid, mountainous, and of frightful aspect.

The fate of the first exploring expedition,—Roberval's, in 1543,—"remains one of the secrets of the time." In 1640, twenty-seven years after the founding of Quebec, the Jesuit De Quen established a mission at Tadousac. In 1672 Père Albanel traveled to Hudson's Bay via rivers Mistassini and Rupert a journey which has been made but once since by a European, the naturalist Michaux. This celebrated French botanist left a legacy to the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. In 1733 Norman-

din, a surveyor, traveled to the northwest of Lake St. John, and " made a faithful and detailed map, but one copy of which is known to exist, that being kept in the Department of Lands of the Crown."

The Indian name of this river was Pitchitamichetz, the present title being a corruption of another Indian name, Saggichecus, signifying " river of precipices." From Lake St. John two streams emerge, which, separated by the Isle d'Alma, meet three leagues below, and form this strange river, which for twelve leagues is " precipitated in cascades, falls and rapids of great turbulence," then " takes a uniform and regular course for seven miles above Chicoutimi flowing thence to Tadousac, diverging always towards the east, a distance of forty leagues. The Indian name Shekutimish signified " far and deep."

Erroneous ideas and statements as to the great depth of the river have been prevalent and generally accepted. " In Bouchette's ' Topographical Dictionary of the Province,' he states that soundings have been made, showing the depth of the river to be three hundred and thirty fathoms, equal to nearly two thousand feet, an error which has been unfortunately too generally believed since the publication of that work." Soundings effected in 1830, by Captain Bayfield, of the English Royal Marine, correct exaggerations which attribute to the Saguenay a depth of fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet, and more than two thousand feet in more than one place; but the mass of the public persist in the error which has

become to-day a sort of tradition, and some continue, notwithstanding scientific demonstrations to the contrary, to believe that the river is unfathomable. Bayfield's map shows that at the very mouth, where, according to common belief, bottom has not been found at three hundred and forty fathoms, the greatest depth does not exceed seventy-six fathoms, and that this increases successively to eighty-eight, one hundred and one hundred and eight fathoms in the space of three or four miles in ascending the river, until it attains its greatest depth, which is one hundred and forty-seven fathoms, between Passe Pierre and L'Anse St. Etienne, about five miles from Tadousac. Moreover, the depth of the Saguenay is extremely variable and changes suddenly; at one point measuring ten fathoms, and a short distance farther on marking eighty fathoms. The depth is most uniform between Cape Eternity and La Descente des Femmes; more than once in this distance it reaches one hundred and forty-five fathoms, and is not less than one hundred fathoms. The former point is thirty-nine miles, the latter forty-seven miles from the mouth of the river.

The "cataclysmic theory" is that the prolonged gorge of the Saguenay was formed by tremendous convulsions of nature, which almost drained Lake St. John,— supposed to have been ninety leagues in length in former ages,— but the general belief at present is that it was in consequence of a gradual wearing away of the rock by frost, moisture and at-

mospheric effects, though earthquake shocks may have assisted in some places.

The white whales (Beluga borealis) which frequent the Saguenay near its confluence with the St. Lawrence are creatures as strange as this resort. They measure fourteen to twenty-two feet in length, each carcass yielding over one hundred gallons of oil, which brings a good price in the market. On the coasts of Siberia and Nova Zembla the white whale fishery is an important and valuable industry, the huge creatures being captured by means of enormous and extremely strong nets. Vessels from Tromsöe alone secured almost three thousand in one season; their value being $30,000. The whale fishery has almost died out in the United States, though it is not yet quite extinct. In twenty-five years the annual product decreased from one hundred thousand barrels of sperm oil to forty-two thousand; whale oil, from three hundred thousand to thirty-five thousand; and bone from five million pounds to four hundred thousand pounds.

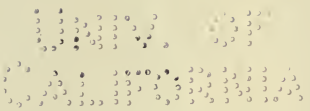
"LAZY BOOLMONG"

"LAZY BOOLMONG"

"TREMBLING, tumbling, crumbling, falling;" such is the meaning of Les Eboulements. A place of earthquakes and landslides! No wonder it is not even indicated on general maps. Probably the significance of the title would be sufficient warning to pleasure seekers to avoid the charming Normanesque region. It was, in this case, however, an enticing title; an alluring cognomen, when pronounced as above, by English residents of Quebec. In this age of life at high pressure there are some who *must* get out of the hurry and bustle at times, or become liable to a woeful giving out of faculties. Yes, that was the spot to aim for; there one could be lazy with an easy conscience, and, entering into the simple pastoral life of the unsophisticated peasants, accumulate avoirdupois and store up strength to withstand the wear of winter avocations.

As the great vessel steamed past the charming Isle of Orleans, Cap Tourmente, whose fine slopes and cerulean hue had been familiar for so long at Quebec, appeared in bold relief, clearly defined from base to summit. The quaint chronicler, Charlevoix, re-

marks, " He that gave this name suffered here by a gust of wind," but angry gales were subdued to balmy breezes at this time. The giants of the Laurentians, " oldest mountains of the world,"— so say scientists,— stand guarding the grand highway, their heads cloud-capped, their feet laved by the flood. The suggestion of Norway is unmistakable, even to those who have not visited that realm of Titans and Jotuns. After four hours of such delightsome navigation, Mt. Eboulements appeared, looming 2,457 feet above the river. Along the shore cottages are scattered, suggesting a straggling procession of penitents making pilgrimage to the far-away church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours on top of the mountain. As this mountain does not stand out from the range like those at Bay St. Paul the height is not so apparent, and may be at first sight disappointing. The singularly-shaped peaks, back of the village on the heights resemble the rounded summits — called " ballons "— of that part of France whence these earliest settlers came. Two or three hundred feet above the river is a stretch of tolerably level farm-land, with picturesque houses, and barns built of logs, with thatched roofs to delight an artist, while far above, apparently among the clouds, stands the village proper. The sides of the mountain are scored with deep ravines, through whose dark, dank clefts beautiful cascades rush down to the great river. The beautiful *Reine des Neiges* allures one to her mys-



Isle aux Coudres, Mont St. Antoine, Cap Corbeau.

terious seclusion, although there is no path, and a rough and tough scramble and slide must be essayed by the prospector.

At the long wharf Monsieur awaited the summering company with *charette* and *quatre-roux*, by means of which vehicles his guests were conveyed to an admirably located house commanding a superb view — Isle-aux-Coudres, Cap Corbeau jutting out beyond, Mont St. Antoine and his fellows trending off to the southwest, "up river," gradually diminishing in size and fading in hue till their tints blended with those of the sky.

Idyllic life, heavenly rest, absolute peace ensued; one could not bear the thought of return to the world's turmoil, and awoke each day with a renewed sense of delight that he could stay. When sailing and fishing lured away the masculine members of the company, Mesdames les Americaines climbed the great mountain by quite a miniature Alpine pass to visit the Seigniory, or strolled along shore. Charming and simple manners pervaded the whole community. Barefooted urchins, on meeting the strangers, instantly doffed hats — (yes, even when "playing horse" at recess),— and in pleasant toned voices [1] gave pretty salutation: "Dieu vous salût,

[1] The mellow, low tones of these country folk strike one at once, in contrast to the voices of people in general in many parts of the States. The children even at play do not shriek or shout. Scientists have remarked that city life has a deleterious effect on voices, causing them to become harsh, nasal, high-pitched.

Mesdames," recalling the less poetic but kindly " Gottesgrüss " of the German peasant.

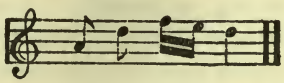
Loom and spinning-wheel were to be seen in all the houses, and Madame proudly displayed the fine materials she had woven and dyed for her winter gowns, — *l'etoffe du pays*, or homespun; and a visit to the queer little building in which these materials are pressed and trimmed was next in order. Here stood in olden times " le moulin du Seigneur;" the present holder and worker in that edifice displayed the processes of grinding and bolting with justifiable pride in his establishment, though it looks so primitive to " States people " now. Decidedly oldtime-y are the farming implements in general, the habitan being conservative and devoted to his ancient methods and tools, though some whose sons have " gone to the States," or who have themselves visited manufacturing towns near the order in New England, have ventured to try hay-tedders! Not larger than a bucket was Madame's churn, which was used on a table, its support consisting of a horse or standard, composed of a bar between X ends. As it is quite possible that it was made of *bass* wood, the Scrivener assumed the office of sponsor and christened it XX Pail. The highest praise that one could give the butter therein manufactured would be to say it would satisfy a Philadelphian, they being well known as connoisseurs of that article.

Dainty and delectable were Madame's viands — crêpes, croquignolles, etc., the former large, thin pan-

cakes rolled and laid in rows on a great platter; the latter a kind of cruller. And then the puddings, poultry, trout, "sardines" (otherwise smelt), fresh from the river; the wild strawberries and raspberries, would delight an epicure. One member of the company gravely quoted from the noted Mrs. M. B. G. E.: "Gastronomic pleasure is a sensuous illusion, a phantasm of the mere mortal mind, which diminishes as we go up the ladder of life," though a wicked twinkle in the eye implied that that person is willing to remain here a while longer and indulge in such pleasures! To drive along the shore at low tide, passing around far outreaching spurs of the mountains, whose overhanging crags look as if they must topple and crush such daring intruders, is an experience worth having, a sensation to be remembered. Thus St. Paul's Bay is reached, and voted pleasing as a little out-of-the-way bit of Switzerland, in miniature.

'Tis a thoroughly French settlement, the whole village and its surroundings foreign seeming. Passengers from the great river boats are deposited on a tiny landing-stage,— a square foundation of huge piles supporting a little lighthouse,— whence sail-boats convey them to the village, two and one-half miles distant. There a row of buck-boards with chaise-like bonnets over the seat,— *quatre-roux*,— stand waiting for passengers, and these peculiar vehicles, as seen from the little "cage," or wharf, are comically suggestive of penguins. At the *Batture* or

dunes (also set down as *Barachois* on old maps), under the pines, was just the correct place," " pour le pique-nique;" and then a return drive over the mountains made amply satisfying termination of the tour. Nautical phraseology seemed natural in such region, where the river is twenty-one miles wide and the people are amphibious; for instance, *embarquer* and *debarquer* are used when requesting one to get into or out of a vehicle. Madame, having been educated in a convent, was reasonably correct in her language, but her maid would say, " Je vais vous enmacher cela, Madame," " Faut-il demancher le lit," " J'ai bouillante le thé," etc. To the country folk midges are *lou lobs*, and the eerie cry which the Americans recognized as the loon —



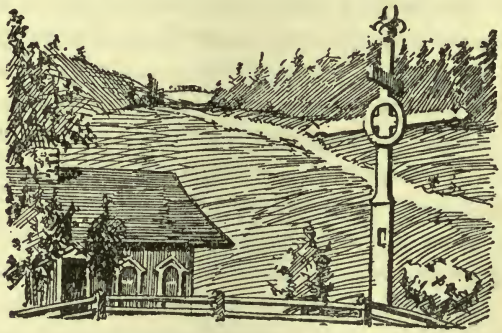
was to them *hibou*. When one looked doubtfully at a bit of mackerel sky Madame said: " Ciel pommelé fille fardei, ne sont pas longue durée." It is not exactly patois which these peasants speak,— the tongue of the " half-breed " might more properly be so designated,— but they use archaic phraseology; their wording is similar to that of earliest settlers if not quite the same. One hears *coop* in place of *tasse; fleur* instead of *farine; patate* for *pomme-de-terre*. In some French colonies *batatas* means yam; and in others the sweet potato is called *batate*. Old France knew nothing of the condition of life in " La Nou-

velle France;" savants of the olden time would have racked their brains over terms which they could *not* put into classic French. Early settlers probably invented some phrases; and words adopted from the Indians were also incorporated into their speech, and handed down through successive generations. There are highly cultivated French families in Quebec who are quite exclusive, and pride themselves on keeping their language pure; but to those who have been frequent visitors to France in the present time it would sound as if even they had stepped out of some ancient book or record of ye olden time.

(A Japanese gentleman of the highest class and most finished education "talks like a book" and sounds old-fashioned. Though his English is perfectly correct, it sounds almost strange to us, as we are careless in our speech; falling into the habit of using set phrases, incorrect terms, and colloquialisms, such as we frequently hear.)

Though the great steamers constantly ply between Quebec, this, and more distant ports, the mail is carried by mounted rider seventy miles. To watch for the "postilion" is a deliciously antiquated bit of romance to spice each day. After the carrier had deposited his budget, and the contents had been sorted, the postmaster liked to chat with the summer guests, and waxed garrulous, sometimes inquisitive. He asked what we paid for board, probably pondering what inducements he might offer to summer loiterers next season; but each one without collusion (except

in hastily exchanged glances) advised him to ask Madame, their hostess, to whom he is related, as, indeed, half the village seems to be, most of them bearing the same name. It is, by the-way, appropriate to a region where *tremblement-de-terre* is an occasional if not frequent visitor, and where aspens (*tremblaie*) abound. An old French novelist and chronicler of La Gaspésie said: "Les Tremblay sont bien, j'en suis charmé; ce sont de brave gens," an



A Wayside Reminder.

opinion with which the Americans heartily concurred.

Mr. Post-Meridian, as the Scrivener called him, grew glib of tongue as he boasted of place and people. He had the audacity to inquire the ages of some of the "dames Americaines," being amazed that they were unmarried, saying there were few maidens in the whole tripartite village over sixteen who were unmarried; he himself being one of a family of twenty-one children. Surveying one "demoiselle" critically, with head tipped sidewise, like an elderly owl,

he hazarded the guess, "and M'lle is perhaps thirty?" Though a big hat covered some gray hairs, M'lle acknowledged that such might be the case, and had the temerity to add, "J'en ai plus que ça," which quite shocked him. He replied, quite commiseratingly, and in English, "It ees dretfle;" then, fearful of having disturbed the lady by his frankness, distressed at having seemed impolite, he endeavored to make amends, and to soothe her supposed-to-be lacerated feelings. Noticing the alpenstock (now utilized as staff of sketching umbrella) which the aforesaid tourist sometimes used in climbing the ravine to her sojourning place he remarked, "Though you are so holt" (with playfully deprecating gesture) "you are not so holt as to need a staff," with a triumphant chuckle at his brilliant pleasantry.

In the early days of the colonies, a bounty was given to young men and girls under sixteen who married before they were twenty years old. Parents having more than ten children received a gratuity. This was revived in 1890 by Quebec, the provincial Parliament giving one hundred acres to parents of twelve or more children. There were then two thousand families entitled to this. In lower Canada there are families of twenty-five and thirty children. Abbé Plinquet was the twenty-eighth child of a family of thirty-five; he died at the age of eighty-one. The Church encourages early marriages.

After an unmistakable sensation at the edge of day Madame asked if her guests were not terrified at the

" tremblement-de-terre," but was assured that it did not agitate them, constituting, as it did, one of the novelties which they had come to seek. The Incorrigible remarked that in such a beautiful spot and such exhilarating atmosphere it was natural for Nature to indulge in ebullitions, but they had no fear of *bouleversement*, although a sandy bluff not far away had been sliced down as if by mortal implements, and was imperceptibly sifting its fine gravel to the level land below. Madame " never could get used to it," though it was not so frequent, or by any means so heavy, as in the days of her grandparents.

Geologists cite proofs of terrible convulsions along this coast, and an ancient chronicler tells of a man who " ran all night to escape a fissure in the earth which chased him," threatening every minute to engulf him. Evidently he had been imbibing fire-water, and some of it must have been spilled in the forests, as the Indians asseverated that the trees reeled as if intoxicated. This was in 1633, when those credulous early settlers and narrators,— who accepted unquestioningly the preposterous tales of Indians anent the one-legged men of the far North and various hobgoblins of their mythology,— told of astounding spectacles. A mountain was uprooted and cast upon Isle-aux-Coudres, making it half as large as before; a terrible maelstrom was formed in the river, which tumbled in angry surges " white as milk," and poor old Mother Earth was afflicted with ague fits from May to August. The whirlpool of La Gouffre, at St. Paul's

ENTRANCE TO BAY ST. PAUL ON THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM THE ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

Bay, is said, has within comparatively few years so filled with sand as to have lost its terrors. Nevertheless, " on the up trip," leaving Les Eboûlements, the tourists encountered,— as they had been warned by Quebec-ers they might,—" a longish bit of bad water there," when, wind and tide being at variance, the vessel seemed to be trying to climb mountains. At the queer little landing stage at St. Paul's Bay, three separate attempts were made to approach the lighthouse. At the first touch a pile was scraped off, at the second a Frenchman jumped aboard, leaving his family tragically gesticulating, evidently supposing themselves deserted on that frightful miniature island; but the third attempt resulted in the family being reunited as the vessel sheered off and carried them away rejoicing.

One member of the party, being a descendant of an old Dutch family of New York State, became interested in studying out the seigneurial system, and comparing it with that of the Patroons, finding considerable similarity. Louis XIV., who was called " the father of New France," introduced into Canada the seigneurial system, which was abolished in 1854.

Le Clerc, in an interesting old book on the " Establishment of the Faith," says that until Louis XIV. came to the throne the settlers in Canada, including those belonging to the Church, those engaged in fur-trade and fisheries, and all other colonists, numbered only twenty-five hundred. Louis made a regular

business of sending out settlers, mostly from the northwestern provinces of France. Many of the first settlers were soldiers, and officers were offered considerable pecuniary inducement to take up their permanent abode in Canada. In 1665-'67 strong, sturdy peasant women were sent out as wives for the soldiers, and women of higher rank as spouses for the officers, and on the marriages being consummated the soldiers received presents of cattle, fowls, money; the officers grants of land, and often money also.

The land thus given was almost invariably along river-courses or on the coast,— water-ways being the highways of the time,— and these long-drawn-out settlements or villages, as they became in time, took the name of the Seigneur. On the maps of the present time is seen Seigneurie de Beaupré, for instance. These villages were called *Côtes*, "a use of the word peculiar to Canada, where it still prevails," as Parkman says. The proprietor, or Seigneur, rented portions of the land to tenants, generally for trifling sums, so revenues were not large. These portions extended in narrow strips from the shore inland, so the tenant had water privilege, land for culture in the middle, and forest in the rear. Tenants ground their grain at the *moulin banal*, or Seigneur's mill, giving one-fourteenth part in payment for the use of the mill. The mills were built of stone, with loop-holes, in order that they might be used as forts in case of necessity.

A peculiar old ceremony, *faire foi et hommage*, was required from vassals to Seigneurs at certain intervals, or when a Seigneury descended to the next heir. The vassal knelt with bared head before the lord of the manor, repeating certain forms of words, promising to pay his dues at proper times, to be loyal to his lord, and asking his master to accept his pledge of faith. The Seigneur himself was obliged te repair to Quebec at stated times, there with much show of ceremony to renew his pledges, and swear fealty to his king. A similar system was in vogue in New York, the Patroon being equivalent to the French Seigneur. The Dutch landowner was indulgent and careless about collecting or requiring payment of his rents, and when at last he demanded acknowledgment of his rights, the tenants had become independent, had imbibed Republican ideas, and resisted, in some cases disguising themselves as Indians and joining the savages in depredations from a revengful spirit towards their Patroon. The government intervened, the courts decided the matter, and in 1846 the feudal system was abolished; eight years before Canada took the same step. Though the system was broken up in 1854 a feeling of loyalty towards the former lord of the manor still lingers among the cultivateurs and habitans. In this season, when a neighboring farmer had met with the loss of a barn by fire, he was consoled by a message from the Seigneury to the effect that "he was to come up,"

and "one could tell what that meant," as he complacently hugged himself at thought of the forthcoming present.

One member of the summering company, being a native of France, was interested in studying the status of the farmer, and Belle Amie was surprised to learn that he has no interest in politics and pays no taxes, although he still tenders rent to the present representative of the seigneurial family, despite the fact that he owns his land himself. This is, however, voluntary, and might be set down on the score of sentiment, his father having been one of the original *Censitaires;* and the sum is so trifling as not to deplete his revenues. After "the Conquest" the government undertook to enforce English laws, but finally the old French law was restored. The Independents asserted their opinion that instruction in English in the schools would have been wise at least, might have prevented race antagonism and prejudice in the present, and undoubtedly more liberal education would have been a great enlightenment and vast benefit to these worthy people, who seem so much "behind the times." When Belle Amie also saw Monsieur's boy helper with pipe in mouth almost constantly, and "wondered if the curé might be asked to warn his people against the pernicious habit," she was informed that the priest himself was a "fumeur."

French Canadian country houses are cool in summer, warm and comfortable in winter, being built of massive squared logs, covered outside and in with

plaster. The windows, always ponderous casements, have double sashes for winter. In the cities these outer sashes usually have one pane hinged to give ventilation. Such little doors are known as *tirette, guichet,* or *vasistas;* the latter name, however, cannot be found in French dictionaries.[1] In villages, where the houses form a crooked procession along one street, each domicile stands at an angle from the next so that each may face south; and the northern ends or sides have extra thickness of wall or sheathing of heavy planks, as better protection for the long winter. Beyond the villages the farm lands are cut up into narrow strips, frequently only a few yards in width, though perhaps almost a mile in length, reaching far back towards the hills; so the fields have a curiously ribbon-like and patch-work effect. This is because the original demesne is divided on the marriage of the children, so that each can have a portion and settle down near the parents.

In the lovely long twilights, host and hostess graciously acceded to the pleadings of their romantic guests, and entertained them in charming manner; Madame with sweet old chansons, to which her fine contralto lent another charm, and Monsieur with a strange history of former sojourners. This latter came about through queries as to the manner in which the mountain away up beyond the village,— had they

1 When Napoleon First invaded Germany, the sound of martial tramp brought people to the windows, and one inquired of his neighbor, "Vas ist das?" The French soldiers, in derision, thereupon adopted "vasistas" as a name for the wicket.

not seen it when returning from Bay St. Paul? — obtained its name. Yes, they had seen also the fine old stone mansion on the heights. Well, there dwelt, long ago, the owner of the *black house*, and when he was dismantling it after it was left tenantless, there, behind an old firelace, the journal was found, where it had slipped back of the wainscoting. "Oh, *would* Monsieur relate it?" but he, shy of his English, and also of his French before (supposed-to-be) finished linguists, hesitated to attempt the task, though he consented if possible to obtain the manuscript for their perusal. Therefore, is it not "hereunto appended?"

MONT BLAGOUSE.

A journal! It has always seemed to me that I never could keep one, and that it has often proved unwise in those who have put down in black and white their opinions, ideas, or even reflections. Though I shall not enter herein my sentimental musings, sacred aspirations or inmost thoughts, yet here, where there is no one with whom I can commune, and unutterable loneliness overcomes me at times, the fancy seizes me to jot down something of my history, as if I were relating to a friend from whom I had long been separated. Such a one there is, my guiding star through all the vicissitudes of life, yet that one may never see this "ower true tale."

Orphaned at seventeen years of age, I had only the

memory of my parents' inculcations as guide, being left to a guardian of crusty and peculiar temperament, to whom was entrusted my inheritance,— whether this would be much or little I neither knew nor cared,— and to him also the supervision of my education. My tastes were simple, my desires few, and I was left much to myself. A taste for the study of botany, which I had pursued persistently during my school years, led me to essay pharmaceutical research during my college course, and finally my crabbed-seeming guardian evinced considerable gratification when I graduated as a physician, and passed several years abroad, where, in medical parlance, I "walked the hospitals." Being naturally reserved, given to abstraction, and preferring retired life if not actual seclusion, I saw but little of the world and its doings, though I could not withdraw entirely from society. It was in an exclusive circle that I met my fate; a woman of exquisite sensibilities and utmost refinement, yet whose generous, pure, loving soul was always reaching out to help the unfortunate, to cheer the sorrowing, to uplift despondent ones. When I had been called to attend a sufferer in a forlorn and benighted district of the city, there I found that lovely being had already appeared, a veritable angel of mercy. This was before it became fashionable to enter into charity work, and only her own sweet spirit had been the impelling power, I could see, without shadow of doubt. From that time I was her devoted knight, her serf, her slave, if you will,— her shadow

I might say; and many times protected her in her tender ministrations, though she was all unaware of this.

I knew ere long that there was no hope for me. Before two years of our acquaintance had transpired I learned that she would become the bride of another, who had also figured in the Mission district. Even before my meeting with Angiola (as I mentally called her) I had been constantly brought in contact with this man; and it seemed to me he was posing, was never off his guard, and had always in view some ulterior motive in his apparently kindly and self-sacrificing efforts to assist the denizens of that region of misery and squalor. I could not account for my repulsion, but, deciding that it was merely a case of Dr. Fell, endeavored to oust the matter from my thoughts, while always outwardly maintaining courteous demeanor to this individual.

Years passed, and, though deeply engrossed in my profession, I had means of being posted as to Angiola's life, and of keeping watch, though from afar; *For Her Sake* my watchword. She possessed the power of bringing out the best and noblest in those with whom she was brought in contact, inspiring them to live on the highest plane. An old song of my mother's haunted me:—

> Altho' even hope is denied,
> 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing than aught in the world beside;

but I would not yield to vain repinings. Though she was lost to me, in one sense, my life I felt had

been blessed in having had her in it! She had been, and should be, my life's beacon. I could not help feeling that the true character of her consort would be revealed some time; yet I honestly hoped that she might be spared such rude awakening from her dream of happiness, and that he too, *for her sake*, might be incited to live his best. I had resolved, at her marriage, to devote my best endeavors, my for-

Le Lac du Pénitent, village, and Mt. Eboulements, from Mont Blagouse.

tune, to her welfare, and to still stand guard, however distant and although unknown to her.

One year when I had gone to France for needed change,— although devoting the time of my sojourn to study there,— I learned from my old guardian that Angiola had returned to her former home, where she appeared in the sombre garb of widowhood. She had resumed her self-imposed duties at the mission, and was almost worshiped by the people there, where her presence seemed a benediction, her personality that of a veritable ministering spirit. I had become deeply interested in the study of victims of the

opium habit, and resolved to devote the rest of my life to such sufferers; hoping to help them to fight this insidious foe, than which Satan 'mid his legions has none more fiendish.

One man in particular interested me; friendless, homeless, penniless, in a strange land. I determined to bring him back to America with me, and to see what I might possibly accomplish in his case. Though supposing Angiola to be free, I could not yet present myself to her; I was solemnly bound to my forlorn charge. To this most peaceful, healthful spot we came, and, disregarding the attractions of the village proper, the farms, the rivâge, obtained possession of a small unpainted house, almost like a tiny châlet, under a peak back of but even higher than the mountain on which the church is perched. Here wild mountain streams and pools and dense woods seemed to invite and promise success with rod and reel.

The simple-hearted peasants seemed to think nothing strange about us or our proceedings, though my charge was so weird and repulsive in appearance; but virtually adopted us into their community. They christened our abiding-place Mont Blagouse, which is not an Indian name, as one might surmise, but testifies their heroic effort to articulate "black house." Here I could watch my charge hourly, attending with utmost care to his diet, enforcing regular exercise and much outdoor life. We tramped, fished, hunted, rowed.

Almost imperceptibly a remarkable alteration took place in his whole appearance. The leaden, expressionless eye began to show perception of, if not interest in, surroundings; the flesh to assume a less corpse-like hue; the livid lips to take on a faint semblance of the tint of life; and the man at last seemed coming to himself. These changes had been so gradual that I did not realize what was taking place; it was with a great shock at last that a suggestion of his resemblance to some one I had seen came to me, and, in time, deepened into conviction.

Nothing can so utterly metamorphose a human being as slavery to this damnable drug, which insidiously welds its fetters, and imperceptibly corrodes the moral nature as it undermines the vitals, killing body and soul at the same time. When at last the wretched victim had taken on a more human semblance, though but the wreck, the shadow, of his former self, he confessed to me all, metaphorically groveling in the dust at my feet.

Yes, he had acquired the despicable habit long ago; at first, in curiosity, had tried the effect of small amounts of hasheesh, chloral, and finally the deadly drug. He had received superficial education; these experiments at first were meant to "sharpen his wits," to make him appear brilliant in the society in which he aspired to shine; to assist him in the work as a reporter (for a third-rate paper) which he had undertaken to eke out his slender means. He had married for money; had dissipated his wife's

fortune, excepting a small part which had been settled on her in such a manner that he could not touch it, and then had deserted her. How he had lived since he could not say, though he recalled life at noted gambling resorts abroad. (How thankful I was that he did not mention his wife's name; I could not have endured that!)

Now, though one heavenly spark had been rekindled in him, and he wondered if it might be possible for him to retrieve his wretched past by undertaking a crusade against this indescribably awful dragon, he realized that physical and brain power had been too severely taxed to permit of such work. The apparent brightening of the candle was only premonitory of its last gleam. He could see how it had all come about; unwise parental care, without religious influence, had permitted him to grow up willful, selfish, self-indulgent. He had "suffered the tortures of the deepest depths of Hades," and none more appalling than to realize how willfully and wickedly he had thrown away his life, and jeopardized his soul. He entreated me to go on with my work, instancing his own case as proof of what might be done before the miserable votaries of the modern non-mythological Morpheus were so far gone as he; "while they could yet be convinced of the terrible penance which would be exacted;" and then, invoking blessings on "his brother of St. Andrew," he grasped my hands, and closed the weary eyes which never opened again.

By means of Angiola's acquaintance with my for-

mer guardian, who had care of her small patrimony (and who, by the way, had of late years quite overcome his crustiness), I had managed to put myself in communication with her, and we had corresponded for a long time. Old Crusty had informed her of the death of her recreant husband, but not of my knowledge of or connection with his case; and now I am preparing to pull up stakes and leave this beauteous spot, and return to my former home, my professional work, and — and — yes, the postilion has just gone by and brought me a missive — (who would have thought him a messenger of love?) — giving me permission also to return *For Her Sake.* Frances Helena Shelby; the initials shall remain the same, but the last one shall stand for Southmoor!

Owing to the obstacle which Isle-aux-Coudres presents, the river here forms two channels, the wider and deeper one being near the south shore, where ocean steamships pass up and down. At the turn of the tide *la bruit de mer* is distinct, when the stream seems to double on its course and flow backward. Such has been the erosion of this strong current, during the past thirty years, that the site of the first settlement is now half a mile from shore, while the river has "made land" at other points. The original church stood near the outlet of the mill-stream, where still stand huge Lombardy poplars, planted by the first settlers. It has been said that every kind of poplar excepting this could be grown from a twig; but at the outlet of Saratoga lake, in

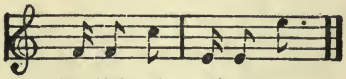
1783, a young equestrian, who was visiting his inamorata, stuck into the ground such a twig, which he had used as a riding-whip. It grew to immense size, and has only very recently succumbed to time and storms.

The name which the present church, on the mountain, bears was given because of a tradition that at the time when an English regiment attempted to take the place, "Our Lady" sent a transcendently beautiful angel to guard the sacred building, and the white floating figure with outspread wings caused the invaders to flee incontinently! In that same tiny ecclesiastic edifice, in those ancient times, when it was difficult to obtain oil even for the church, *la lumière perpetuelle*, before the altar was provided by means of a suspended bottle (which had held the sacramental wine) in which fire-flies were imprisoned; a bit of lace from the veil of the statuette of the Virgin being tied over the mouth, preventing the escape of "les mouches luisantes."

A propos des lampes: Scrivener triumphantly displayed an antique bought from an aged resident of this locality, consisting of two ladle-like cups (hung one above another), in which whale-oil was burned; the lower one intended to catch the drippings, though either could be used separately to carry about the house. (When resting beneath the fine cliffs of Cap Martin after a long tramp, the strangers had watched the white whales — Beluga borealis of the Saguenay — disporting themselves only a good

Our Lady of the Clouds.

stone's throw from shore.) The iron cups of the ancient lamp were also used by hunters to melt lead for bullets, this one bearing evidence of such usage. In this season one part of such a lamp, broken and battered, was dug up in a suburb of Quebec, where it is supposed to have been buried since 1760. While warbling Moore's old song Scrivener was seen attaching to "the find" as label:—

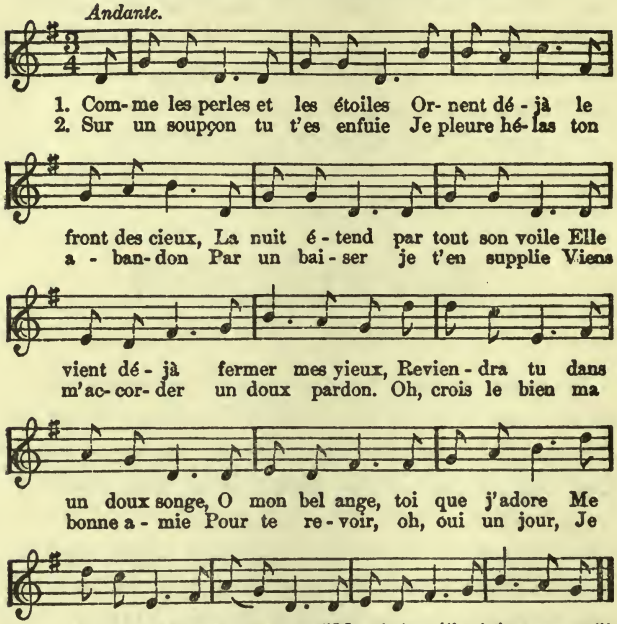


"The light of other days."

Madame, singing while engaged in household affairs, quite startled the Scrivener one day as an old chanson fell from her lips; the very same air which that person had jotted down when Eva Melançon sang it at St. Mary's Bay in Nova Scotia years ago. Thus, while the Insatiable added to mems. and essayed a translation, Madame imparted the information that among the nautical French Acadians, and the French Canadians, there is considerable intercourse, and so the old melodies are not altogether lost.

Madame was persuaded to teach "les demoiselles" quaint old chansons, not to be found in print, rendering them in charming manner in her fine mellow voice, and thus the strangers secured invaluable souvenirs, every note of which should in after years recall a most satisfactory sojourn among these artless, gentle-spirited habitans.

LES PERLES ET LES ÉTOILES.



PEARLS AND STARS.

When night o'er all the heavens deep
Throws wide her veil, with gems bespread;
When softly falls the boon of sleep,
And into dreamland I am led;

Ah, then, my love, a vision dear
(The beauteous angel I adore!)

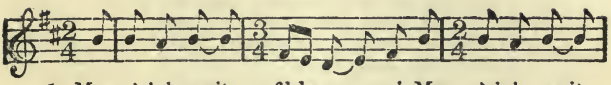
---

* "Mensonges," falsehoods; the pleasing prevarications, or pretty fibs to which lovers are addicted (?).

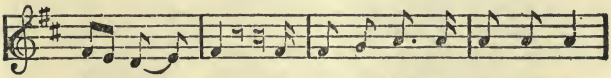
Comes at my will, speaks in my ear,
" Ah, dearest, could I love thee more? "

I welcome not the light of dawn,
For then, alas! my bird has flown,
That gracious presence will have gone
(Ah, one embrace, my love, my own!)
Oh, then, believe, my darling one,
For thee I long, yes, day by day,
For thee the world I'd gladly shun,
And never from thy side would stray.

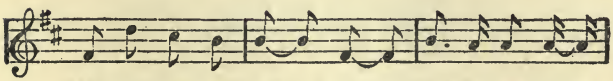
CÉCILIA.



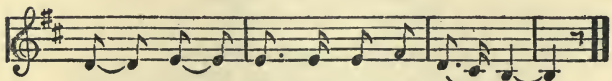
1. Mon pèr'n'a- vait fil-le que moi, Mon pèr'n'a - vait
1. To make our living from the sea, My cruel father
2. Le mar-in - ier qui m'y menait, Le mar- in - ier
2. But ev'ry day there meets me there, A sailor young



fil - le que moi, En- core sur la mer il m'envoie,
send - eth me, Yes, ev'ry day, whate'er my wish,
qui m'y menait Il dev'int a - moureux de moi
and déb - o - nair, And he so fond- ly begs, "One kiss,



Mon coeur est en â - ge. Tant d'amans qui se
I must go to catch the fish, His on - ly child, Cé-
A - moureux de moi "Ma mignonette em-
Dar- ling, you will nev - er miss, On - ly one, Cé-



font l'a - mour Et moi je m'en pas - se!
cil - ia; A - las for me, Cé - cil - ia!
bras- sez- moi, Ma mig - nonette em- brassez - moi."
cil - ia; Ah, pray do, Cé - cil - ia!"

3. Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais,
Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais,
Car si mon papa le savait,
Papa le savait,
Fille battue ce serait moi,
Fille battue ce serait moi.

4. Voulez-vous bell' qui lui dirait?
Voulez-vous bell' qui lui dirait?
Ce serait les oiseaux des bois,
Les oiseaux des bois,
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia,
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia.

5. Ce serait les oiseaux des bois,
Ce serait les oiseaux des bois,
Les oiseaux des parlent-ils?
Des parlent-ils?
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia,
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia.

6. Les oiseaux parlent-ils?
Les oiseaux parlent-ils?
Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi,
Latin aussi.
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia,
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia.

7. Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi,
Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi,
Helas! que le monde est malin
D'apprendre aux oiseau, le latin.
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia,
Sautez, mignonne Cécilia.

3. Ah, no, my friend, that could not be,
I should not dare, e'en on the sea;
My father would be sure to know
And would give full many a blow
To his poor girl, Cecilia,
His only child, Cecilia.

4. But we are many miles away,
How could he know, then tell me, pray.
Alas, the birds would tell the tale,
They carry news and never fail,
Then, ah, poor me, Cecilia,
So sad would be Cecilia.

5. Ah, but the birds they cannot speak,
They are gentle, sweet and meek;
Oh, they would never serve us so;
This, my dearest, you must know;
Then pity take on me, I pray,
Make this for me a happy day.

6. Ah, yes, the birds, it is well known,
Flying forth from zone to zone,
Learn the tongue of many climes,
Now speak French, Latin at times.
Ah, sad am I, Cecilia,
What shall I do, Cecilia?

7. If, as you say, this is the case,
And this fair world has grown so base,
Pray, tell me what then should be done
To him who taught the Latin tongue
To little birds, I tho't so true,
Yet thus would drive me far from you.

NOTE.— In Canada at the present time one hears five versions of this song, varying in melody and refrain, though the words are the same. This version is heard "down on the Gulf," and seems more like the old original as it was sung at St. Malo. Repetition makes all the oldest French Canadian songs monotonous—"nine verses being required for what could be told in three," as Moore said. In this translation I have arranged several lines to a verse.

From the Ramparts Looking Down the St. Lawrence at Quebec. Montmorenci Gorge Opposite.

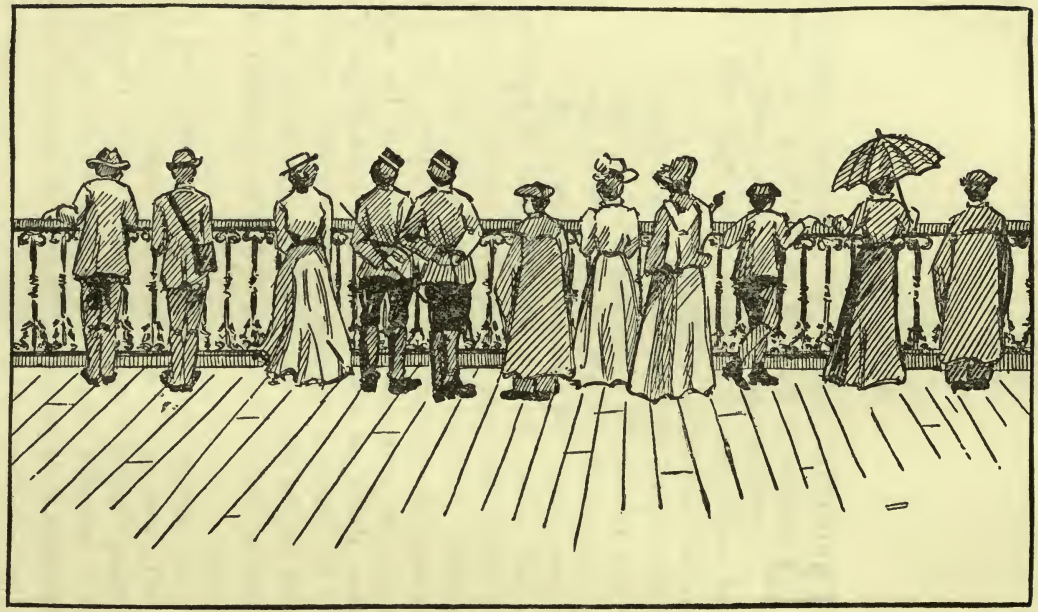
ROCK FORT

ROCK FORT

BIDDING defiance to Tradition, snapping fingers in scorn of Superstition, the Summerers declared that they might, could, would and should number Thirteen. The Sage took out his note-book and calculated: —

One out of 200 who are 10 years of age,
One out of 129 who are 20 years of age,
One out of 78 who are 40 years of age,
One out of 33 who are 60 years of age,
One out of 13 who are 73½ years of age, may die within the year. "Therefore you see," he concluded, "it is not likely, according to the law of nature, that one out of a party of thirteen will die within one year, unless the average age of the company should be seventy-three and one-half years." As the proposed company of tourists were considerably on the right side of that dangerous age, they breathed freely, and were, of course, immensely relieved.

The ages of the company ranged from sixteen to sixty, and grave and reverend seigniors figured among them; yet in a long sojourn on Bay Chaleur, in a preceding season, it had been decided by their fellowguests at the hotel, that the "Americans" were



Spectators on the Terrace, Quebec.

a summer school! The Co-Eds were not averse to carrying out the joke; and, having decided to emulate a traveler of ancient times and establish themselves "in their own hired house," when opportunity offered of securing one of two adjoining houses in which a school was conducted in winter, nothing could have been more suitable or appropriate.

An English cousin, resident of Canada, who happened to be in the Modern Athens at the time of departure, mischievously took upon himself the office of showman, and as the train whizzed through New England announced: "This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the land of the Iwantoknows, a curious people of inquiring minds, in whom, however, I take an interest. 'I want to know!' 'Do tell!' 'Let me see!' are favorite expressions of theirs." Then, rapidly illustrating with pencil and paper, he added: "Behold how the houses and even the church spires are built on the model of a spy-glass, drawn out inquisitively, and the letters beneath the weather-vanes spell 'NEWS.'"

When the solemn conclave had been held to decide "Whither?" the Independents, longing for realms in which Canis Major would not hold such arbitrary sway, (though warned that to find such region would prove a Sirius matter), exclaimed in chorus, "Ursa Major be our guide, Boreas our friend!" Therefore it was decided that their destination should be the point where the Gray Lady of the North sits enthroned; there they would carry out the illusion of

residence in a foreign country, and could study at their leisure the quaint town in all its phases, securing such bits for pen, pencil, brush, as escape the eye of the general tourist. Some of these latter sightseers were dubbed Cookies by the naughty scholars; who, when they did not scorn, commiserated the wholesale manner in which these so-called pleasure-seekers were "doing" the place; wearing an air of stern adherence to duty, resignation to grim Fate, or absolute boredom as they were put through the regular routine. How flat one must feel on having *cocher* stop in front of a commonplace modern residence, on the site of a quaint historic house! "If one could only procure at that spot even a picture of the ancient dwelling" (which many of the pupils remembered not so many years ago) "there would be some sense in it," said Cynicus.

The funny, tiny shops at either side of the Breakneck stairs have vanished, with many other queer bits and odd corners, as well as the latest of even the old gates; but one rejoiced at finding still standing a "one-story house with a three-story roof," as well as one "cut bias," as a Student irrelevantly remarked. The Students found measureless store for delving into the French and English libraries; the Dabblers inexhaustible treasures in their meanderings, and the Scrivener went about with perpetually ebonized finger-tips, fairly bristling with notes and mems., wearing the air of a sage of seventy.

Down below their dwelling, in a queer, crooked

little lane, they could easily have imagined themselves transported into a by-way of an Italian town. Overhead hung clothes-lines from which fluttered gay chintz coverlets and red shirts. Lively black-eyed urchins became the self-constituted gallants and guardians of the Dabblers when they attempted to transfer to paper a semblance of the queer lane. Ramshackle stairways leading to sagging balconies, bridges flung across to the shoulder of the cliff, were overtopped by odd windows of ancient warehouses, which looked down like brooding owls, their long unused pulleys protected by scoop-like bonnets of roofing. When "Fleurie," the Rogue, became too inquisitive regarding the manipulation of brushes and colors, his companions swooped down, ran him into one of the woodsheds under the cliff, and called dire threats through the keyhole. The country woman with her baskets, when asked to pose by the Clipper (who has a proclivity for silhouettes), readily consented, and indulged in clumsy banter and elephantine pleasantries with the baker as he passed along; stating that the "Bostonnais" would send her picture to some paper! When presented with a duplicate silhouette, she inquired, "What is to pay?" and was overcome with surprise at seeing herself, in profile, in the tiny black cutting. When Fleurie, all in Sunday best, recognized the strangers a few days later, his black eyes danced, and, proud of his English, he exclaimed, "You come down Sous-le-Cap, make more pik*chah?*"

Far along the "Cove Road" is a straggling, rambling stairway which climbs the bluffs to the plains; and the scholars dubbed it "L'escalier de l'année," though it gives you more than "a step for every day in the year." Near the base is a row of tumble-down buildings which seem to shoulder each other like inebriates, their sagging walls shored up with great beams, their curving roofs moss-grown. Here the ubiquitous urchin still followed, and volunteered advice and suggestion. Near the foot of this long stairway, on the water side of the shore road, is the Skandinaviske Kirke, where, no doubt, the Norse sailors and lumbermen come to attend service. The Incorrigible declared that the embroidered inscription over the reading desk would almost cause strabismus, as one read, and lock-jaw, as one attempted to pronounce it —"Gud til Are og os til Oplyggelse Vorder Ordets Gjorere og ikke alene dets Hörere." In this quarter the nautical population huddles, 'longshore, and little Polly Voo is generally absent. It was a youthful Celt who entreated, "Oh, doant make *peek*chures o' thim ould houses; come down beyant; Pat Murphy has got a foine house there, all new an' purty."

In the markets there are feasts of color, and interesting character studies. A large bouquet of bright blossoms can be bought for a few pence, vegetables and fruits are as gorgeous as if the wealth of India had been poured out on the wide planks, or heaped

on benches, boxes, baskets, where farmers and their wives sit placidly beaming; sometimes nodding over their depleted stock, for they have traveled many "arpents" at unearthly hours to get to "*Ke*bec." Those are surely the very same people one saw at the earliest of many visits, and the scene is unchanged. From the becoming shadow of big wide-brimmed straw hats, the kindly countenances of the market-women look out, and agreeable voices ask, "Will Madame have fish, flesh, fowl or fruit?" Here is a wagon in which the large *chapeaux-de-pailles* are offered for sale, and one pictures mentally the scene, in some distant steep-roofed wide-eaved farmhouse, where matron and maids plait the braids, and fashion such headgear. A purchaser discussed with a neighbor the fowl she had procured for Sunday's repast, punching and poking the flesh of the bird as she talked, and Jacques marched off with a porcine specimen bagged and slung over his shoulder, ear-racking protests issuing from the animal meanwhile. On trays, most remarkable pats, dabs, blobs were displayed for sale; some of puttyish consistency and hue, others colored a sickly purple; what could it be? "C'est le veritable gomme d'epinette," prepared by the habitans, and colored with poke-berry juice, probably. Could it be that from the simple folk those sharp Yankees learned to compound what they call chewing-gum? Their concoction, composed of lard, fats, resin, paraffine, and other objectionable masti-

cables, is even more deleterious than this, though the chewing habit is as disgusting and injurious in either case.[1]

Scrivener, musing aloud, entered into the conversation with the remark: "Boss, an architectural ornament, a protuberance, something rising above and dominating surrounding regions; hence the slang term for a petty director or second-rate ruler. Ergo, the famous hot-bed of isms and osophies considers herself the Boss town of the United States, if not of the world. Why should she not obtain points from this side of the Border? She thinks she was the originator of a peculiar fallacy, yet just below us is that noted place of pilgrimage, St. Anne's, which is at least an illustration of 'mental science,' 'Christian science,' 'metaphysical healing,' if it was not the original 'faith cure.' Of course every one knows that each of these is the only and true one, and that one must not be confounded with the other; notwithstanding the similarity of peas in one pod!"

Jacques Bonhomme and wife came regularly to the School; he for the laundry, she to sweep and clean; and when the artless peasant was requested to measure a doorway, and to bring *cotelan* in certain quantity and coloring,— to be used as *portière* in the country residence of one of the party,— he could not

[1] In Maine, many years ago, spruce gum brought from $150 to $180 per bbl. (about 170 lbs.) according to quality; owing to destruction of trees, and greater scarcity now, probably the price is advanced. The Mexican "chicle" (chickly) is now largely used in the manufacture of "chewing-gum."

find words to express his amazement, and evidently thought he had got into a private lunatic asylum. Some of the people call this fabric " catalaun," and it is possible that they thus would honor Catalaughn, who " came out " among the early settlers, and who jotted down his observations on country and people interestingly, as one can see in the libraries. " They say " he initiated the people in certain simple arts, and he might have been instructor in the manufacture of this form of rag-carpet. It is more probable that the name is a corruption of *coton-et-laine*, although the material is not always of cotton and wool. In the houses of well-to-do farmers, cotton or linen counterpanes are woven in this manner, and look as if they would last for ages. Formerly the French people and Indians made from roots and bark the beautiful dyes which they used; but now aniline and other manufactured stains have crept in. Thus the " Yenghis," as " les sauvages " call them, are profiting, but to the detriment of the naturally good color-sense, in harmony of hues, possessed by the natives.

Cynicus chimed in with dissertations on similar lines, asserting, " *We* run this town, their hotels and transportation lines. The shops are full of our goods, and on the souvenir jewelry I can show you the private mark of the manufacturers in North Attleboro, Mass.[1] For curios and antiques[2] a much

[1] In May, 1902, the first instalment of 40,000 coronation medals was sent to London from Attleboro, Mass.

[2] A former dealer exhibited with pride to the writer " bar-

higher price is demanded than finer specimens bring in the States, while as to furs you might learn a thing or two. That coney-fur-ous wrap for which you've been pining could be procured to equal advantage at home and no bother about customs duties. If the pest of Australia, as well as our half-wild animals, (even Felis mephitis), when their pelts have been dressed, are glorified as martin, mink, seal and sable, it shows, as Barnum said, how people like to be humbugged. Scrivener assented to this, and remarked that tourists purchase (for absurd price) at our own and foreign exhibitions, and in bazaars of our Western cities, so-called "Oriental amethyst and ruby," "smoky sapphire," opal, moonstone, aquamarine, which are all made of a German composition known as strass; whereas by applying to our well-known lapidaries they could obtain genuine and very beautiful tourmalines and other semi-precious stones, which are found in several of the States.

Returning from a prowl in distant quarters of the Lower Town, the demure little scholars, desiring fruit, stopped at another market. A woman in the usual habitan's costume,— standing with arms akimbo and apparently gazing into space in dreamy mood,— was addressed in well-chosen language by a meek feminine, whereupon Madame's head was turned, and reply flung over her shoulder in this wise: "Doant talk Frinch to me! Doant ye see I'm no

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nacles" which had once fettered a noted criminal, and a "myhonian 'arp," a stringed box on which Æolus breathed sad, mysterious notes.

habbython? No, I'm Irish. Yes, and worse nor that, I'm from Connaught. Did ye niver hear the sayin', 'Connaught or h — l'?" This, to say the least, was startling; but the seeming virago wheeled suddenly, with a hearty laugh, on discovering that she had not quite frightened her interlocutor out of her wits, and was ready to serve the customer graciously.

At one of the stalls fine large deep-sea fish, as well as salmon and lake specimens, were to be seen, and the Marchand des Poissons pretended to be horrified when a mischievous Scholar told the Marbleheader's yarn about how the haddock obtained its name. The old innocent's attention was thus engaged while a camera caught him, as he listened to the (of course) choice French which told that His Satanic Majesty had for a long time been "after" that particular piscatorial specimen, but it eluded him, and when at last the huge hand closed over the fish, finger and thumb caused the black stripe down his sides, as the De'il remarked, "Hey, Duke, I got ye!"

Philadelphians have always felt interest in the domain of Acadia, the vast region extending from that city to Montreal, which was granted to Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, in 1604. Some of the banished Acadians were befriended by the French Quaker, Anthony Benezet, and found a haven of rest in the City of Penn. In some of the oldest cemeteries there they are interred. Some of the Scholars

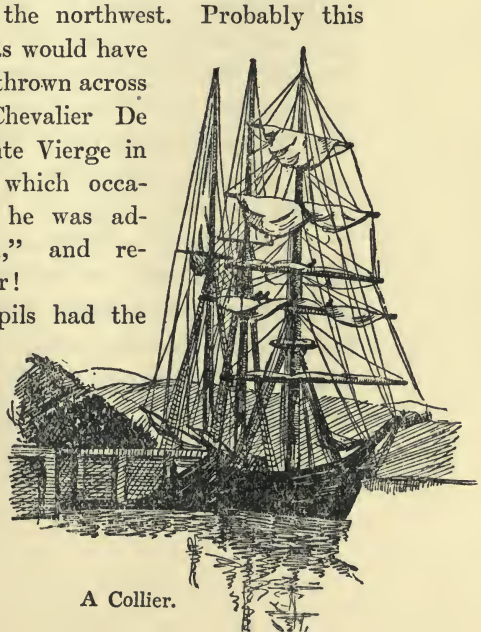
began their Canadian investigations in Acadia years ago; and it had so chanced that in this and preceding seasons they had to some extent followed in the wake of the banished "Neutrals" when they drifted back into the Provinces. At this time they were interested to learn that the street of their abode was named for a worthy and respected apothecary of Paris, who was with Poutrincourt at Port Royal, and came to Quebec with Champlain in 1617. Also that the wide stretch of moorland beyond the fortifications,[1] which bears suggestively a pastoral biblical cognomen, was named for Abraham Martin, an old pilot of the St. Lawrence, "dit l'Ecossais," also known as "Maître Abraham." He owned considerable land, and wood which he cut was dragged on sledges down a steep winding road leading to the wharf on the St. Charles, and thence shipped. This street is now known as Côte d'Abraham.

From their long rear balcony the Scholars studied the shipping by day and astronomy at night. Impudent, important little tugs dragged huge ships and barques out of the harbor; the big vessels meekly following with useless-seeming sails set. In bad weather the vessels were moored with bare poles, but when the sun came out, the canvas, gracefully festooned on the yards to dry, gave to the harbor some-

1 In the late Autumn of 1907 a commission from Quebec visited Philadelphia to study Fairmount Park and obtain points, information and suggestions, as it is decided that the Plains of Abraham shall be turned into a great Pleasure Ground.

what the effect of a great laundry. The fine Marine Hospital, away down below, they learned was built in 1832, at a cost of $100,000, and is supported by a tax of one penny per ton on each vessel arriving from sea, and also a portion of the emigrant tax. Above the Custom House the red flag floated in fine weather, or wrapped the staff when rain-soaked, showing, said Scrivener, that England's colors *won't run.* At night a brilliant, flaring beacon on a dredge reflected in the black water took on the shape of Excalibur, and in this region of legend and romance the spectral arm uplifting it could readily be imagined. Late in August the auroral arch seemed to reach from Point Lévis to the fine range musically named the Bonhomme and Tsounonthouan mountains, away in the northwest. Probably this supernatural bridge, as would have been most fitting, was thrown across when the famous Chevalier De Lévis visited La Sainte Vierge in celestial realms; on which occasion, says tradition, he was addressed as "Cousin," and requested not to uncover!

The irreverent pupils had the presumption to smile at the supposed-to-be formidable fortifications and their armament, asserting that



A Collier.

modern implements of warfare could demolish the whole in short order. Their audacious conclusion was as to the little popper in the fort which was taken at Bunker Hill: "'Tis a child's toy, and much glory it must have brought to its captors.[1] It would not be safe to attempt to fire a gun of the Grand Battery, as it would surely burst and kill the gunners; and why do those clumsy cannon resemble Japanese officials? *Sho-guns*, to be sure! The Co-Eds, who have been imagining themselves in an old Norman town in mediæval times, could not tolerate such atrocities, and the brilliant wits were summarily ejected, for the time at least, from their parlor.

The walls were lowered several feet many years ago, and in "ye olden times," when the gates — forts in themselves — formed the only ingress, the barriers must have seemed invulnerable; though the Scholars wondered why they locked the front door and "left the back yett ajee," also that it was thought impossible for an invading foe to effect entrance from the rear. Though impassable forests and impossible heights proved trifles to their coureurs-des-bois ("white Indians," as Parkman calls them), it seems they expected such barriers would be quite unsurmountable by the haughty Southron, even though he looked upon their realm with more envious eye than did some of their own people of Europe who spoke contemptuously of their "leagues of snow."

[1] A visitor remarked: "We kept the whole blessed country, you might have the gun!"

Sillery Cove on the St. Lawrence Above Quebec.

The Dabblers chanced to stray into a certain church (not French) in a back street; and would fain rest and meditate in the quiet, although the odor of sancity pervading the edifice was redolent of stale incense, emphasized by that of "ingyuns!" Raising their eyes to study the decorations, they were struck as by a blow. There the grim reaper is depicted stepping along with rather jaunty air, and an expression of countenance which, despite the want of eyes, teeth, flesh, is not forbidding, but wears a wide smile. Beside this "human frame in lattice-work" stands a huge harp, and roses big as cabbages are scattered on the ground. In the rear a bath tub evidently served the painter as model for a sarcophagus; and the artist, one might judge, had never seen a plough, and therefore drew upon his imagination, unless in ancient times, in Canada, such implements were built barrow-fashion and did have a wheel in front.[1] This remarkable *chef-d'œuvre* reminded one of the impromptu off-setting of Sydney Smith's desire, to "sit in his bones," by a friend who said, "That would not be cool; the marrow should be removed so the draught could blow through!" When the Scribbler presented a sketch of this fresco to Blondina, she "could just see Brother double up over that." The sculptor who carved King Leo's clan on the façade of the Music Hall may have been a

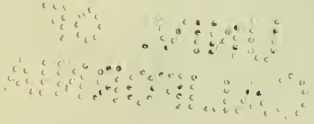
[1] Since this was penned the writer has seen, in the mountainous "back country" of Canada, a plough with a whiffletree, to which two small wheels were attached.

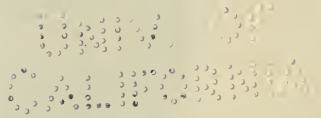
compatriot of this artist, his work being almost equally remarkable. The carving being too shallow, such decidedly Celtic character had been given to the leonine countenances that they became quite irresistible to the Summer School, who immediately christened the Lions of Quebec by all the Irish cognomens they could call to mind.[1]

When visiting one of the numerous institutions, a "sister" quite insisted that the youngest of the Co-Eds ought to come into their happy home, sure she "had a vocation;" but the child bravely maintained that "one might find a vocation outside, and, while remaining *in* the world, need not necessarily be *of* it;" and had the temerity to ask, "Were they so weak they could not withstand the wiles and allurements of the world, and so were forced to immure themselves?" Among purchases of souvenirs of this visit, was a tiny figure of a saint enclosed in metal box to be carried in the pocket and protect the bearer from harm; the disrespectful children dubbed it the Life-Preserver! When a fire occurred in the quarter of the Lower Town, which has so many times been devastated, soldiers from the fort were quick to respond, as usual, and rushed by at double-quick. From the little houses in that closely-populated district which were nearest to the conflagration, residents were emerging clad in their best garments, car-

[1] The hall was burned on St. Patrick's night, '99, after an entertainment suited to that occasion. A transparent glass sign reading, "God save Ireland," remained intact, emphasizing the Celtic lions, in 1904.

THE LIONS OF QUEBEC.

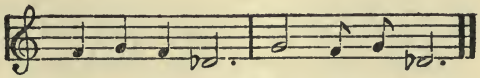




BELFRY OF URSULINE'S CHAPEL, FROM WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN.

rying their greatest treasures; sometimes these seemed to consist of funeral wreaths under glass or tawdry ornaments, rather than articles which might be useful; and in other houses figures of saints had been placed in the windows as if to protect the domicile, while the bell of the nearest church clanged, not to give alarm to the fire department, which was out in force, but to call upon the patron saint of the quarter to look after his edifice.

If one should be careless about religious observances, it would not be for the want of reminder; bells in numbers sound at intervals from dawn, almost, till late at night. Two fine chimes (from the English churches), the hard, high-pitched Ursulines bell and the ponderous tone from the Basilica (like "Big Ben" of London), emphasizing his fellows at the Angelus



Bells! What a charm there is about them! Among earliest recollections of childhood of one member of the Summer School is the sound of a bell, which, being harsh and dissonant, so worked upon youthful sensibilities as to cause paroxysms of tears; and that person is sure that should some genie set him down blindfolded in any place where he had ever

remained for a time the mere tones of the bells would enlighten him as to his whereabouts. Tradition has buried bells in a ruined church in Nova Scotia; and also engulfed them on the coast of that country in vessels bringing supplies to colonists of New France. Of course it was stated also that silver entered largely into the composition of those bells and the romantic Tourist listens with pleasure to the pretty myth; though common sense plainly says that silver would soon wear away in such use and that the noble patrons of struggling colonies in a wild country would not have been so extravagant as that. Moreover it is probably well known that bell metal is a composition of copper and tin which has been in use from the time of Henry III.

The people of Antwerp have special affection for the "Carolus" of their famous cathedral, and that bell, it is affirmed, is actually composed of copper, silver, and gold, but now so much worn that it is not used. "Kings and nobles have stood beside these famous caldrons" (of the bell founders) "and looked with reverence on the making of these old bells; nay, they have brought gold and silver, and pronouncing the holy name of some saint or apostle which the bell was hereafter to bear, they have flung in precious metals, rings, bracelets, and even bullion."

Possibly the old bells whose hiding place Nature guards so well, were made by Van den Gheyn or Hemony of Belgium, who from 1620 to 1650 were such famous founders that those of their works still ex-

tant would be worth their weight in gold, or priceless, and they were noted the world over for their wonderful melody. When they

> Sprinkled with sounds the air, as priest with his hyssop
> Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessing among them.

it was no doubt with silvery tone; and it is well known that bells sound best when rung on a slope or in a valley where there is a lake or river.

Sailors of the North Sea, on entering the Scheldt, strain their ears to catch the faint, far melody of the chimes of the belfry of Antwerp, visible fifty miles away.

The lives of the earliest missionaries to Canada are remarkable records of the most absolute self-abnegation and devotion to Church and faith, and even non-sectarian chroniclers wrote with enthusiasm and laudation of their work. If those writers could take up their pens again now, and express themselves regarding present times in the dear, delightful old town, the record would read rather differently. The Province is becoming almost thoroughly French; churches and institutions have increased greatly within fifteen years; relics and the power of the Church are widely shown. Yet, in the States, "*the* Church" has its summer schools, and seems to encourage advancement in education, rather than to be retrograding, as here, apparently. When one is passing a vacation in a French farm-house, Madame will complain that "the priest gets all the choice meats, before boucher comes to her;" and her

daughter who (like her mother) has been educated in a convent, claims that "the nuns are too old-fashioned and don't teach their pupils *modern* things." Another informant, though French and Roman Catholic, will tell you that a certain institution in Quebec "owns ten millions worth of property — (and so keeps the vow of poverty!) — you may believe it or not; yet they, being exempt from taxation, make the burden come heavy on the English and Protestant population."

The English population has decreased one-half during the past twelve or fourteen years. When conquered and conquerers live in harmony it is a remarkable fact, and races so diverse as Briton and Gaul, it would seem, could have no more affinity than oil and water; yet there is no outward clashing. The masses are apparently on good terms, but among those of higher social position and better education, there are at least whispered repinings. Possibly the English, proverbially slow though sure, have been too cautious. It may be that "States People," accustomed to large business interests and daring ventures, have encouraged them to undertake too much. The English did hold the bulk of commerce in their hands, although many had natural and inherited distaste for "trade." Secure and content, they lived comfortably; but after a while were aroused to realize that business was slipping away. They were being outstripped. Some of the French Canadians, who had received good education and were therefore enterpris-

ing, were gliding into official and business positions, and walking off with emoluments and profits.

The habitan is happy,— in fact, has quite a good opinion of himself,— but his is the bliss of ignorance. He is a literal person, with slight sense of humor, slow of comprehension, accepting blindly the tenets and fiats of the Church, never thinking it possible to "make reply or reason why." More liberal education would have taught him to make more of himself and his possessions. Even his land would become more productive under more enlightened culture; but apparently he is content to grub along in his slow, antique fashion. The country folk learned of the Indians to make foot-gear (boots and shoes, sewed moccasion fashion, being in general use among habitan and farmer), so it seemed natural that shoemaking should become an industry of Quebec; and large factories have sprung up.

One hears general tribute paid to the honesty and thrift of the habitans. Those who regularly visit the city, bringing their wares to market, become slightly imbued with worldliness, and are hardly a fair sample of people of the "back country," some of whom, though not more than fifteen or twenty miles distant, have never been within the walls of Quebec. Recently a priest in one of these villages delivered a scathing sermon against pomps and vanities, threatening to read out from the pulpit the names of those women who did not take off feathers and flowers from their hats; and it is needless to add that the con-

gregation at once assumed a severely simple aspect. It is said that not many years ago advertisements which resembled bank-notes were circulated among these simple people by some evil-disposed person, and accepted as money, until the fraud was exposed. This was hardly surprising in the guileless descendants of the peasantry, who, in 1685, accepted as money playing cards, "cut in four pieces, stamped with fleur-de-lis and crown, each piece signed by the Governor Intendant and clerk of the treasury of Quebec."

The pretty daughter of "la blanchisseuse" told "les Americaines" that the priest would not allow the girls of his parish to dance or to read novels, though she admitted that the temptation to indulge in terpsichorean exercise occasionally had proved irresistible, and "she would be willing to pay penance for it!" Those of the party who could remember the stalwart, strapping military men when there was a garrison to guard "Our Lady of the Snows," found it difficult to convince the children of that fact, when the youngsters remarked scornfully upon the small, boyish-looking soldiers. Scrivener stated that the reason the round spice-boxes on those soldierly heads are called "fatigue caps," is because it requires long practice to be able to keep them aslant their pates at just the proper angle! Among them are many of the French-Canadians, who, as a race, are small of stature. It is quite possible that they may be stunted through excessive use of tobacco. Boys from seven

years of age are constantly seen, not only with cigarettes, but cigars and pipes, and nothing can convince them that the habit is injurious. Their fathers raise the tobacco (and exhaust their land thereby), and they have always seen them use it, why should not the boys?

The Canadian calêche must be precisely like the famous Deacon's "one-hoss shay," and even more so

A Calêche.

the antique ones at noted resorts down the river. When the school turned out for an excursion in a long string of these queer vehicles, the curé in one village through which they passed came out, beaming, to ask if it was a wedding party, as it seems the habitans always prefer these conveyances for such festivities. Much disgusted was Cynicus on this occasion on being taken to see a small portion of wall still left standing of a once noted summer residence —"the biggest humbug;"— but the others found compensation and a reminder of the "Innocents Abroad" in their *cocher's* artless questions,— (he must have been

a green hand): "I believe this man was buried some time ago, Bigôt? His house was burned one time?" — and could not resist retaliating by asking if he was acquainted with the former resident.

In the main street of the St. Rôque quarter sabots [1] may be purchased, — a foreign-seeming memento, — and the strangers were told that in the spring, when roads and fields are bad, the country folk make considerable use of them. The scholars wondered if they might be seen then in rows of all sizes outside the doors, as in Holland; and they might have told the people that the manufacture of wooden shoes is quite an industry in New York, where there is constant demand, on the East Side, for the wooden-soled shoes used by workmen in certain trades, and also for the genuine sabots, French and German women of the tenement district being the principal buyers. "A propos des bottes," nothing could be more comfortable than the Indian moccasin, which, in every possible style of antique and modern manufacture, can be found in the bazaars of Quebec; while even little out-of-the-

Sabots.

"Souliers Sauvages."

[1] The French-Canadian sabot is less clumsy, and of more graceful shape than the foreign ones. Fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon Islands, near Newfoundland, wear the wooden shoes always. These islands belong to France.

way shops show sensible russets or "bottines sauvages" (of thin sole leather), which are "the very thing" for country wear. This being an age of fads, it is interesting to learn that the stiff-soled shoe of the American is said to be one cause of his high-strung, over-wrought nerves!

Having learned some Yankee dodges, one might be inclined to suspect the Injuns (as the Kanayjuns call them) of perfuming the sweet grass of their baskets with fragrant gums or essences; only, seeing it growing, and gathering it one's self, is convincing. Most interesting of their work is the so-called porcupine quill embroidery, although the quills now, probably, are from feathers of fowls, and the colors (generally well contrasted) aniline. There are but few who are now proficient in this art, which has been handed down from great-grandmothers.

As the Independents had been residents (and householders) for so long a time, they could not see why they were always recognized as sojourners and not English townspeople, between whom and themselves they could not discover such great difference. When one questioned an inhabitant, "Why are we always known as 'Americans'?" The reply was, "When you asked at the apothecary's this morning for 'a bottle of ammonia,' you 'told on yourself'; I should have asked for 'a phial of sal volatile.'" This led to allusions to Canadian currency, and the Scholars launched Columbiads, asserting that the dignified old statesmen on United States notes are much

more suitable and appropriate than representations of Princess Louise or Lady Dufferin in unpicturesque modern attire, however commendable their loyalty in desiring to have such portraits adorning their bank bills. The response to this was that our English neighbors across the lines consider themselves much better off than we, in having their Governor-General chosen for them, thus escaping such political and mercantile earthquakes as we endure in the years of Presidential elections. Then ensued an interesting and friendly discussion on the respective status (in political, business and social affairs) of Canada and the United States, which could be recorded only in 18mo volumes.

As Niagara has been "harnessed" and made to drive engines and mills, why should not the power of Montmorency (which Champlain describes as "nearly twenty-five *fathoms* in height") be utilized to light the city? A very beautiful spectacle it presents, and from the Terrace at night the scene is quite suggestive of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. One should always make one's advent in Venice at night, and when there is a moon, then the olden glory of the Bridge of the Sea seems to return, and Time's defacements are obliterated. It is quite too commonplace a proceeding to come into such a city as this by the rear and land route; one should always arrive by the river, or roads terminating opposite the town.

When discussing various theories as to the sponsors of their charming place of sojourn, and the sig-

nificance of the name, the Summer School entered into a little investigation. Many Canadian authors have asserted that it is a corruption of "Quel bec!" —"What a beak!" or "peak!"— the exclamation of some ancient Norman on his arrival. Recent writers show the improbability of the Norman origin of the word, claiming that it is Celtic, as in that language "bec" means "a point, headland or promontory," and that thus originated our words beak and peak, while in the Norse tongue "bec" signifies a brook or small stream, as for instance the English "beck" and German "bach." "It is well known that the early French immigrants, as well as the men of Jacques Cartier's expedition, were from Normandy and Brittany. The Bretons are of Celtic origin. Brittany seems to have been less affected by Norman influence than other parts of Gaul, and at the time of the Anglo-Saxon invasion of England very many of the Cymric Celts took refuge in Brittany, so that the Bretons have always preserved their Celtic character, and Celtic is still spoken in some parts of the country."

In the Algonquin Indian dialect the name for the place signifies "it is shut, it is narrow;" and the Huron name was Tia-ton-ta-rili, "the place of a strait."

An air of elegant leisure and dignified repose pervades the delightsome town; a glamor of romance and historic association adds charm to commonplace everyday affairs. One could not fail to be benefited by

the invigorating atmosphere and restful life, while Nature's panorama so generously spread all around allures in all of its phases, and one is thankful that so much of ancient interest still remains, in this iconoclastic "age of iron and steam."

None shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I;
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky.

How rising moons shine sad and mild,
On wooded isle and quivering bay,
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day.

— *Whittier.*

THE "CANADIAN BOAT SONG."

One naturally thinks of, and sings, Moore's "Canadian Boat-Song" when in Quebec, and one can hear voyageurs and raftsmen singing the modern French version of it on the river, under the cliffs of the Walled City of the North. Ste. Anne was the sailor's guardian, and vessels coming in from sea saluted Ste. Anne de Beaupré in recognition of the protection of their patron saint; but it was "Ste. Anne du Bout de l'Isle," called the "Green Isle," twenty-one miles southwest of Montreal, to which he refers, and there he wrote the song. The story of how he came to write it is rather interesting. In 1804 Thomas Moore made the journey from Kingston to Montreal in a birch-bark canoe, propelled by "Voyageurs;" a trip which, despite the charms of novelty and scenery, grew wearisome because of the midsummer heat, the

slow rate of progress, and the length of time required (four days or more), though the boatmen by singing their quaint old French songs, helped to while away the hours. Peculiarly interesting these must have been with the rhythmic accompaniment of the oars, while the breeze carried the full, mellow resonant tones of the hardy oarsmen over the water to the wild wooded shores. One of these songs seemed to strike particularly the fancy of "the bright, witty, genial little Irish poet," and it will be seen how well the melody (which he supposed to be the one heard by him) suits the measured stroke of oars. Moore wrote down the air, and four lines of the song,— the only words which he could catch of the peculiar patois; these lines are:—

Dans mon chemin, j'en rencontrai
Deux cavaliers, tres bien montés,

and the refrain,

A l'ombre du bois, je m'en bais jouer;
A l'ombre du bois, je m'en bais danser.

"To Mr. Harkness, of Dublin, one of his two companions on this river excursion, Moore gave, as a souvenir on parting, a book which he had been reading on the journey, and more than fifteen years afterwards, on visiting Dublin, that book, containing the penciled words and notes of this song, was shown to the poet, who had quite forgotten about it. On the fly-leaf he had taken down in pencil the words and notes of the original air. Beneath them he had an-

notated occasional changes from the music, but essentially they were the same,— the words,— such as he could understand them,— and the melody. Eventually he changed the air so entirely that it became wholly his own composition, but of this he was ignorant, and until he met years afterward with the seemingly valueless relic of his journey, he believed that he had retained essentially the original melody. So strongly had Moore been impressed with the fact that this was the very air sung by the boatmen; so closely had it linked itself with the wild scenery of the St. Lawrence, that it was with difficulty he could force himself to acknowledge the penciled original." (L. S. Converse in *The Literary World.*)

"La Claire Fontaine" is spoken of as "the national air of the Canadian French." This is an ancient song of Poitou in France, is still sung there, and also by the French Canadian habitans, "particularly is the environs of Quebec." This special song is known in Canada by the title "J'ai trop grand peur des loups," though the words of "A la claire fontaine," with the refrain, "Gai lon la, gai le rosier," are often sung to the same melody. In the version of "J'ai trop grand peur des loups," which is well known among the Canadian peasantry of the present time, the first two lines, which Moore jotted down, occur, with the exception of the word "trois" instead of "deux," and as the pretty swing of the air makes it well adapted to keeping time with oars, it seems probable that this was the old melody which Moore's

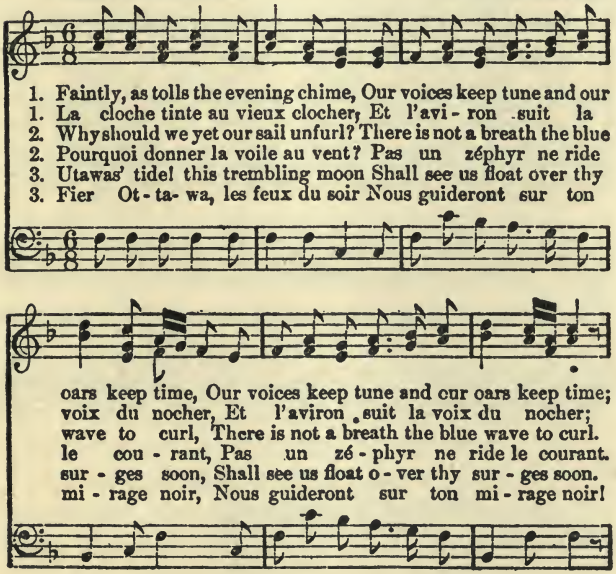
boatmen sang, and that they possibly sang parts of two or three songs to that same tune. The line " à l'ombre d'un bois " appears in still another of the French-Canadian chansons; and almost all of them show their origin in Normandy.

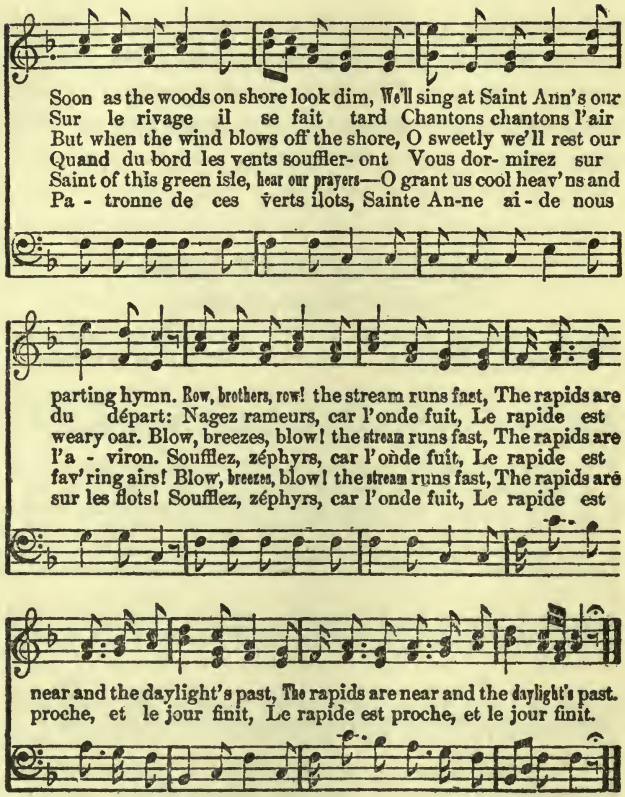
CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

(Chant de Voyageur Canadien.)

English Words and Music by THOMAS MOORE.

French Version by F. R. ANGERS.





4.

Deux à cheval et l'autre â pied; (bis)
Celui d'à pied m'a demandé,
Vous m'amusez, etc.

5.

Celui d'à pied m'a demandé, (bis)
Ou irons-nous ce soir coucher?
Vous m'amusez, etc.

6.

Ou irons-nous ce soir coucher? (bis)
Chez nous, monsieur, si vous voulez,
Vous m'amusez, etc.

7.

Chez nous, monsieur, si vous voulez; (bis)
Vous trouv'rez un bon souper.
Vous m'amusez, etc.

8.

Vous trouv'rez un bon souper (bis)
Et de bons lits pour vous coucher.
Vous m'amusez, etc.

9.

Et de bons lits pour vous coucher (bis)
Les cavaliers ont accepté.
Vous m'amusez, etc.

Moore represents the song as "a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadian," and the peculiar manner of repetition in singing, by which one only learns one more line of the story with each added verse (nine lines being required when three would have told it); so it seems that this was the "Chanson du Voyageur" which he heard. If the boatmen not only sang the words belonging to the air, but also "A la Claire Fontaine" to the same melody, no wonder it seemed interminable.

Colonel — afterwards Sir Garnet — Wolseley attained fame when he quelled the uprising in the Red River region in 1870. The inhabitants were mainly French-Canadian half-breeds, descendants of voyageurs and *coureurs-du-bois*, "who had formerly

been the only white explorers of that wild region." The soldiers under Wolseley were offered land in return for their services, but did not accept. The railways now reach those regions, and fortunes could have been made from these allotments if the men had only been far-sighted enough to realize it. When Wolseley was summoned to assist Gordon in the East he called for Indian voyageurs from Hochelaga, opposite Montreal, for Nile boatmen.

IN KEEWAYDIN'S REALM

IN KEEWAYDIN'S REALM

BON, Ben and Beau, with the Scrivener, Dabbler, and Incorrigible, when sojourning in the lands of the Aborigines of the East, became much interested in those "men of Sunrise Land;" and, learning that descendants of the Algonquins are to be seen in Ottawa, Ojibway, Chippewa and other tribes, became fired with desire to study them. One of the sextet quoted:

O mighty Sowanna,
Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!

This was considered the decisive dictum as to the objective point of the travels of those Bons Amis. Maps, tables, statistics proved irresistible magnets, drawing them to one of the "unsalted seas"— known to early explorers as "Mer Douce"— and the north shore of Huron seemed to promise an alluring and ideal abiding place for the time when Sirius is regnant and old Sol so mercilessly pours out caloric. There, surely, would "Shawondasee, the South Wind," "blow *cool* across those moving miles," though his breath, inland, wilts and scorches. Proximity to the "Great Sea," as the Indians described Lake Superior to Sieur Nicollet, also indicated that

"Keewaydin, the Northwest Wind," would frequently refresh with his invigorating air. During many days of dreamy and poetic navigation the "Norsemen" [1] cruised among myriad isles, and called at quaint ports, "away in back" from the estuaries of wild and winding rivers; lumbering settlements, these, where the travelers became somewhat versed in the "lingo of the bush," and talked wisely of the transformations of the monarch of the forest. "When first felled," said Ben,— (self-constituted *valet-de-place*),—"it is sawed in sections, known as crooks, rots, spunks, shakes and knots." Gazing on towering stacks of lumber, Beau remarked that undoubtedly "one could get *board* cheap in such locality," and, parading "bush talk," proposed that they should "plank down and settle," unaware that he was, in miner's phraseology, demanding payment of gambling dues! Scorning such attempts at jocularity, Ben continued imparting "important information," in this wise:

"'Deal' means board three inches thick; plank is board two inches thick; anything under two inches in thickness goes by the name of 'waney' or board lumber. A 'square timber' raft, to weather storms it may encounter crossing the lake, has to be strongly put together,— a slow and costly process. A frame, or 'dram,' is made, on which about five hundred 'sticks of timber' are piled; sometimes there are ten

[1] Not to be found in the Lake fleet.

of these sections on a raft, and, fastened together by chains, a tug drags them 'down the lake.'"

As the others seemed to endure this infliction with resignation, the informant continued:

"A saw log is any log from twelve to sixteen feet long; any round log over eighteen feet is known as 'dimension timber;' the greater portion of saw logs are twelve or thirteen to sixteen feet in length, the most desirable being sixteen feet. Six inches above this is allowed, as the ends become bruised or 'broomed up' in running rapids.[1] Logs chained together form 'booms' and hold floating saw logs securely within; powerful tugs tow the mass, and a trip across the lakes requires a week's cruise, often two, if weather is unfavorable. If the boom breaks, the tugs move round outside, keeping the logs within till the breach is mended,— quite suggestive of the manner in which cowboys treat cattle when they stampede."

"To those tree fellers,— and that's not slang," continued Ben, "the Bush Ranger, or expert, is known as 'top sawyer;' he estimates the value of timber land, and the amount which can be cut from it. It requires years of experience and hard work to become an expert. Ten miles a day is a good day's work when estimating, but sometimes, if good snow shoeing, a longer distance can be traveled."

[1] French-Canadians and Indians repeat prayers before entering rapids.

Within the great mill a demon held sway; and as huge trunks vanished in his insatiable maw, he emitted a chromatically ascending sz-z-z and sc-re-e-e, a shriek of exultation, before which the travelers fled to the deck of their boat, there "à propos des bois," impromptu conundrums were perpetrated. Any one could guess that the Schoolmaster's tree is the birch, and that the lover parted from his inamorata could only be represented by pine. Evidently the old joker could claim the chestnut, and one of h'English h'ancestry, h'oax. In spruce one sees the dandy; the fisherman's preference would be the beech; the ash for the chandler; for the Arctic traveler, fir; for the politician and the profane man, the Japanese gincko (which now appears in our streets); and they might have kept on till this day had not Bon called a halt, remarking to Ben that sufficient evidence had been received of the kind of stick *he* was, therefore his bark might cease; unless he desired his auditors to get *bored* in different manner from that which Beau had suggested.

> Slowly o'er the shimmering landscape
> Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
> And the long and level sunbeams
> Shot their spears into the forest.
> Breaking through its shields of shadow,
> Rushed into each secret ambush,
> Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow.

The vessel directed its course toward the Laurentian-bordered north shore, whence a long point reached into the golden glory, its rocky heights transfigured by distance and a veil of luminous haze, and

a gorgeous panoply of cloud was repeated in water of oily smoothness. This suggested to the romantic travelers the arm of "Wabun, Father of the Winds of Heaven," beckoning "to the kingdom of the west wind."

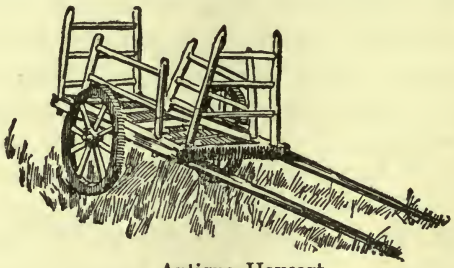
When the long-lingering twilight faded the vessel seemed to vanish from mortal ken and to slide into "midnight deeps;" then behold Aurora Borealis "flaring far away to northward;" weird pageant which the Indians believed to be "warriors with their plumes and war clubs." Fitting herald of entrance into regions of mystery and legend, when, at the "wee sma' hour ayant the twal," throbbing engines were stilled at

TCHI-BAO-NON-ING,[1] OR CHEMAUNANING.

"Fine canoe channel;" fittingly descriptive is the Indian name, and the travelers regretted that it has not been retained, quite resenting the modern title — borrowed from the Emerald Isle — however appropriate that might seem from the fact that "the gintleman that pays the rint" was much in evidence, as porcine specimens of every size and variety of color perambulated highways and byways. Along one side of this admirable waterway stretches the simple old-time-y village, and, a stone's throw across, George Island forms the farther boundary of Nanabojo's Lane, and is inhabited by his people, whom the French

[1] Killarney; Georgian Bay, Lake Huron.

residents of the quaint little port call "les sauvages." They are by no means wild, however, but mild of voice and manner; even the smallest children, serious to stolidity, though they, like their elders, may be studying the strangers curiously from their solemn-looking but limpid and lustrous black eyes. Students of the many dialects of the Red Man's language in the Eastern Provinces give "chemaun" as their word for canoe; here the syllable "che" be-



Antique Haycart.

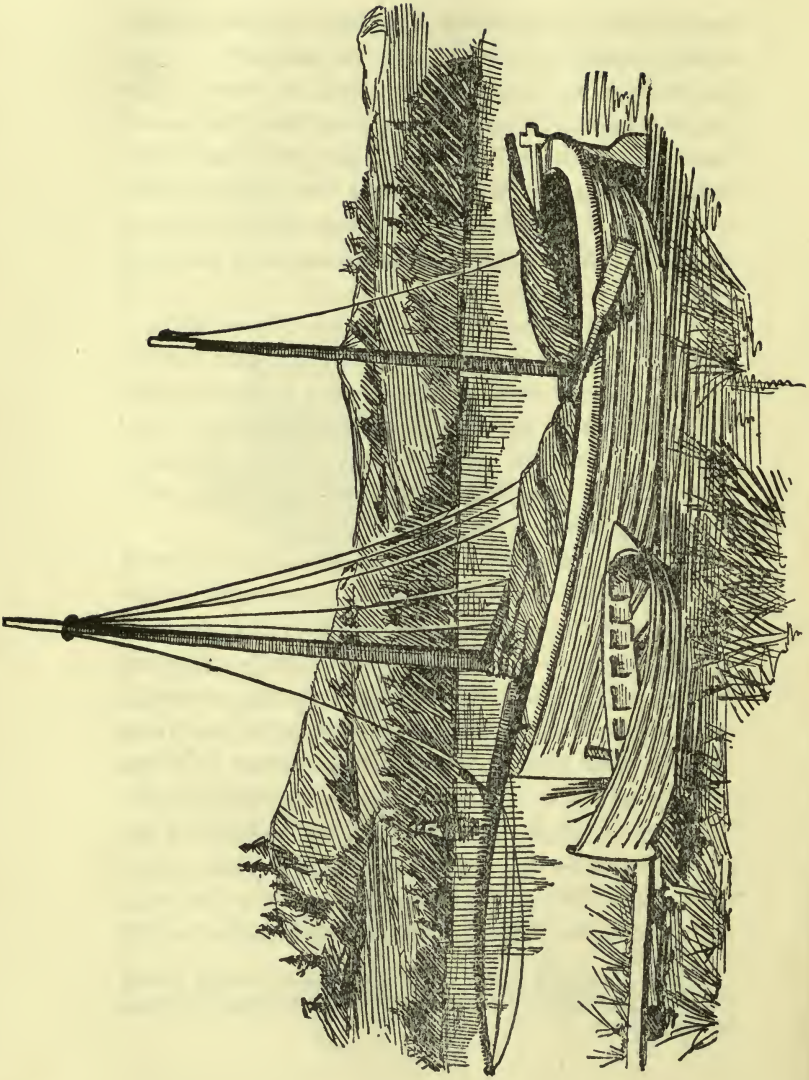
comes "tchi," and "mau" is changed to "bao" in the Lake region. In some dialects the sound of a laugh is represented by "E-e-e" for mouth, and the tick of a clock suggesting in their word "Tik-ka-tah-kah" for that household convenience. Outside the village, where an arm of the bay curves caressingly round "Rocher Rouge," and smiling meadows stretch to tree-fringed water, the travelers were deposited (emitting sighs of satisfaction) and Monsieur Le Fermier,— most kindly host,— was ever ready to do their pleasure. Delectable the atmosphere, wondrous the mirrored pictures of mountain-bordered shore, fir-

crested points and isles, and peace profound pervaded the place, save that a distant murmur,— a loving whisper in Nature's ear,— could be heard. This the Indians call "mudway-aushka," the "sound of waves on the shore," and that alone proclaimed proximity to the miniature sea, which had smiled so graciously upon the travelers that they could not believe that it can take on most of the phases of "the vasty deep."

A marvelous artist is Keewaydin, and when a nor'wester sets in superb is his coloring; surf tumbles on the rich red rock border of even sheltered coves, turns the sea to sapphire over "distant deeps," and to liquid emerald on nearer shallows, while the mountains, though more than a mile distant, loom in crystalline clearness.

"Mahng," the loon, and "Kayoshk," the sea gull, fascinate with their evolutions; gallantly the former breasts the waves, sometimes touching his wings to the water,— as an oarsman "feathers"— preparatory to a plunge, then emerging far away, emits his eerie call.[1] The wheeling, swooping gulls send forth their peculiar creaking cry, which becomes a bubbling chuckle when, in the wake of a boat, they dive for bits tossed to "the captain's chickens." Without apparent movement of the wide-stretched pinions, they *slide* down the wind, and, resting on wave-crests, here, there and yonder, resemble small ducks as with

[1] Quite a contrast to the white man's contemptuous phrase, "chicken-hearted," is the Indian's "mahn-go-tay-see," *loon*-hearted, brave.



wings closely folded, they bob and sway with saucy serenity, as if quite aware that they are disporting themselves under Government protection.

The Dabbler approved of the stanch and sturdy fisher's craft, with their picturesque tanned sails, contrasting as strongly with water and pine-clothed shore as the syenite rock which is scattered through this region, and seems to have been the boat builder's guide for tint. Two masts, twenty feet at least in height, support brown-red canvas, the main-sail huge in proportions; the other, exact though smaller copy, "might be called major and minor," Bon remarked. The name skiff, seemed more fitting for a much smaller, frailer vessel, and the Yankee "double ender" applicable to the peculiar bateau, as row-boats and small sloops or cats have bow and stern alike, and the largest have rounded instead of square stern. The Marblehead sailor's adage, that one can judge a man "by the cut of his jib," came to mind when the summerers witnessed the marking out on the dock of one of those valuable aids to navigation, and later, when the wide plank appeared in presumably ensanguined condition, 'twas naught but the staining of the sails which had produced this rather startling hue, and the shuddering spectator was relieved, if he had felt (again in Marblehead parlance) at all "crimmy."

Hardy skippers and admirable guides convoyed the friends far out for deep water fishing, or, gliding noiselessly into "Portage Couvert," or distant coves,

lured smaller piscatorial specimens from their hiding places. Then, again, sure of sight and foot in even "blind trails," they led the way up the rugged Laurentians to wild tarns upon their crests, or away back in the forest to lonely lakes (entrancing to sportsmen) where in winter they become "shantymen" and engage in lumbering.

Régis, lithe and bronzed, paddling his chemaun "where the rushes waved and whispered," told his passengers that from these "apukwa" the Indians weave mats, as described in "Hiawatha," such as they had seen Monsieur Peau Rouge bringing to the landing with "meenagha" (blueberries) to barter. Yes, and do not those same reeds whisper, "Le Roi Midas, à des oreilles d'anes?" How his dark eyes danced when one told him of a youth, who, boasting of his years of foreign travel, said: "J'etais un *ane* à Londres; j'etais un ane à Madrid; j'etais un ane à Moscow," and was answered, "Oui, vous avez étê un ane partout!"

When making the seven-mile circuit of George Island in such fascinating manner, "Rat Portage" was pointed out; the depression at the top of the pass being explained as "the place where Nenabojo took a bite out to make his road better," and on the south shore of this isle there is the Giant's Well and Stairway, — Nenabojou's Cauldron, — where the strata of red rock are singularly turned up on edge, and in an inner seam the pool was formed where the Indian deity cooked the delicate and toothsome little

fish "Kokanangwi," which "hide under flat stones around the edge of outer islands to the southwest." This locality was the favorite haunt of

NENAWBOZHOO.

This Manitou or Guardian Spirit resembles the beneficent and genial giant of the Eastern Provinces, Glooscap. The name is also rendered Nenabojo or Nanibojou. (One of Longfellow's models for "Hiawatha" was "Manabozo.") He is still the protecting spirit of navigators and fishers, and through all this northland are hosts of brave ones, both red man and pale-face, for him to guide and guard. The Indian considers him the progenitor of his race, though some highly educated ones of the present time agree with modern savants in the belief that their ancestors were Egyptians, who during the course of centuries made their way across Behring Strait. Their picture-writing, physiognomy, and some racial characteristics, are held up as proofs of this theory.[1] In their traditions Bible history is curiously mingled with Norse mythology and legend, the latter handed down and passed on from their brethren of the Eastern Provinces. Those brothers "from the land of light and morning" (*vide* Long-

[1] The Jessup expedition has recently returned from Northwestern Siberia, bringing one hundred cases of specimens. The object of their investigations was to prove that the North American Indians are of Asiatic origin.

fellow) heard from their ancestors the weird tales of early explorers in "Amerique du Nord."

Nenawbozhoo called the inhabitants of the earth his "nephews," and taught them how to make utensils, boats, "sugar from trees," and other useful arts. His mother was a beautiful being, very devout, who engaged in long fasts, during which she saw visions, and declared that she conversed with the gods. They told her that her sons would be wonderful men, who would do great things for the human race. These sons were, seemingly, the embodiment of Good and Evil; the first-born, from his earliest days beneficent and desirous of helping his people, became a seer and mighty hunter; the other a monster who killed his mother, fled to the forest and was never seen again. "Gitchi-manito the mighty" had as his companion in the hunt, not a dog, but a great black wolf. When Nenawbozhoo learned that the dread creature who was called his brother had caused the death of his mother, he set out to find and exterminate the monstrosity, traveling over the earth and through forests and mountain fastnesses. He finally vanquished him, and the body of "Stone Heart" became masses of flint, which any one can see scattered throughout this region. Indians point out depressions in the rock, which might suggest huge footprints; these they call the "Giant's Track," and a round hole, "about as large and deep as a common brass kettle," is "his kettle, that he dropped when chasing his brother."

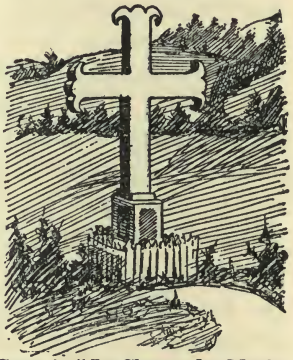
Along the moraine of Alpine glaciers such holes, — called moulins by the peasants,— are frequently seen; Nature's pestle and mortar, as she has manufactured them by the action of water, constantly whirling and grinding a stone in a hollow of the rock.

One of the friends was reminded of the Indians' "stone-soup;" the concoction of which he had witnessed when auditors doubted Red Skin's ability in culinary art. First, on the shore, preferably a sand beach, a pit was dug, lined with stones, and a roaring fire built thereon, which, after burning a certain length of time, was "drawn." One of these hot stones dropped in one of the rock kettles set the water boiling, so soup was being prepared while the "squantum" progressed. Over the hot stones of the fire-pit vegetables and shell fish, between layers of wet seaweed, were piled, the whole covered with a sail; and thus the cooking was done by steam, and the fine flavor retained by shell fish, while the corn and potatoes, in their natural coverings, were "done to a turn."

Nenawbozhoo, having received warning that a tremendous storm was to come, set about building a vast raft with a huge wigwam upon it, in which he and his "nephews," and a great company of animals, were saved. The cause of the great flood was that the "God of the Deep" was jealous of Gitchi-manito's hunting dog, the great black wolf; he one day was successful in luring it to his confidence, when

he killed it, and made a great feast, inviting all the monsters of the deep to come and partake. There was a certain place on the shore where the God of the Deep was accustomed to come with his hosts to sun themselves and enjoy the pleasure of being on dry land. The Mighty Hunter knew this spot, so strung his bow and trimmed his arrow and prepared to watch, and by his supernatural power transformed himself into a black stump. Water tigers and serpents asked their master to accompany them ashore; he was afraid that the Mighty One would be lurking about and ready to kill him because he had killed his black wolf, so he told them to go ashore and see that all was clear. They examined the stump (which they had not noticed before); the tigers climbed it and inserted their long sharp claws, and the serpents wound round it like tightly coiled cables. On learning that nothing could be found of uncanny nature, the sea monsters, with their master, came ashore, and the host soon were basking and dozing in the hot sand of the beach. Then the stump assumed proper shape, and, fixing one of his best arrows into his bow, the Great One shot the God of the Deep through the forehead, his vulnerable spot. Then all the water monsters "rushed out, chasing the slayer of their master," and the Indian deity "fled for his life, pursued by mountains of water;" but, as he had been so far-sighted as to have his great boat prepared, he was thus saved from destruction, with his family and animals. After sailing for

months, when this great navigator wished to learn if the waters were subsiding, he sent the beaver, but he died before reaching bottom and came floating to the surface, where his master revived him by blowing in his nostrils. Then he called the muskrat, "his good diver," and "flattered and cajoled him," instructing him to "bring back earth from the bottom in his paw." The muskrat also expired before reaching the surface; but his master, as he drew him into the great wigwam boat, observed the earth in the creature's paw. This he made into a small parcel and fastened it to the neck of the raven, sending that bird out as his third messenger; "then the waters began to recede very fast, and soon the earth came back to its natural shape, as it had been before."



Cross in "Le Champ des Morts.

Of the Indian reservation, on the adjacent great island, had Père Casaque told, dwelling with affectionate interest on the virtues of his children, young and old, seeming himself to be imbued with the spirit of the early missionaries to the red man, of whom Parkman tells, and such a man, full of the spirit of brotherly love and kindliness, the early settlers here might have dubbed Brother Black Robe, as they did the pioneer priests of that day.

So to Wikwemikong, on the Grand Manitoulin, would the sextet hie them, and there found fine large ecclesiastical edifices, a neat, comfortable village, a contented community. Preparations for a picturesque out-door festival were in progress, and deft fingers, which turn out such interesting and original quill-embroideries, were fashioning, from paper, quite creditable representations of dainty blossoms from the nun's garden, with which arches and designs were to be ornamented. These were also to be held in place by means of the woodman's cord, made from soaked, beaten and twisted elm bark. Bright eyes and earnest faces in school room indicated that pupils would do credit to their instructors; and one member of the Investigating Committee (as the sextet called themselves) related a reminiscence of an ancestor's Dominie-days. When he called upon a heedless hobble-de-hoy to "give the parts of speech" he was answered: "Ortho-graffy, Etty-mol-o-jee, Swine-tax and Paras-sody," and another (scintillant scion of Puritan stock), on being requested to read:

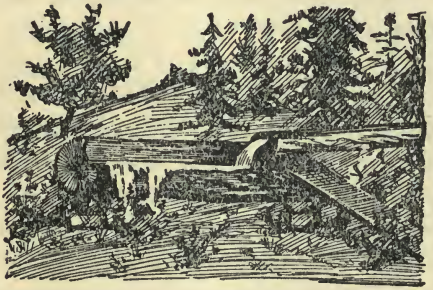
> His head was silvered o'er with age,
> And long experience made him sage,

rendered it:

> His head was shivered o'er with eggs,
> And long expungence made him sag!

Needless to say that the proverbial caution, as well as the famed keen sight of the Children of the Forest, would prevent their making such exhibition as that!

This region might also have been a favorite resort of the Great Wind Blower, or Giant Eagle, who was checked and curbed on Bay Chaleur by Glooscap; and the game of battledoor and shuttlecock, which the Genii of the Great Lakes play, was noted by Marquette, in 1670. He remarked that: "They seem incessantly tossing ball at each other. No sooner has the wind ceased blowing from Lake Michigan than Lake Huron hurls back the gale it has received, and Lake Superior in its turn sends forth



A Wayside Watering Trough.

its blast from another quarter, and thus the game is played from one to the other; and as these lakes are of vast extent the winds cannot be otherwise than boisterous, especially during the autumn."

In the "Relations des Jesuits" Père Marquette said that when he attempted to tell the Indians of the crucifixion they asked, "Where was that done — here in America?" He answered, "No; this dreadful crime was committed in the old country." Then

they queried: "By Indians or white people?" and when he replied: "By white people called Jews," they retorted: "We had no part in this great crime, killing your God. You white people must make restitution!"

"Mudjekeewis," "Father of the Winds of Heaven," who is also known as "Kabeyun," "the West Wind," sent his most favoring breezes on this occasion, and when the tourists, on the return trip, gazed out and up the North Channel (mentally planning further explorations thitherward) the skipper was persuaded to relate a

LEGEND OF MANITOULIN.

The Ottawas settled about the middle of the island, where there is a large lake, and there was much game, large and small; the land, too, was fertile, and they lived in peace and comfort many centuries in this "Home of Good Spirits." Kabenaw, the largest man in the tribe, was their greatest warrior and prophet, and attained supernatural power. At the time when he was a young brave, undergoing fasts to prepare him for becoming a warrior, as was their custom (like the Crusaders), he was frequently visited by a giant deity, who again and again asked Kabenaw why he did not offer him one of his people as a sacrifice. Kabenaw refused, but being still entreated, finally promised that if the "Great One" would assist him he would give as a sacrifice his prisoners in war. This medicine man, or magi-

cian, was advised to set lines for fish, and placed them with hooks in deep water. When "moons after," instead of going to see what he had caught, he marched to the forest and there found many of his lines, "and each one with a bear at the end," he returned laden with food for winter, and all the tribe had a great feast.

In the Winnebago tribe was a great man called Yellow Thunder, who they thought equal to Kabenaw, so they made a great expedition to Manitoulin to witness a contest between these huge warriors. By his supernatural power he was aware of what was going on, and told his people to prepare for war. Yellow Thunder landed and went directly to the village by the lake in the interior of the island, and Kabenaw went to meet the invader. They captured and questioned him as to the number of the Ottawas, and if they were ready to fight, whether Kabenaw was in his tepee (lodge) or gone hunting, and were answered that the people were ready for battle, but the Great Warrior was not at home. Then the Winnebagoes tied their informant, put him in a pit, covering the opening with logs, bark, stones and earth; but the captive, by his supernatural power, released himself, and when he came to the village told his people to be prepared for war.

Next day there was a great battle, but the Giant Magician remained in his lodge, while Yellow Thunder, painted and hideous as a demon, strode about, calling on his rival to come out. The people told

him it was their great man whom the Winnebago giant had buried, and Yellow Thunder was exultant, thinking he had conquered the Ottawas; but then in a few moments Kabenaw came out of the lodge, arrayed in black bear skins, and carrying a huge war club,— such an extraordinarily magnificent figure that Yellow Thunder was overawed, though he did not dare to back out lest his people should call him "Shangodayah"— coward. He was soon slain, and the Winnebagoes, acknowledging themselves conquered, begged to be allowed to depart in peace. After this Kabenaw became tired of living, but, being supernatural, could not die unless by such means as he should decide. So he allowed his enemies to capture, bind and throw him in the lake, but he reappeared. Then he told them they must cut the flesh from his bones, each brave a piece, and these scattered through the land formed the red and white streaked rocks (the red representing his flesh, the white the muscle), while his skeleton formed the mountain chain, as these are all to be seen at the present day.

Marquette called the Hurons "Etontontathrons," and Nicholas Perot spoke of the manitoulin as the "Island of Outaouas" (Ottawas), "which extends the length of Lake Huron;" but that was certainly "stretching it" as extravagantly as did early navigators the limits of the Bay of Fundy.[1] Perot was sent to a council of Indians in 1671, and describes,

[1] Cape Sable, N. S., to Cape Cod, Mass.

in quaintly interesting style, the ceremony of taking possession of the country about the Great Lakes, on behalf of Louis XIV., and declaring the people protégées and subjects of the King.

In 1634 Jean Nicolet journeyed by the Ottawa River, Lake Nipissing and Georgian Bay, "towards the land of the Winnebagoes;" he was conveyed by seven friendly Indians in birch-bark canoes. He met the "Nation of Beavers"—"ahmeek," or, "amik" beaver — called Amikouets, who lived originally on the Isles du Castor in Lake Michigan, afterwards on the Manitoulin. The French called them "Nez percés," as they wore ornaments and feathers thrust through the cartilege between the nostrils.

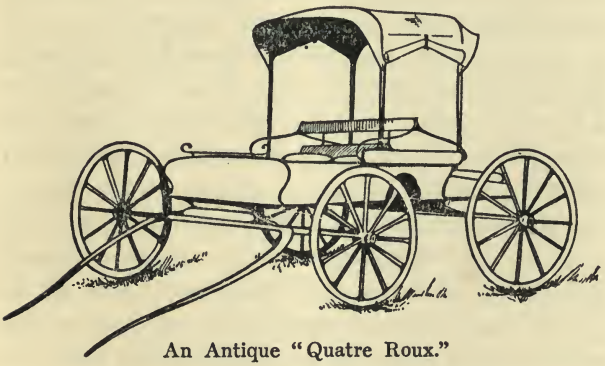
The free-born original owners of the vast country were proud of their status and possessions (natural aristocrats) and the "totem" was their coat of arms; each tribe having its own emblem. The symbol of the Ottawas was the moose; of the Roquisor Noquets, the bear,— from "no-ka" bear, etc. The French called the Algonquin, Ojibiwas, (Ojibways) and Chippewas, in this region, and at the Sault Ste. Marie, "Saulteurs," and the Sioux called them Raratwans, "people of the falls." The French also called the Indians of Fox River Les Renards and Musquakies. These were the Mascoutins of whom Champlain tells in 1615. From them Nicolet heard of the "great sea," Superior, and the Mississippi — "missi," great; "sepe," water. "The country west-

ward from Quebec, and southward to and along the Ohio River, to the west boundary of what is now Minnesota, and all the country drained into Lakes Superior and Huron, was called Michilimackinac [1]— the land of the great turtle. The nine Iroquois tribes were divided into two divisions of four or five tribes each; some of these were called Atiniathan, and known as the Tortoise tribe. Their tradition was, that when the Master of Life made the earth, He placed it on a tortoise, and when there were earthquakes they were caused by trembling of the tortoise. (There is an Oriental myth similar to this.) Some of the Huron bands had for totems, or tribe symbols, the tortoise, bear and plover; and with them, as with the Iroquois, the bear was brother to the tortoise; yet they were not on fraternal terms, according to a son of Chief Black Hawk, who tells of their fighting to extermination at Mackinac Island. These Summer Ramblers having enjoyed long sojourns on the St. Lawrence, amid its famous Isles, were resolved to study to best advantage the bewitching archipelago of the Georgian Bay, and therefore embarked at Penetanguishene (now generally abbreviated to Penetang) and then made sojourns at several picturesque and restful little summer colonies, nooks and ports en route to their objective point.

Most romantic and fascinating it is to travel, in small craft, inside the chain of isles to the East of Chemaunaning, to French River, and thence to Lake

[1] Belonging to the turtle tribe of Indians is the supposition.

Nipissing; and if around the camp-fire,— to the accompaniment of crackling birch and murmuring pines,— the guide relates legends, another interest is added to the attractions of that charming sheet of water. In his reminiscences of former visits he may tell of methods of trading with Indians in olden time; that "the weight of the hand in the scale stood for one pound, of the foot two pounds;" that "liquor was sold by measuring with a woman's thimble; and



An Antique "Quatre Roux."

one beaver skin was exchanged for a double handful of salt;" and "Lo, the poor Indian," was defrauded. He will tell of a friend at a Hudson's Bay post, located in that district, who keeps some old records, or bills, on which a drawing of a pig with a certain number of strokes beside it signified so many barrels of pork; a picture of a powder horn and numerous scratches meant such number of pounds of shot, and so on.

LEGENDS OF NIPISSING.

The Ottawas continually moved to the northwest, because of their deadly enemies, the Iroquois. Thus they came to a beautiful lake, which they named Ke-tchi-ne-bissing, and there stopped and occupied the surrounding country, forming great villages where they resided for ages. At last they became discontented, possibly imbued with desire to roam again, and concluded that the place was haunted by a presiding deity, who was not favorable to them. A woman went to the beach of Lake Ketchinebissing to wash clothes, taking her infant, which was tied to a board in Indian fashion, and placing it near the edge of the water that it might be amused by watching her while at work. She ran to the wigwam for something, and on her return found the child gone. Frantically she flew to the village, screaming and crying that her child was stolen; and all the people turned out to search, but no trace of the missing child was found. A few days later two lovers sat on the highest hillock back of the village, and "while talking very much love to each other" (as the Indian narrator amusingly expressed it) they heard an infant's cry, and, strangely enough, the sound appeared to come from the earth beneath their feet. Terribly frightened they ran to the village and told the people, who called their magicians or medicine men together to divine the mystery; and some of these "workers of strange incantations"

went into a state of clairvoyance, " which was a common practice among Indians at that time." Then the chief magician went to the beach and plunged into the water, remaining invisible for a long time. When he returned he reported that he had found an opening in the rock,— in deep water far out,— which led to a passage reaching toward the top of the hill where the amorous couple had been sitting when they heard the child's wail.[1] He thought the child had been conveyed through this by an evil monster. Another council was held, and magicians decided to dig down in the hill to reach this passage. The whole city turned out to dig, and finally came to the passage in the hill. From this two monsters rushed out,— one, " as large as a wolf, jet black, but with a flaming tail," escaped and plunged in the lake; the other, " in the form of a great bear, was pounded to death " by the Aborigines. After this the people continued digging and found the identical child, but it was dead, the first monster having killed it just before he came forth by inserting his " great claws in the top of the child's head as revenge." Then the Indians made a great feast and roasted the great bear. A depression in the earth where this excavation was made and the monsters came out is said to be visible to this day.

[1] Hanging Lake in Colorado is fed by an immense spring which gushes from the rocks hundreds of feet above the water, and it is said that venturesome explorers dashing through this torrent have examined many caverns under the bed of the lake.

From the Indian chief, "L'Oiseau Noir" (Black Hawk), came the legend which Longfellow tells in "Hiawatha's Fishing." The story was that Nenawbozhoo learned of a great fish, living in Nipissing, which was so huge and ferocious that it would swallow men in their boats "like swallowing a little clam in the shell." He decided that it should be disposed of, so he went to the lake in his canoe, singing jeering songs to taunt and entice the monster. At last the great fish came out and gulped down the great Indian and his craft; but that was just what he wanted, and with his weapons he "caused such pain to the monster that it became crazy and started at full speed; but, being wild with pain, it could not steer or stop, and so ran on land and expired." Nenawbozhoo came out, like Jonah, went home and smoked his pipe, "satisfied that he had saved many people by disposing of the huge fish." [1]

The Indians supposed Lake Nipissing,—"Region of Fine Lands and Great Fish,"—to be the source of the Ottawa River. They probably passed out from the lake through a stream at the east shore, by which they traveled through Nasbonsing and Talon lakes to Mattawan River, which flows into the

[1] Here, as in the East, Biblical lore, Oriental legend, and Norse mythology, were curiously mingled by the Indians. It is known that a sea monster figured in Oriental folk lore; and a well-known modern Bible student and exponent closed a series of studies of the book of Jonah with the statement that the story of the prophet and the whale "was not historical but allegorical." Jonah personified Israel, the whale herenomlas (Babylonians) who carried them away captive. They were delivered from captivity as Jonah was delivered.

Ottawa. The source of the Ottawa is in small lakes, Lac des Quinze and Lake Myizowaja, north of Lake Temiscamingue; the latter now "opening up" as a sportsmen's resort.

The confrères tried to picture in mental vision these smiling scenes in hyperborean aspect, when:—

> O'er all the dreary northland,
> Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
> Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
> Into stone had changed their waters;

and when

> The plains were strewn with whiteness,
> One uninterrupted level,
> As if, stooping, the Creator
> With His hand had smoothed them over.

After navigation closes, however (*vide* Régis), how quickly and gaily in their sleighs they can skim over to ports on the Great Isle, or visit friends fifty miles distant on the north shore. Then the hunt, on snowshoes; fishing through the ice; weekly merry-makings, with their favorite "gigue," which they dance with grace and agility.

These and other pleasures and avocations are quite sufficient to dispel "indigoes," if such cheerful people could ever be inclined to see shades of that hue in their mental landscape. And why, in local parlance, should such an interesting man be known by such remarkable cognomen as Pea-nut? Even masculine curiosity must be aroused by such atrocity; and at last was evoked:—

RÉGIS'S STORY.

An' so you will dat I tell you how I coom by dat name? — but yes, it is wot you call fonnee; and it is gif me par un jeun Anglais, ven I haf been mit eem in de forés' for he mek measure de big tree; he Sirveyor, wot you call. 'Ee is *farceur*, an 'ee mek zhoke mit me,— oh 'ee is drôle! Eh bien, my nem is Penneaut, an' zo you zee 'ow 'ee chenge dat. Mon Bisaïeul,— dat is wot you call great-gran'-fadther,— was un gentil-homme de la belle France, an' 'ee kem 'ere de Nouvelle France wid de yoong mens of dat time; dey vish to zee de new countree, an' dey haf de vish for de aventure. (My yoong Englisher, 'ee zay, " Yes, dat is wot we call un soldat de la fortune.") Ver' goot, 'ee lif 'ere manee year, an' 'ee is marry wid la belle sauvage, an 'ee is bickum de great man off de blace. An' 'ees zon, mon gran'-père, is alzo de gran' 'oontare, de trappeur, de coureur-du-bois, an' zo my fadther, 'ee haf mos' de zame kin' off life; an' I vas learn all dose tings from 'eem. Vel, my fadther is vork vor de Oodson Bay Coompnee, an' one time dere is come un beeg man 'oo zay 'ee is collec' vor de Fur Coompnee, on' 'ee vish 'eem for bring *ees* skin and go wit 'eem to de Chief Factor (wot you call) at La Cloche. Zo dey haf mooch paquets off skeen, un dey drive on de eisse; but it vas late in de zeezon, an' de glace is veek, an' de 'orse broke throo de eisse, an' de men varra mooch *scare*. De oder man 'ee tooken off 'ees

mitaine for better ole de réne, an' 'ees 'an's is freeze. Dey haf to let de 'orse an' de traineau go for zave demselfs; an' my gran'fadther 'ee drag de étrangere back to safe blace, an' zese one paquet off de skeen bifor de res' disap'r een de vatere; an' dey start for walk to de Oodson Bay post. My gran'-fadther haf de paquet on 'ees back, an' after wile 'ee fell in 'ole, an' de oder man,— it was très, fortement, difficile, wit 'ees zore 'ans,— catched 'ole of dees beeg rouleau, lak wot you call nap-sacque, an' 'ee try for pool 'eem out. De edge vas brekin' an' zinkin', but 'ee *roll* 'eemzelf back vrom de 'ole, an' zo dey got avay vrom dat dangerzom blace. Wen dey reech de Pos' 'ouse my gran'fadther roob de man's zore 'ans wit znow, an' den 'ee mek cataplasm off herbes médicinales, vich 'ee mek zoft wit de mallet. De nex' day 'ee tole de oder man dat 'ee mus' pool off de skeen, vich vas blistare, like as it vas burn; an' de man zay, "*Vich* off your martere vas it, dat was *flay alife?*" but 'ee soomit, an' 'ee nevare skritch! Den my gran'père 'ee put on salf (wot you call), dat is, onguent; an' aftere, 'ee wrap de 'ans in fresh mus'rat skeen, wit de raw zide nex' 'ees flesh, an' den 'ee mek de muff of oder fur, an' zo 'ee could go on 'ees journée.[1] Bifore 'ee went 'ee tole my gran'-fadther dat 'ee is not de trappeur, but 'ee is coom dere for *fin' 'eem;* an' 'ee zay dat 'ee is an' agen'

[1] Fur sales in olden time were peculiarly conducted. "A lighted candle with pins stuck in at intervals was put up. This is what is meant by the announcement 'sales by inch of candle.' Bids were received as the candle burned from pin to

off an' avocât een France. 'Ee zay dat my gran'-fadther name ees Perénoptère, an' dat dere ees prop'ty vor 'eem een France. Every von haf suppos' dat de prop'ty vood nevare be claim, an' some man vich haf no right is possess it; but dis oder man 'af promis' dat 'ee vould try for fin' my gran'fadther. But dis vas an *ex*cus' for 'eem get send to Amerique; an' 'ee vas resolf dat *'ee* vood get dat prop'ty een 'ees 'ans; but 'ee 'ad foun' de man vor 'oom 'ee zearch vas a goot man, an' 'ee vas shame; an' den 'ee 'ad safe 'ees life. My gran'-fadther zay yes, 'ee haf know dis, about de name an' de prop'ty, vor 'ees fadther 'ad tole 'eem, an' vat 'ee mus' do for claim eet; ven som one of de famlee in France go for die; but 'ee haf not 'ad de means for hear, or for go; an' anny'ow 'ee vas *pri*fare for leev 'ere. 'Ee af zhow dis agen' 'ees créte heraldique, vor vy 'ee vas call L'Oiseau Noir. Dis ees de name off 'ees fam'ly, vor de Perénoptère ees de beeg bird off de Pyrenées; an' ven 'ees ancêtre 'ees en de Crusad' 'ee 'af l'oiseau noir on 'ees bouclier, vot you call shiel'. My gran'fadther av' tole de agen' dat 'ee is alzo safe 'ees life, ven 'ee pool 'eem out de watare; zo dey are goot fren'. An' aftervorts dis man sen' to 'eem, all de time, efery mont', de monee from de *es*tat een France. Den my gran'fadther 'ee af 'elp all dose peopl' vot af been goot to 'eem; all de time,

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pin;" and as the candles in those days were very small and poor it was necessary to "look alive." The last bid was the one before the candle — a pencil-like thing — went out, and to that bidder went the furs.

wen day seek, or wen deir crops ees not goot, or wen anyding coom wot gif dem drouple; an' dey lofe 'eem lak 'ee vas Seigneur, exactement lak eet was een de Province in ole time."

At the conclusion of this "ower true tale" Bon remarked: "Though Mistress Hauton has been pitying us, and no doubt satirically quoting from Goldsmith, we know she is jealous! We *are* 'remote' because we prefer to be,— and that enhances our pleasure,— but the rest does not apply; for certainly, with such kindly folk to minister to us, we are not 'unfriended;' with The Incorrigible as Court Jester, we cannot be 'melancholy,' and with the Prime Mover to prod us in our expeditions, neither can we be 'slow.'"

When at last the day of departure came,— alas, that it could no longer be deferred! — the friends seemed to be of one mind, as they warbled in unison

> At last, then, from this beauteous scene,
> We're forced to turn away;
> To come again we surely mean,
> Ere many another day.

ACROSS THE PLAINS

ACROSS THE PLAINS

WHEN the Pioneer, the Dabbler, the Scrivener, with Bon, Ben, Beau, and the Incorrigible put their heads together to plan vacation, unanimous was the decision that no lure of foreign tour might, could, would or should offer stronger inducement than the pleasure of further wanderings in their own "Blessed Country;" and comparing the glories and fascinations of Nature's Marvels with those which she displays in Europe.

Speeding along most agreeably, the travelers were thrilled with wonder and filled with admiration for the builders of the steel road; who in its construction solved great problems, and produced marvels of engineering skill. As the train "pursued the even tenor of its way" and was

> Rumbling under archways,
> Trundling over bridges,
> Thundering into tunnels,
> Speeding over ridges;

the Scrivener brought forth a rhyme of olden time, in which a relative had described experiences in these regions. This being voted an appropriate while-hour for the journey, the Scrivener was installed as Reader forthwith.

"CLICK."

A STORY OF THE PLAINS. BY NUF CED.

Well, yes, it's rather lonesome, but then I don't complain,
Tho' I can't help longing sometimes for my old home again.
It's so many years ago now, since first I came out West,
I've lost all claim on home and friends, and guess it's for the best,
That by this fine Trans. Cont. we faithfully should stick,
Though it is a rough old prospect for such a gal as Click!
Yes, that's her by the wood-pile, with the sunshine in her hair,
"As pretty as a picture"— that's where you hit it square!
And she's twice as good as pretty, but haven't you heard tell
How she and I hitched horses? Haven't they told you? Well,
It's a long and mournful story, a yarn of long ago —
But, then, I'll spin it for you, if you really care to know.
In '66 I came here, the road was building then,
And the very foremost track hands had only reached Cheyenne,
But they pushed along right bravely and you can't imagine how
They just walked across the prairie with that ten-yoke ditching plough,
That went ahead and banked the earth as straight as any string,
All ready for the ties and rails — it just beat everything.
Why, here's the end at morning, but when they stopped at night,
The whole great gang of men and beasts were gone clean out of sight.
And it wasn't long before the tanks for watering the train
Were left the only blessed thing upon the lonesome plain.
Alongside worked the wire gang, one set a digging holes,
The next unloading, hoisting up and dropping in the poles,
And next the wire was paid out, and then we chaps would climb
And hitch it to the glasses in the quickest kind of time.
They made us work our passage and we were not loath to stay,
For each man knew his turn might come to drop out any day!
And the farther west we traveled the worse the chances grew,
For to boss an office out there then was a prospect mighty blue!
We forged along past Laramie and left two men out there,
Then ten more miles still farther on we dropped another pair;
Another ten miles left behind, it came my turn to stop,
And right out on the prairie they let their victims drop,
While still the living, moving mass kept onward on its way,

And left us in the distance before the close of day.
"Not a bad place after all?" Well, *now*, you may think so,
But 'twasn't quite the place 'tis now, some ten long years ago!
Then, all we had was that track tank that's standing over there,
And beneath it and half underground, a gloomy sort of lair,
In which we seven made the best to take whate'er might come,
And settled down to realize that this must be our home.
The prospect wasn't beautiful! A rough bunk for a bed,
A rather leaky roof and tons of water overhead.
A stock of Spencer carbines slung up against the wall,
Loop-holes cut to shoot at "reds," and — well, sir, that was all.
There was me and Jones, the foreman — his other name was Bill —
And five track hands who drank like sin, as 'tis often that they will.
Daytimes they would all be out when anything was wrong,
And leave me with the instrument the blessed whole day long,
With nothing but the clicking to break the silence there,
And not a blessed thing to do — I solemnly declare
I never spent such long hours anywhere, and then
It would be long past midnight before Bill brought the men,
And all would bundle into bunks, with barricaded door,
The coyotes howling round outside — within, one massive *snore!*
'Twas just the same day after day, we only had one train,
Which just pulled up to take a drink, then left all still again.
Then we'd go through the papers, the business cards and all,
Then sit and think and hate ourselves, and listen for a "call."
"Monotonous?" You *bet* it was, and grew worse day by day,
Just tied up in that prison and no chance to get away,
But when the winter once set in and snowed up all the plain
'Twas even worse, and each one wished the summer back again.
Until at last to crown our woes we had an awful storm
Which banked us in and chilled us so we couldn't half keep warm.
The road was blocked, the trains snowed in, wire open East and West,
Our wood most gone, grub getting low, and — well, sir, I'll be blessed
If I didn't think our time had come and almost gave up hope;
I believe, sir, I'd have hung myself if I'd only had a rope!
One day the boys on snowshoes went plodding off to see
If they could scare up any game, and left no one but me
Alone beneath that water tank, the office to defend.
'Twas rather ticklish business, sir, on that you may depend,
For we had had some visits already from the reds,
And scarce a night passed but we risked being hauled out of our beds.

The boys had been gone several hours; no sound came to my ears,
But I sat there a trying hard to laugh away my fears,
A gazing through a loophole, as hard as I could stare,
When all at once I saw a sight that fairly raised my hair!
Ten creeping blots upon the snow! It gave me tingling skin,
For those mean red skinned "critters" were prowlin' round agin'!
To bar the door and get the guns down didn't take me long,
For I was bound I wouldn't sell my life for any song.
But none too quick, for on they came, as saucy as you please,
No doubt expecting certainly to gobble me with ease,
Just sliding on the crusted snow as fast as they could come,
Until I opened with a shot to say I was "to hum."
One redskin dropped right in his tracks, and with a fearful yell
They blazed away and round that ranch the bullets flew like —well,
'Twas just the warmest circus, sir, that ever I was in,
As from all sides they rushed on me, each howling; such a din!
But every time they stormed the door I lent 'em some more lead,
And every time they ran away they left another red,
Until at last they all drew off and waited for the night,
And then, sir, I could realize mine *was* a sorry plight!
For, in the dark they hoped that they could take me unaware,
And if it hadn't been for Bill they would have got my hair!
For, as they made their last attack and battered down the door,
I heard his faithful carbine speak, and fainted on the floor.
My stars! but what a time we had when all the boys came in,
And all the reds had vanished, scooted through thick and thin;
It would have done your heart good, sir, to have been with us then,
To hear Bill's good, plain language, and the cheers of all the men!
As we all sat about the stove and thanked our lucky stars
Our hair was on, and we were safe, behind our bolts and bars,
And Bill told how he heard the row, and made the boys just "climb"
And how they had arrived there in the very nick of time,
And how the reds had scuttled off out on the open plain,
Suddenly we heard outside a long-drawn sigh of pain.
To drop the bars, throw wide the door, and run out, we weren't slow,
And right outside a gasping heap lay bleeding on the snow.
Bill swore he'd leave it there to die, and started back to bed,
But we hadn't quite the heart for that, even if it *was* a red;
So we picked it up and bro't it in, just as the last snow flaw

Threw off the blanket from the face, and found it was a — squaw!
Then even Bill came back to help, at least, he held the light,
And when I washed and dressed the wound — By Jove, sir, she was *white!*
The red came off, her face and arms were stained and smeared with paint,
And washing made her beautiful and white as any saint!
"How came she there?" Well, sir, that's what just then we hadn't learned,
But there she was, and those rough men — I tell you our hearts burned.
And then, why all just humped themselves to do their level best
And help me in my doctoring; they wouldn't let me rest,
But kept a bringing this and that, then slid off on the sly
To hide themselves like any gals and have a quiet cry;
For you see she was delirious and in most awful pain —
I never want to pass through three such days as those again.
But after all we pulled her through, and she began to mend,
And every man just brightened up, on that you may depend.
We then inquired her story, but all that we could do
Was just no good, for she, you see, could only jabber Sioux.
So, as she kept a mending, we each one took a hand
At teaching her a language which both could understand —
You "don't quite get my meaning?" Well, by the powers above,
Within two weeks, sir, every man, was clean gone — *dead* in love!
But as I'd been the "doctor," soon each man was taken aback,
For it wasn't long before they found I had the inside track.
And in the spring, one balmy day, we hopped aboard the train,
Ran down to Laramie, got spliced, and traveled home again.
Bill, in a brand new "biled" white shirt, stood up as our "best man,"
And how the rest played "bridesmaids," imagine if you can!
And here we have been ever since, as happy as you please,
And here I guess we'll live and die, two steady busy bees.
You see she was a captive, survivor of a train
Trav'ling in "Prairie Schooners"[1] 'cross this stupendous plain.
Her folks all dead, no home, no friends, so you can plainly see
She's quite content to settle down and plod along with me.

[1] In 1907 a vigorous though patriarchal-looking man of 77 retraced the route across the plains in a Conestoga wagon, or "Prairie Schooner," drawn by oxen, as he had "gone out" 52 years before; and so the youth of the "effete East" were favored with a sight of a genuine Pioneer, and could learn of the style of travel of the settlers of the great West. Thus

"Her name?" Oh, yes; you see, sir, when she first came, the tick
Of that old sounder pleased her so that we just named her "Click."
Come, let me introduce you — no, hang it, there's your train —
Good-bye, when you come back, sir, just drop in here again.

This led to converse on the subject of the red men, for whom much sympathy was expressed by the travelers, they agreeing that it was not strange if he had rebelled when the vast realm of which he was original proprietor was wrested from him, and he himself driven back, almost mile by mile. The Canadian Government now treats him wisely and well, and is making of the former "Scourge of the Plains" valuable farmers, herders (or "cowboys") lumber workers or "bushmen"— tho not of the style of those of Australia — and he is as proud of his present avocations as he was formerly of exploits in hunting, fishing, trapping. Yes, "the red man of the present is adjusting himself to the white man's civilization."

The vacation ramblers seemed to think that a taste of mining camp life should be added to their former experiences; and though surprised at one of the party, proving recalcitrant; but he was informed that he would not be solicited to invest, and the septet found themselves ensconsed in a log cabin, but not in unenviable situation; for convenience, comforts and

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Ezra Meeker, whose "outfit" the septet had seen on its way through Eastern cities, proceeded on his mission, desiring only to ask the United States to transform the "old trail" into a Government highway from the Missouri to the Columbia River.

society were not to be sneered at, although a decided spice of Bohemianism pervaded their daily existence. Though abiding amid snow-clad summits they could be dropped by the "cage" into amazing depths of Nature's storehouse, could study smelters and scorifiers, with ores innumerable, almost; could hob-nob with students of ologies and osophies — their next neighbors being Professors and emissaries from Universities — and then too the non-mythical Eldorado and Terra Argentina could be studied almost close at hand. One member of the party, who always seemed to scent romance even mid most prosaic surroundings, was regaled by these neighbors with a tale, for the truth of which they vouched.

THE SHADOW.

When, many years ago, a young man had appeared in the midst of the great settlement and collection of brown shacks, seeming inclined to locate, none impeded, or would say him nay; theirs not being the right to question whence he came, or his object in remaining. There were undesirable associates to be found even in this out-of-the-world corner, and the stranger seemed to be bent (under such direction) upon "going to the Dickens" (as narrator expressed it) as rapidly as possible. Yet there was one self-constituted guardian, who seemed to take cognizance of the young man's proceedings and watched him unawares. Not resembling the typical

pictorial and supernatural guardian, this one was clad in garb as near the hue of the rocks, as the Khaki of Eastern soldiery matches sun-baked Earth. "Madame Silverlocks" rode a sturdy Canadian pony, traversed mountains, and seemingly inaccessible wilds; all unarmed save with remedies against disease. Thus it came about that when attending a serious case in a miner's family there was "a difference of opinion" in an outlying settlement and men drew weapons "to settle it;" and so Madame M.D., the only professional procurable, was rushed to the scene, and was brought face to face with young "Wild Oats," as he had been dubbed by his associates. Although, as time passed the residents of Shack Town did not note appreciable change in the errant youth, Madame Medico had hopes that some influence for good was being felt, and that a slumbering better-self might, possibly, some time, be aroused. On her doorstep appeared boûquets brought from glacial heights at one time, at another proof of huntsman's skill, and often silent evidence that she who once had been shadower was now being shadowed. One night a wild alarm aroused the whole community, for the demon Flame (the most dreaded visitant of such spots) seemed to have broken loose. Then who so intrepid and clear-headed as that same Wild Oats, who, at once assuming command, organized and martialed the men of the settlement, with the skill of an old campaigner. Just at the point where the fight was being most gallantly con-

ducted, a miner from an outer settlement (where Madame Silverlocks had so devotedly attended his wife) rushed through the crowd towards the M.D's office shouting "Boys! don't you know the mine Company have dynamite stored close by there! Oh it's *hell!*" Already Wild Oats was seen carrying out the M.D. and afterwards coolly directing removal of her possessions. Then such a roar of exultation rose from all those masculine throats, as the last timbers fell, and the danger of "more and worse to follow" was averted. Although serious injury to mine machinery and appurtenances was revealed, and no possibility of securing an expert for repairs, then who but Wild Oats stood forth, and addressed one of the College men: "Professor, I felt sure you knew, though you've been good enough to pretend you did not recognize me. Yes, I was a scape grace in your 'Varsity,' a wild foolish boy, undeserving of the least of the advantages which were bestowed upon me, and which I did not appreciate till after my summary dismissal. But I can prove that I did learn something from dear old 'Uncle John' of the mechanical department — he had been a R. R. locomotive driver in his youth you know [1] — and I am capable of repairing the mine machinery, and propose to 'turn to' and get at it at once."

As the travelers discussed the vicissitudes of miners' life, and meditated upon the ignis fatuus whose alluring magnet not only drew men into mo-

[1] Fact. The late Prof. Morris.

rasses but into the depths of the earth, the Pioneer seeming in cynical mood ejaculated: "Don't talk mines to me! Mine, miner, *minus*, is the way I state it; and I've known those who buried more in mines than they ever got out of them." Then, emulating the noted Silas Wegg he reeled off rhymes, for which the Clipper turned out a silhouette illustration.

IGNIS FATUUS.

From the dawning of life till the end of our days
How strange are the snares which Fate for us lays!
From the time when the tongue first essays to lisp
Our life seems a long chase of Will o' the Wisp
Who just at the instant we'd grasp him, alas!
Proves only too often impalpable gas.

We are warned by the wise of vain shows to beware,
But each boldly cries—"Oh, what do we care
For your doleful croakings?" and onward we dash,
Impetuous and rash, till in Sloughs of Despond
We fall with a splash. Thence arising chagrined

We look back o'er the way we traversed so swiftly and gaily
that day
And decide that with plain Common Sense for our guide,
Though cares may assail, and ills may betide;
Though rough be the path, and prosaic the way;
Ere the end we shall find it will more surely pay
Than such flights of fancy as led us astray.

THE LURE OF THE HEIGHTS.

What channel needs our faith except our eyes?
God leaves no spot of Earth unglorified;
Profuse and wasteful, lovelinesses rise;
New beauties dawn before the old have died.
— *T. W. Higginson.*

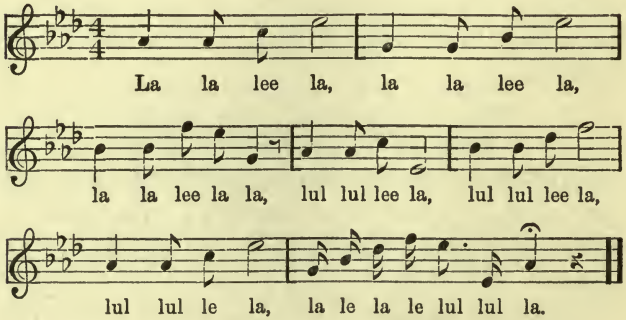
Deciding that nothing could possibly give such solid satisfaction as a long sojourn amid glorious scenes, far from the world's turmoil and cares, the Septet finally located, and, proceeded to perambulate: to scour and study geologically, geographically, gesticulatorily, gustatorially. Thus, in course of time, longings were satisfied,— desires which had been treasured like misers hoard, awaiting just the exact and proper moment for fulfillment. Mounting from prosaic and rather commonplace way stations what satisfying Paradisaic scenes burst upon the view! Snow-peaks, stupendous heights, emerald lakes; and, quoting: —

How poor the stroke of human hand
Where nature's rudest touch is grand!

the Dabbler threw down implements in despair, and just sat gazing for hours; entreating with finger on lips and imploring eyes, to be left to himself and in silence.

Although themselves rising superior to even the

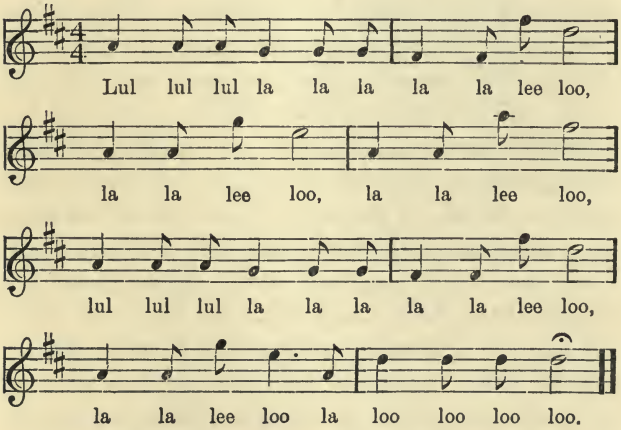
thought of need of imported guides and professional climbers, the Seven decided it was appropriate that such assistants should be at hand to assist those more timorous and less agile than such experts as they professed to be; and then do they not add picturesqueness to scenes and parties? The Scrivener seemed to be reminded of his exploits amid majestic mountains abroad, and put on his thinking cap to recall favorite melodious signals which he had heard "amid those scenes so charming;" and so favored his friends with genuine "*ranz des vaches*," or yodels; attaching to each a fluttering wisp of romance to add interest. Was there not once on a time a youth, who, caught in a small crevasse, uttered one of these peculiar calls (which are rendered with such singular break into falsetto in the high notes) and an answering shout assured him of assistance; the striking cadence showing him in what Canton he was, and that he might soon learn the direction which he should follow.



Then also Zerlina of Zermatt, when her lover was so long absent "on an ascension" (of remote and dangerous peaks) and she, evening after evening, hied to their accustomed trysting place, and sang one of their own old folk songs: —

> Come, oh, my love, and bring rapture to me.
> Canst thou rest far from me? I die for thee!

How her voice trembled and grew husky at the thought of possibilities; but at last afar in the distance the yodel of their Canton was heard in her Benito's rich mellow baritone, and, "like a bird her heart sang reply."



It must have been because "the American Matterhorn" reminded him so constantly of the wonderful Swiss cone-peak, that the Scrivener continued his reminiscences, quoting from the memory of travelers' notes in the register of Hotel Mont Cervin.

On the top of the Gorner Grat
This day at noon we sat,
And the height of our seat
Was ten thousand feet.
Pray, what do you think of that?

I must tell you the Gorner Grat
Rises up like a huge cocked hat
At the foot of Mont Rose,
Surrounded by snows,
And glaciers, ice, and all that, etc.— also

Saint Nicholas in days of yore,
A man, although a saint,
With toil and traveling foot-sore
And hard bestead and faint,
Within an Alpine village sat,
"Ach! weh;" quoth he, "Ich bin *sehr matt!*"

Lo! swift beside the holy man
A hostelry uprose,
A rushing river by it ran,
Cooled by eternal snows.
Wait, wanderer, where that pilgrim sat,
Jetst kann man rühen in Zermatt!

Marvelous in cerulean hue and seemingly translucent, this sky-reaching cone shows at sunset, amid the rose and amber glow, with deep olive-bronze masses — immensely tall and slender firs — filling in the lower part of the picture. The rugged giant, Sir Donald, looms with snowy locks far above the rocky shoulder of a formidable mass, down whose forest-clothed sides a series of cascades gleam; and seems to challenge Cheops to come across and compare notes as to their respective masses and heights. A stupendous torrent pouring from the sky, frozen at the moment of greatest turbulence, shines, gleams and awes the beholder; Illecillewaet, the musically-named glacier — Rushing Waters, its appropriate

significance — and, not far beyond, the wonderful Asulkan; another congealed river, which the Indians named for their Mountain Goat; the fine brave spirited creature which one could imagine bounding and leaping among these icy crests, with marvelous spring and motion; monarch of the wildest realms, now, alas! driven to inaccessible fastnesses, if not quite exterminated. Speaking of names: — the Incorrigible after their visit to the famous Yoho valley and falls, wondered if *sailors* were the sponsors; being also reminded of Ha! ha! Bay of the Saguenay River; and the Dabbler joining in the conversasion added: —" De Solis says names were thus given by sudden outcries or exclamations of sailors, and were fixed in human speech." This erudite individual continued: — remarking that the old story about the origin of the name America has again been revived because in an atlas of 1507 a statement is made about the " pilot Americus." An old writing in a library of Paris proves the name Amerique — so spelled, and pronounced by Spaniards, " Ah-mareekay," belonged to a volcano on the coast, and the meaning was " big smoky mountain." Vespucci's " front name " (as " Artemas Ward " called it) was Hemerigo, and it was not until fifteen years after the first voyage of Columbus that his name was Latinized as Americus.

Long before 1492 an island on the coast of Brazil was known as Merica Island; and Marica, Merca, Maricabo, Itamerca were aboriginal names along

that coast. It cannot be disproved that when a country was named for any person it was the *surname* that was used; therefore if America was named for Vespucci, why was it not called Vespuccia? At this point though one seemed likely to interrupt, as he sang — *sotto voce* —"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," another continued à-propos des nommes, with the statement that in N. Y. state he had seen Watt U. Bett on a blacksmith's shop; and in his native village is there not Haffelfinger (who must be shorter than Bildad the Shuhite) and two wagons could be seen about the streets bearing the names Magin and Margerum; the Jester concluding that the wife of the former must be called Hitty, and the latter (having a "yarby" suggestion about it) he tho't that frau was probably summoned as "Sweet" if the master of the house on returning from market was in good humor, if not, perhaps he dubbed her Oleo!

The time for departure was approaching, and though the Irrepressible (probably to hide sorrowful feelings) essayed some atrocities in warning the others not to be Laggan here or Asulkan yonder, he was summarily silenced, while the Scrivener, emulating "Silas Wegg," summed up in rhyme some of their experiences.

On all our transportation lines they've letters alphabetic,
Their definition's evident, e'en without lore prophetic.
For instance, yonder railway van I. C. so plainly states,
And throughout all the rolling stock it thus reiterates.
The famous G. T. P. road, too, new beauties soon will show;
Go to Paradise, it's meaning, as you must surely know:

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An Indian Encampment.

Another railway line extends through Edward Seventh's Dominion,
Come Peer Round, it plainly states,—at least that's my opinion.
Such marvels as they offer! Who'd resist such invitation?
Or in the Trans. Cont. Club withstand initiation?
Now we, the great Mundivigants, we are the noted Ramblers;
We're all well up in learning, and are such famous Scramblers.
Why, just to whet our appetites before the morning meal,
We skip across a glacier, and ask:—"How do you feel?"
Then after forty winks of a postprandial nap,
We mount up to Sir Donald, and sit down in his lap.
The noted Seven League Boots to us are but a joke,
Swiss guides are left far in the rear; *such* aid we'd not invoke!
"Des Merry Cans," those peasants say,
"Ich kann nicht oonterstand,

Vy did dey tempt us, come avay
Vrom our own Svisserland?"

Amid those heights so wondrous I'm sure a genius dwells
Who lures one like the mystic maid of whom the legend tells.
La Reine des Nieges, I call her; her influence is benign;
Her gifts are health and vigor, *not* like spirit of the Rhine.
(In Deutschland, of Rhine vintage the traveler may quaff,
Here, draughts of ozone one imbibes, with an exultant laugh!)
So e'en when faces homeward turn, long looks are backward cast,
Till vapors drop between, obliterating veils at last.
Then lips breathe farewell tender, although wreathed with a smile,
And quote:—"I'll come again, my love, tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!"

FORWARD.

When the Dabbler and the Scrivener were heard planning together about further travels, their companions at once decided that they were ready to follow e'en to the "utmost purple rim" of mountains, and to traverse plains to the "shores of the Western sea." The Scrivener, seemingly in sentimental mood, warbled a bit from an old part-song: "Flow to the

West oh silent tide, the land of love is there;" and the Jester inquired if he expected there to find "That not impossible She, who sometime somewhere waits for thee." . . . The noble red man interested the travelers deeply and they had now followed him all the way along from the Atlantic coast; consequently a genuine Indian encampment was the first attraction on their way to Sunset Land. Unlike representations of aboriginal life seen at Sportsmen's shows and great National Expositions, the Nation's Ward was here beheld in his primitive simplicity and pristine glory. A relative of the Scrivener's having been a member of a Government geological expedition,[1] he told how that young engineer had won the heart of an aged chief by giving him pills which cured his aches and ails; and how he was presented with a deer skin, ornamented with singular signs and symbols; and in such occupation could they not see some native artists employed here? Somehow strangely familiar was the scene, to some of the party, and the Dabbler and the Scrivener, wondering "why," were reminded of good lithograph copies of an American artist's work,[2] which they had in their own homes. Therein Peau Rouge is represented seated on a fur robe, with the skin stretched on a rough frame before him. Such canvas is attached to the frame by rawhide thongs; and the artist depicts scenes from Indian life; the

[1] Under the late Dr. F. V. Hayden.
[2] "The Historian."

hunt, races, sports, or some festival of their tribe or "Nation."

The Scrivener again falling into reminiscent mood told of meeting, in a Railway train, a noted archaeologist,[1] who had lived many years with the Zunis, and was adopted into their tribe. He was en route to a meeting of one of the oldest ethnological societies of this country, where he was to present his companions and tell of his life among them. Fine specimens they were; bronze, statuesque, dignified; and when their "brother" had fulfilled his promise of taking them to the sea, they became a most impressive study; their wonder and adoring awe being poetically expressed in gesture and words. On the occasion to which he reverted, when such unusual fellow-travelers were presented (by their adopted brother) to the Scrivener's companions, their greeting was interesting and significant. When the name of each brave had been mentioned to the lady, he took her hand, breathed upon it and laid it upon his forehead; thus signifying that their souls had now met and communed and henceforth they were friends. This tribe presents one of the highest types. That they possess great natural ability, ingenuity, and artistic taste, is evinced in their native arts and crafts; which are passed on from generation to generation. They also have true refinement, sense of poetic appreciation and power of expression. A friend of the Dabbler's had lived long among the Kiowas, and engaged

[1] The late Mr. Frank Cushing.

ardently in missionary labors. They christened her "Aim-day-co," signifying "Turn this way;" so appropriate to that "missioners" earnest endeavors to show them the Way of Life.

Here followed long dissertations and discussions about the origin of the Indian and "were they really the aborigines, the true and original Americans?" etc., but the Prime Mover here put in an oar, proposing a detour to inspect Western logging methods and scenes; to compare with those they had witnessed on the Great Lakes, and in the East.

Here were the "brown men of the Orient" (Japanese) working with the tall sons of Northern States, and also French Canadians, as well as sturdy Scots, Swedes, and Norwegians, the Jester dubbing them the Polyglots and Conglomerates. One of the French Canadians reminded the visitors forcibly of a man they had seen among the "habitan" wharf-builders at Maria on Bay Chaleur; they being lumbermen in winter. He with his pevey carried gun-wise, strode by their abiding place, arrayed in almost knee-high laced and hob-nailed boots, corduroy breeches, close-woven jacket, and broad soft black felt hat; causing the Dabbler to warble, as he passed: —

> In days of old when knights were bold,
> And barons held their sway,
> A warrior bold with spurs of gold
> Sang thus his roundelay.

It was a sorrowful little romance of the wilds which they recalled on thus beholding, apparently,

the counterpart of the "Warrior Bold." That woodsman of far Eastern Canada, had wooed and won his bride from a town of some importance, by having, it was said, imparted considerable misinformation regarding his status and possessions; and when la belle Alouette found herself established in a tiny log cabin "away in the back country" her fine trousseau (which was said to include at least one silk gown!) proved decidedly inappropriate, and her household store unsuitable. It was not strange that in course of time there were differences and discussions between the master and mistress of the mansion. When the Summerers in their drives passed this far away and forlorn abode, they were certain that the silvery tinkle emanating from the bell of Mme. Woodsman's one cow, proved that she had thus utilized one of her wedding presents; and when they learned that the eldest scion of the Woodsman's flock (slipping away "unbeknownst") had come to tell the good old Pére Gagnon that his mother was determined to leave her home; "she could not endure it any longer;" then who so ready to accompany the boy on his return, and, in the guise of an accidental happening-in, to convince the parents that, as Whittier says: —

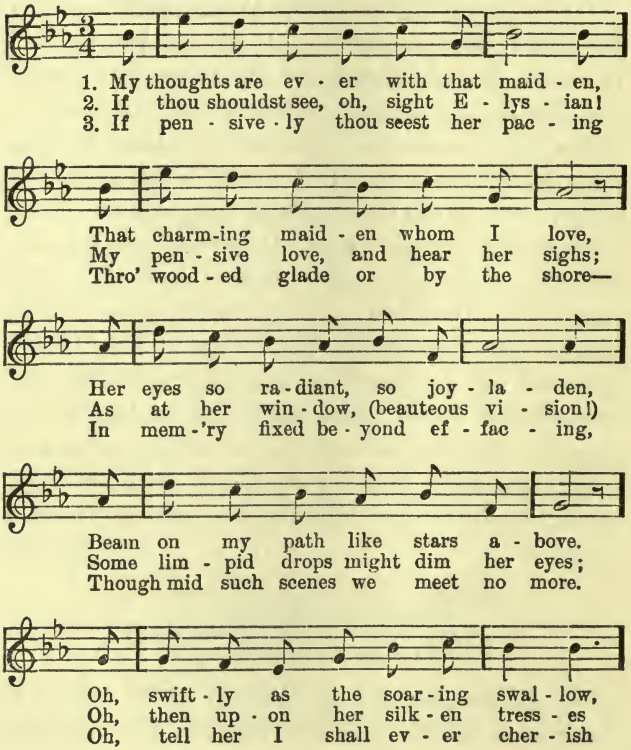
> Still in mutual sufferance lies
> The secret of true living;
> Love scarce is love that never knows
> The sweetness of forgiving.

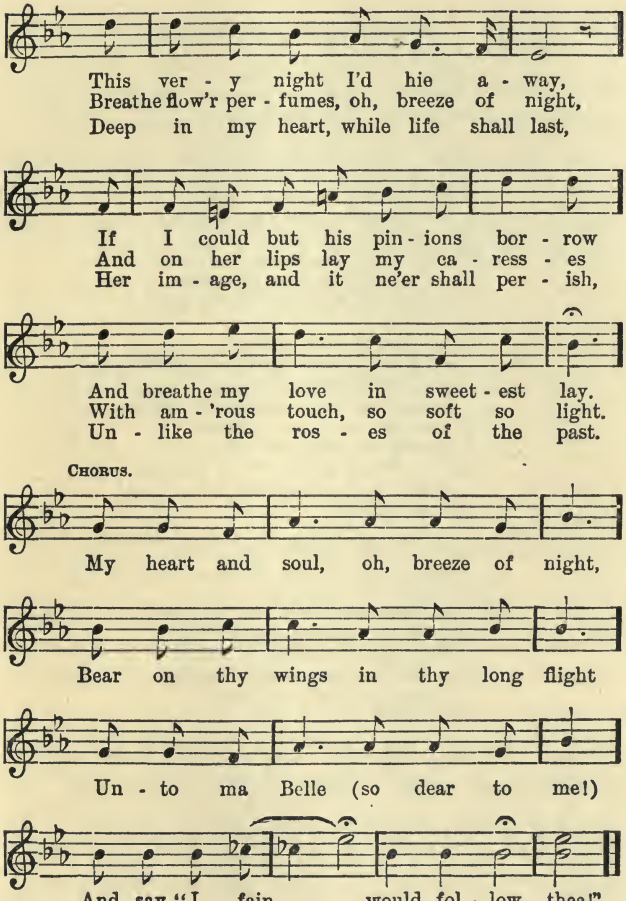
This digression, on the way to "the bush," as lumbermen call the great forests; and there the vis-

itors were awed and silenced as they beheld immense trees, true monarchs of the forest, laid prone; and enormous logs dragged by many yoke of powerful oxen to the "skid ways," down which they shot to the water; sending up splendid fountains.

BREEZE OF NIGHT.

French Words by P. THÉOLIER. Music by ALF'D D'HAEK.




This ver - y night I'd hie a - way,
Breathe flow'r per - fumes, oh, breeze of night,
Deep in my heart, while life shall last,
If I could but his pin - ions bor - row
And on her lips lay my ca - ress - es
Her im - age, and it ne'er shall per - ish,
And breathe my love in sweet - est lay.
With am - 'rous touch, so soft so light.
Un - like the ros - es of the past.
Chorus.
My heart and soul, oh, breeze of night,
Bear on thy wings in thy long flight
Un - to ma Belle (so dear to me!)
And say "I fain..... would fol - low thee!"

BRISE DES NUITS.

Celle que j'aimais si rieuse
A-t-elle gardé sa gaite?
De l'avenir, plus soucieuse,
M'a-t-elle une fois regretté?
Rapide comme l'hirondelle,
Cette nuit je voudrais aller,
Aller lui dire que loin d'elle
Mon coeur ne peut se consoler.
Envole — toi vers cette femme,
Brise des nuits, brise des nuits;
Avec mon coeur, avec mon âme,
Mois je te suis! moi je te suis!

A sa fenêtre, si rèveuse
Tu la vois verser quelques pleurs,
Dans sa chevelure soyeuse
Secoue un doux parfum de fleurs,
Sur ses lèvres ou son haleine
Exhale son precieus amour
Sur ses lèvres qu'elle ouvre a peine
Brise des nuits, souffle â ton tour!
Envole toi, etc.

Si tu la voie seule et pensive
Segarer â l'ombre des bois,
Ou courir le long de la rive
Qui nous ret sever taut de fois!
Dis lui que malgre les anneés,
Son nom ne s'est point effacé
De mon cœur on se sont fancés
T'outes les roses du passé
Envole toi, etc.

Thence the huge trunks were propelled up another steep incline, to the insatiable maw of the mill. As the Septenary Company turned away, one said: "If I should be asked to decide on our national emblems I would say the oak or pine, and the Indian maize (which is indigenous) would be most appropriate; as showing how we offer housing and food to all comers." At evening a visit to the long barrack-

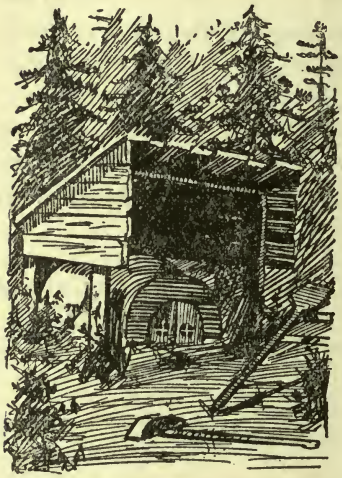
like dwelling of the "shanty men" appropriately closed the day; and there did the hardy foresters entertain the visitors with songs of their native lands. While Jacques Bonhomme rendered his, the Scrivener emulating a noted English actor, "went into a corner and flocked by himself," while jotting down the notes and putting the words into English, to carry away as a souvenir of their visit. And behold that same, is it not hereunto appended?

There was a young man of Lahore, who said, "Ma Cherie, je t'adore!"
Said she, "Shut it yourself!" Such a mischievous elf
Was that youth's Belle Amie, of Lahore.

DUE WEST.

As the fiat was "still onward," and evidently the travelers were bound for the very jumping-off place, the Septenarians, as they called themselves, now discussed the appropriateness of Summer Coasting to designate their aim and inclination; and to while away the tedium of some hours (tho' the dull ones had been very few) it was suggested that they should again engage in journalistic efforts, as of old, during a wet season in N. S. It must have been thoughts of proximity to another great ocean (so far from the one they had always been accustomed to) which suggested some of the rhymes which were then and there inflicted; and the Dabbler occupied himself in illustrating them with the pin head and spider-legged figures, which he re-

membered seeing a relative draw when he was a boy. So he was silenced for a while, in the enjoyment of his latest inspiration.



An Out-door Oven in the Wilds.

As the serious and sedate travelers had been amusing themselves along their way composing "Limericks"—the vogue for which having revived of late—the Dabbler, while slyly watching the Scrivener, "got off one" which he handed over to that person; seeming to think it appropriate to the occasion.

A TALE OF A TUB.

His name was Sin Chow, and he came from Macao,
An island far over the sea,
Where the Chinese eat rats, and wear curious hats,
Such guys you never did see.

Sin Chow was ambitious and thought times auspicious
For wand'ring away from his home;
Said he:—"Down the Aw-Yub, I'll sail in my tub
And far, far away I will roam!"

E'en the sober Chinese as he sailed o'er the seas
From shore gazed in wonder and awe,
And they actually laughed to see such a craft
Till the land rang with one loud "Haw-haw!"

Through the famed Golden-Gate this queer boat sailed in state
And Sin Chow landed in Frisco.
Said he, "Melican man, much washee I can;
Shall business I find here brisk, oh?"

Then he opened a shop with a flat roof on top,
On which he aired the clothes
That were sent him to wash; this he did with great swosh
And sprinkled them à-la-mode hose.

But, alack, and alas! it so came to pass
That Sin Chow was not contented;
But for cat flesh he wished, all daintily dished,
And this longing made him most demented.

So one dark rainy night this queer, luckless wight
Arose from his poor little bed,
And with step soft and sly an old boot he let fly,
And knocked his next neighbor's cat dead.

But remorse filled his soul ere he'd eaten the whole
Of the flesh he so much desired;
And ne'er could he sleep but could just sob and weep
When again to his couch he retired.

As day followed day the poor wretch pined away,
And grim visions troubled his slumber,
Of his neighbor in wrath who haunted his path,
Followed by cats without number.

So at last in despair he'd have torn out his hair
But 'twas all tied up tight in his queue,
And braided so snug that not e'en a strong tug
Could remove it, so what could he do?

On one very hot day he wandered away,
And into a wilderness went,
Where he lived upon berries and sour choke-cherries,
And used his tub for a tent.

The weather was warm, and one day a great storm
Burst on him, and, woeful to tell,
Of him in that place there was left not a trace,
For to him sad disaster befell.

Now he'd lived, you see, just under a tree,
Which the hurricane twisted around,
And onto his pate it fell with such weight,
That it drove him clean into the ground.

Tree, tub, and Sin Chow, are all dust now,
But in their place you could spy,
Should you go there years hence, springing up high from thence
Something to prove if I lie.

For a huge toad-stool — which even a fool
Could see from their ashes would form —
There spreads itself wide, and under it hide
Poor trav'lers, when caught in a storm.

Then followed the Irrepressible — not to be outdone — with his contribution to the Pacific Sloper, which he seemed to think appropriate, and as in this season (as in others) some peculiar news had come across this vasty deep (which they were now approaching) the Jester, remarking that his information had been procured by a combination of telecable-Marconi-epi-ana and kilo-gram, perpetrated.

FOREIGN DESPATCHES.

The latest news from Kalibampoo,
Is that King Hitchicampo lost his shoe;
And from morning till night he caused greatest fright
To all his subjects, by raging and tearing
Around "promiscuous," and awfully swearing
That if his big shoe was not brought back,
He'd hit right and left with many a whack,
And most of his people should lose their heads,
So off they scurried in fear to their beds.
But next day peace was again restored,
Though King Hitchicampo was awfully bored
Because he had nothing about which to fuss
Or stir his subjects all into a muss;
For his shoe he found his very own self,
Quietly reposing upon a shelf
Where his youngest son, a mischievous elf,
Had fixed it up as a nest for a bat,
Which had been caught that day by the cat.
But next week, too — indeed, 'tis true what I tell to you —
That tremendous shoe
Presented itself to the owner's view,
Rigged up with a sail like a huge canoe,

In which floated down the river Tayzoo,
That same "young hopeful" whose laugh and halloo
Astonished the natives of Kalibampoo.
Said the King: "Well, I vum! I had best stay to hum,
Regaling myself upon coffee with rum;
For such a boy is beyond my control;
I couldn't rule him with a ten-foot pole
And he worries my life out, upon my soul!"

At this point the despatches became very vague
And as difficult to read as the language of the Hague,
But 'tis said that all the nations now await with fear
The next authentic tidings which from 'Bampoo they shall hear,
As 'tis feared that in that distant realm
There'll surely be a war, which all that land may overwhelm,
And no one knows what for!

It must have been a sort of mental inebriation, caused by the charming scenes and delightful climate, which induced such imbecilities; and nothing but the fact that they were holidaying, and the principle of "a little nonsense now and then" enabled the others to endure such inflictions. Scrivener gravely remarked that Walter Parks had said: —

There was an old stupid who wrote the verses above that we quote.
His want of all sense was something immense,
Which made him a person of note.

The travelers were now proceeding "'long sho'" as Marylanders say, stopping here and there to visit interesting places. Now "hove in sight" a miniature Land's End light; there an old hulk, half buried in the sand — such "a find" for kodakers! — and although minus all its trimmings and trappings, a picturesque bit, if a sorrowful reminder that even this ocean can be lashed to fury. As the train some-

times sped along apparently half way up the sides of the Coast Range, and then again seemed to be bent on proceeding directly on the beach, there was variety enough to spice and season the journey to suit the most captious. And what could that be yonder? — a flock of urchins performing on stilts, and some actually wading out into the water? Oil derricks; to be sure, and then the travelers realized for the first time that the fodder of their powerful and ponderous iron horse consisted of this same oil; and therefore they had been spared the annoyance of dust and cinders. The Irrepressible told of Maginnis, porter in his father's place of business, who had been a sailor, and boasted of the time when he was in the "Greasy Archy Pellygo," and how he had cruised among the *oils;* and the Jester put in a query as to whether fusel, cod-liver, linseed, petroleum, were some of the *iles* of the *sick ladees!*

Now again they were climbing the mountains evidently bent, this time, on surmounting the greatest heights, where enormous rocky masses were tumbled in wildest confusion, a barren wild dreary region. Thence, by what they called a thread-the-needle course, shooting through tunnels, at last emerging into wide and most lovely mountain-bordered valleys; and had they not, by modern necromancy, been transported to Italy or Spain? As all were interested in matters botanical, and many had received pressed or dried specimens from friends located or

traveling in the west, there was now a craning of necks and bobbing of heads to see what they could recognize of semi-tropical growths — the eucalyptus, the pepper tree, the camphor; besides palms, cacti, sage-brush, alfalfa. One erudite member of the party enlightened them with some bits and facts, i. e. that by means of the eucalyptus, monks of the strictest order of the Romish church have conquered the malaria which was the greatest foe of the Campagna at Rome, as well as of many other districts. The pepper tree, so very effective with its long clusters of red berries, and feathery fern-like foliage is a native of Peru, and that alfalfa is an antiquity, having been brought from Media into Persia in the time of Darius, and afterwards into Greece and Italy. It was called "Medica" by the Persians, "lucerne" by the Italians, and its present title was its Arabian name. An ancient agriculturist — Amphilocus of Athens — devoted almost an entire book of his to the subject of the culture of this very valuable fodder, and Roman writers were also enthusiastic on the subject. Another ancient writer Varro, said that "wheat, properly stored in dry soil will keep for 50 years, and millet for one hundred years." [1] It seems the silo was evidently an oriental invention, which "before the Augustan age, made its way westward

[1] In November, 1907, an elk's head, perfectly preserved and with horns intact, was found eighteen feet below the surface of the earth on the Mesaba range near New Duluth. It had probably been there for centuries. The soil above it was sand and gravel.

through Bactria, Pontus, Thrace to Egypt, Greece, Italy and Spain." The people of Pontus called it siri.

Anent the cactus the travelers learned that Burbank — Plant Magician! — has developed a thornless species, which can be used for food, prepared in similar manner to egg-plant, and a thorough test is to be made. As "the commercial value of one leaf at the present time is $500.00, that is pretty good proof that agriculturists realize its probable future importance;[1] and prominent members of the medical profession assert that this cactus combined with celery and nuts will form a diet which contains everything which is needed to enable a man to work eighteen hours a day." This last statement might cause those who have been ordered away for rest to sigh or groan; for now-a-days there's wireless telegraphy, to "catch you if you don't watch out," anywhere, and one cannot get away from business, cares, worries, or even news, much as they might wish to be —"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

A distinguished scientist of Germany[2] has made a special study of arid regions, and having recently returned from the Southwest, asserts that the people of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, are singularly obtuse, and unaware of their opportunities for "making millions of dollars every year," from growing olives, figs and dates. The chemlali, or dry-land

[1] Wheat has been grown from seed found in Egyptian mummy cases.

[2] Dr. Karl von Holburg.

olive, from northern Africa, makes the best olive oil; and that tree would readily grow in these regions. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has a station in the Colorado desert, where the finest Arabian figs and dates are grown.

The dust — fine powdery red and yellow — permeated everywhere, and the travelers realized that the use of petroleum in sprinkling roads, is of very great importance; though they were reminded of an anonymous quatrain from a "Nonsense Anthology:"—

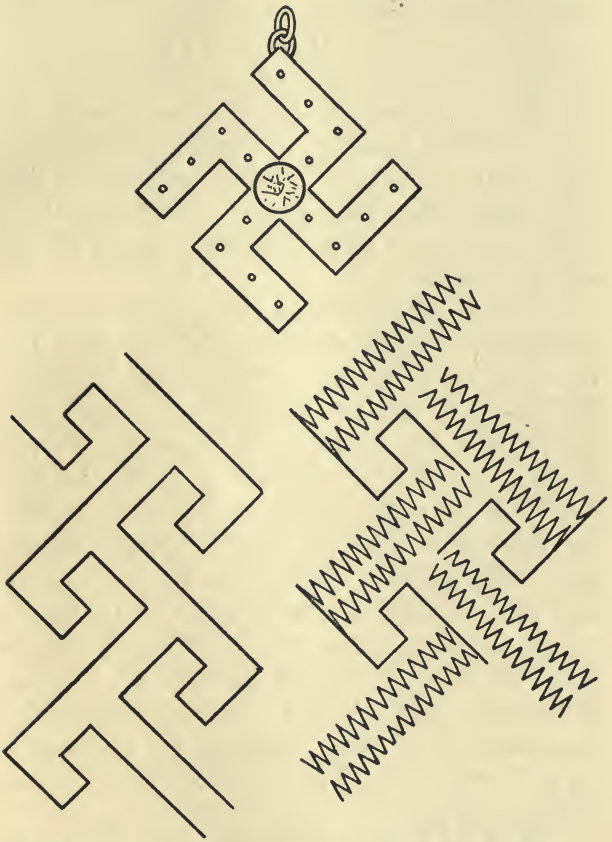
> Oh! to be wafted away
> From this dark Aceldama of sorrow,
> Where the dust of an earthly to-day
> Makes the earth of a dusty to-morrow.

In the Capitol at Denver there is a very fine complete and extremely interesting as well as beautiful collection of minerals — which was loaned to the Lewis & Clarke Exposition at Portland, Ore.: — and in many places frequented by tourists excellent specimens can be seen. In the shops and bazaars great display is made of so-called "native gems," which are exhibited in most "fetching" manner, weighed and sold "by the carat," to impress the visitor; but these are all spurious, and are made of a German composition called strass. One of the party testified, en passant, that there is one place in Denver where fine and genuine specimens can be procured (the name has pleasant tintinnabulation to the ear) and that in Maine beautiful tourmalines are found: he had examined one which had been cut by an artist friend when sojourning there.

As souvenir of a visit to the West several years before, the Scrivener had brought a beautiful specimen of the Indian Swastika; which has recently been introduced and placed on sale in the large cities of the East. Those made by Navajos, from U. S. silver coins, are interesting. The one above mentioned is of gold, and has tiny splints or sparks of rock crystal set into the arms, and in the centre a topaz, representing the Polar star, thus making the ornament correct and complete, according to the Indian's idea. The arms were intended to symbolize the four seasons, and good fortune was supposed to attend the possessor of the emblem. "Four times during the year, at midnight, can be seen the sign, which, since before Christ, has been the symbol of so many races. The Polar Star is the center, and the constellation Ursa Major, forming the arms or branches, completes the Swastika." It is the oldest known form of cross. In a modern novel by an English writer (born in India) one illustration represents a lama, seated Buddha-fashion, holding a bowl, which has this symbol for ornament on the front. The Smithsonian Institute, Washington, issued a circular regarding this very ancient and interesting emblem.

Allusion to matters Buddhistic, reminded one member of the party that long since in some unfrequented spot in England, he had made a drawing from a bit of carving — probably taken from some "motif" of India — in which the "key-wards" of

SWASTIKA.



England; original in India, probably.

From ruins of Mitla, Mexico.

the " Greek fret " were turned diagonally; and, when visiting the wonderful ruins of Mitla, in Mexico, was struck dumb at beholding the same pattern, elaborated, in the Hall of Mosaics.

A well known public lecturer [1] presents admirable views of these ruins; also some of decidedly Grecian character in Northern Africa, and a Professor of the University of California has studied the amazing ruins of Mexico, Honduras, Yucatan; and under title "The Buddhist Discovery of America, One Thousand Years before Columbus" states opinions and gives illustrations from photographs (which cannot lie) causing the reader to lose himself in mazes of wonder and speculation.

In the Spring of 1907 at a meeting of the American Oriental Society a Professor of Princeton University in an article on "The Romany Jargon of the American Roads" showed that "our gipsies still retain in their language 300 verbs that are pure Hindoo. Their numerals, two up to ten are Hindoo." At that time also a Professor of Harvard was deputed to finish the work of another ethnologist — who had left a substantial sum for the purpose — in translating Buddhaghosa's treatise on Buddhism, entitled The Way of Purity. Buddhaghosa was born in the very heart of the holy land of Buddha in Burmah, and "traveled considerably," disseminating his ideas, spreading the teachings of his god, whose works he translated into Cingalese when in Ceylon.

Among the Indians which were to be seen by the sojourners, some of Mexican and other tribes presented types unlike the Northern ones, many being

[1] Elmendorf.

quite striking, with fine features and distinguished carriage; several women particularly noticeable and really beautiful. The curator of Archaeology of the University of Penna. has during this year 1907 made extensive and perilous travels in the far North West; starting from Dawson, Alaska. A hitherto entirely unknown tribe of Indians was discovered in the valley of Kuskokwin River. They have been christened Kusko Kwaga Mutes; are "of much higher mentality than the Esquimaux," and "they alone of all tribes north of Mexico and Southern California possess the art of pottery making." The Summer School were beginning to feel quite learned as result of their investigations and studies, and when the chief of the Inquiry Committee — as they dubbed him — informed them that the "Results of the Jesup Expedition" (of which D. T. French wrote) show that the "Asiatic Peoples came originally from this Continent" they were deeply impressed, and in fact struck dumb.

Many theories have been promulgated among scientists; a favorite one being that the Indian came here from Asia by way of the Aleutian Islands; but even some who adhered to that formerly, have, since results of the Expedition were made known, publicly proclaimed their recantation. One thus stated: —"I believe that the material which has been brought together will permit a demonstration to be made of this emigration, not from Asia to America, but from America to Asia, and to the Southern islands in the

Pacific; and the establishment of the American continent, not as the source of an arid and sterile culture, as it is sometimes characterized, but of living vital force, which has gone out into the Old World, and has affected the cultures of historic peoples with whom we are acquainted." The President of the American Museum of Natural History spent a very great sum of money in sending out this expedition: they devoted seven years to their investigations, and the results are to be published in twelve volumes "embodying the first comprehensive treatment of the problem of how the Red Man came here and where he probably came from."

The seeker after Romance now brought out an Alaskan legend, which it is said the tribes of the Far North still implicitly believe; and as it seemed to have been suitably prefaced by the foregoing studies and researches of the party, they appeared to be resigned to listen to the story of

THE BANISHED PRINCE.

Many centuries ago a Prince of the Island Kingdom — which proudly acknowledges and bows most humbly though gracefully to the Mikado's sway and behests — although a most popular personage and leader of the guilded youth in Court circles, appeared to have incurred Royal displeasure, and was accused of having committed some grave misdemeanor. It was supposed that some high officials,

jealous of the fascinating youth's popularity, were probably instrumental in fostering their Supreme Ruler's suspicions and dissatisfaction and had, probably, magnified to Emperonic (though not to Empyronic) ears the youth's fault, if it was so great as it had been represented. The popular young scion of Lofty Estate had given orders for the preparation of a great pleasure boat, a wonderfully constructed and admirably ornamented vessel. It was somewhat suggestive of a viking's seacraft, thrusting the eagle-like and gigantic beak of its lofty prow haughtily forward, as if in scorn of possible bufeting waves; and yet it was otherwise built after the fashion of a huge canoe, and was to be manned like unto the classic Trireme, though with not so great a number of sturdy oarsmen. As His Serenity had frequently invited his noble associates to join him in nautical diversions they were nothing loath when bidden to try an excursion in the superb new craft; and so many of the most beautiful women and gallant men of the Mikado's domain embarked, with gleeful anticipations. The "God of the Deep" seemed to be in most auspicious mood, so the delightful company in the charmingly caparisoned craft appeared quite willing to "sail away for a year and a day" as they glided serenely over quiet waters and under clear and brilliant skies, taking no note of time; until into the mind of one came the thought that possibly home friends might be growing solicitous at their long absence. The Leader was politely hinted at, and

finally questioned, if it would not be best for their prow to be turned homeward; and then the amazement of the voyagers was extreme at his reply: — "Homeland, never again shall we see, my companions! By means of cruel intrigue, and wicked decree, I am banished; and I resolved to choose from the flower of the Kingdom for companions in my exile. We are bound to a new and far distant land, and there shall find a country and found a race mightier than that of our lost realm." All were overwhelmed at first, at this news, and the women were loud in their lamentations; but the men seemed stirred by the spirit of adventure, and, prompted by their native "bushido" (chivalry) they soothed the weeping ones, encouraged the disheartened, assuring them that they would find happiness and wealth in the new country. At last the star of Hope shone out, anticipation ousted desolation, auspicious conditions continued uninterrupted, and one day the great boat gently slid to rest on the white sand of the unknown country — Alaska. In course of time the region was peopled by the Prince and his noble company from the Orient; and exploring parties were sent down the coast who formed colonies on the shore of the Southern country. Then, the natives of Alaska will tell you, a great tribe from the interior appeared and fought the Princely colonizers, but the Great Spirit turned the contestants into stone; and to this day the Alaskan aborigines point out singular boulders

and rocks, which they say are the petrified combatants.

In an article published in 1905 there are extremely interesting illustrations (from photographs) of Indian men and women in Japanese costumes and Japanese men and women in Indian costumes, and so much alike are they, that one could not tell which was which, if titles were not given below.

A long time resident of Santa Catalina Island has a remarkable collection of Indian curios and relics; skulls, stone implements — mortars and pestles, etc., — which were found on the Island.

From a relative long resident in South America, the Prime Mover had learned some legends of the Indians of that country, and also obtained the information that similar myths are current among Mexican and Central American tribes. One is the peculiar tale of

CURUPIRA.

He was a little brown man whose feet turn backward, so that one attempting to run from him is lured to certain destruction, as he kills and eats his victims. An Indian fell asleep at the root of a tree and the Curupira wakened him, asking why he was there; the Indian said he had lost his way. The Curupira demanded a piece of his heart to eat, and as the Indian had killed a monkey while hunting he gave him a piece of the creature's heart, which the

monster devoured and asked for more. The Indian gave it and then asked for a piece of Curupira's heart, and he supposing that the Indian had taken out his own heart without suffering injury undertook to do the same and fell dead. The Indian fled but after a year returned (thinking those teeth would make a fine necklace) found the Curupira, shook him and the Curupira awoke and thanked the Indian for waking him saying he had had a good long sleep. Then he gave the Indian a magic arrow, so he should be able to kill any animal at which he aimed, but must never tell whence he procured it. He became a famous hunter and after a long time his wife persuaded him to tell her about the arrow; he did so, and thereupon fell dead. Another story is of Nixie-nature, regarding

YARA.

She was a water-witch who lured young men by her marvelous singing. After seeing her the youth would become melancholy and would haunt the river mouth day and night where he had first beheld her. His friends and people would remonstrate with and warn him of the enchantress "whose smile is death;" but the youth, be he chief or simple Indian would not listen; he would go to the river. There the beautiful being would appear and as he rushed to embrace her the waters would divide, and the two would disappear.

Then there is a love charm, in vogue among Indians of Brazil to this day. Those unhappy in love, sought a dusky Seeress, and she gave them the "bath of fortune." For this the leaves of various caladiums and roots of "priprioca" were thrown in water; the love-lorn one threw this over the head thrice, the arms crossed meanwhile as if embracing the beloved one. Then the old woman chanted an invocation to the Wind—"Wind that blows across this world, if thou meet my beloved thou shalt give her three blows in the heart that she may think only of me and come to speak to me. Wind bring me her thought and her body that she may have no rest till she sees me. Thou beloved one, thou goest, thou comest, thou shalt cry after me! Heart I break thee; blood I drink thee; thought, I hold thee; if thou art with another, he will detest thee, he will become obnoxious to thee, as the scum of the river-bank; and I, beloved one, I will become to thee a diamond, clear as the sun, beautiful as the moon, bright as the stars. Wind, if this prayer is granted me let the beloved show herself."

Still gazing towards the gates of Sowanna, the "wigwam of Sunset," as they listened to these tales and thought of friends engaged in religious and scholastic work beyond this ocean, the Septet recalled some of the instruction received from a former member of the Summer School who had often, as an official of U. S. Navy, visited the Island Kingdom. They felt, as thought spanned the wide distance, that

those far away friends must know that they were wafting across the pretty Japanese salutation: — "Ohayo gozaimasu." Now they must turn their faces Eastward again, and as they realized the "magnificent distances" they had traversed, and thought of the vast extent of country intervening between home and friends, one was reminded of a little verse in a foreign guest book: —

> As far and wide our footsteps roam,
> Thy mighty works to see,
> When farthest from our earthly home,
> Lord, keep us close to Thee!

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